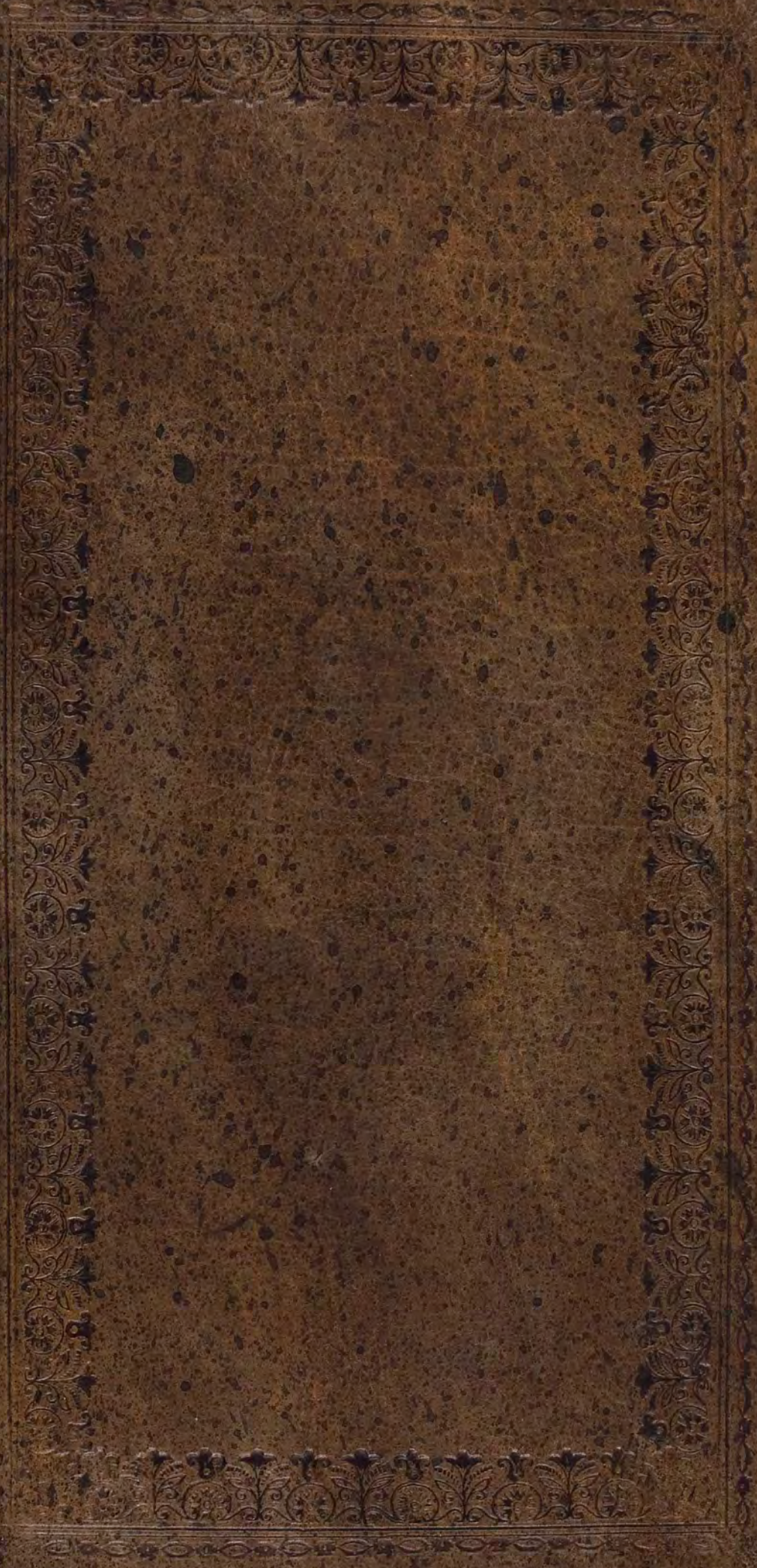


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Sir John Stainer.
1840 - 1901

HARMONIA SACRA. FIRST BOOK

		1st ed 1688	2nd ed 1703	3rd ed 1714
And art thou griev'd	(Herbert) Blow	p. 27	p. 25	
And a voice came out	Locke	33	—	
Awake, awake and with attention hear	(Cowley) Purcell	13	13	
Blessed is he	<u>ANTHEM</u> Purcell	—	91	
Close thine eyes (Upon a quiet conscience) (Charles I)	Purcell	77	41	
Come honest Sexton (The Passing Bell)	Locke	5	5	
Earth... see THE EARTH	Blow	47	31	
Enough my muse	Purcell	58	60	
Great God and just (A Penitential Hymn)	Weldon	—	73	
Happy be man	Humphrey & Blow	53	44	
Hark how the wakeful	Blow	30	—	
Hear God's almighty voice	Blow	71	49	
Help father Abram	Blow	37	27	
How art thou fall'n from Heav'n (Lucifer's Fall)	Blow	68	57	
How have I stray'd!	(Fuller) Purcell	61	33	
How long, great God (The Aspiration) (Norris)	Purcell	63	39	
I know that my redeemer lives	(Pereham) Locke	—	98	
I was glad	<u>ANTHEM</u> Purcell	25	7	
In the black dismal Dungeon	(Fuller) Purcell	10	10	
Let the night penton (Job's curse)	(Taylor) Purcell	50	37	
Lord I have sinn'd	(Taylor) Humphrey	—	121	
My song shall be alway	<u>ANTHEM</u> Purcell	1	1	
Now that the sun hath veil'd	(Fuller) Purcell	—	106	
O give thanks	<u>ANTHEM</u> Purcell	—	69	
O God for ever blest	Church	66	64	
O that mine eyes would melt	Blow	8	66	
O the sad Day	(Flatman) Humphrey	6	55	
Peaceful is he	(Flatman) Blow	32	3	
The Earth trembled	Purcell	42	—	
Then from a whirlwind oracle	Locke	41	—	
There's no disturbance (words made by a lady)	—	3	6	
Thou wakeful shepherd (Morning Hymn - Fuller)	Purcell	46	36	
Thus mortals must submit to Fate	Turner	45	63	
We sing to him	Purcell	51	67	
Wilt thou forgive that sin	(Donne) Humphrey	22	22	
With sick and famished eyes	(Herbert) Purcell			
		79 pp of music 29 songs	130 pp. of music 27 songs 4 anthems	

"2d. Edition very much enlarged and corrected"

consists of the sheets of the 2nd edition (1703) with a new title page: that is, the music of the "3rd edition" is identical to that of the 2nd edition.

HARMONIA SACRA. SECOND BOOK

Ah son of David (Dialogue, Soul & Jesus)
 All praise to thee my God (Evening Hymn - Ken)
 Audite sancti
 Awake my drowsie soul (A Divine Hymn)
 Awake ye Dead (An Hymn upon the Last Day - Tate)
 Begin the Song (The Resurrection - Cowley)
 Blessed is the people ANTHEM
 Blest be those sweet regions (A Divine Hymn)
 I beheld and lo a great multitude ANTHEM
 I will love thee O Lord ANTHEM
 In guilty night
 Jehovah reigns (A Divine Hymn)
 Lord, what is man? (A Divine Hymn - Fuller)
 Lucifer, caelestis olim
 My opening eyes are purg'd (A Divine Song on the Passion)
 Night is come... see The Night is come
 O mighty God (A Penitential Hymn)
 O miserable man
 Tell me, some pitying angel (The Blessed V's Expost. - Tate)
 The Night is come (An Evening Hymn)
 Velut palma
 Venite pastores
 What art thou? (A Hymn on Divine Music)

J. Clarke
 J. Clarke
 Carissimi
 R. King
 H. Purcell
 H. Purcell
 W. Croft
 J. Clarke
 Blow
 J. Clarke
 H. Purcell
 B.M. Barenclow
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 ?
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 D. Purcell
 H. Purcell
 ?
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 Gratiani
 W. Croft

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p. 34	—	—
29	—	32
59	—	—
7	—	11
71	—	53
12	—	15
—	—	67
—	2	60
—	—	81
—	—	101
40	—	37
3v	—	—
1	—	1
67	—	49
9	—	57
25	—	28
18	—	21
4v	—	6
23	—	26
54	—	44
49	—	—
—	5	63
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O R,

DIVINE HYMNS

A N D

DIALOGUES;

W I T H

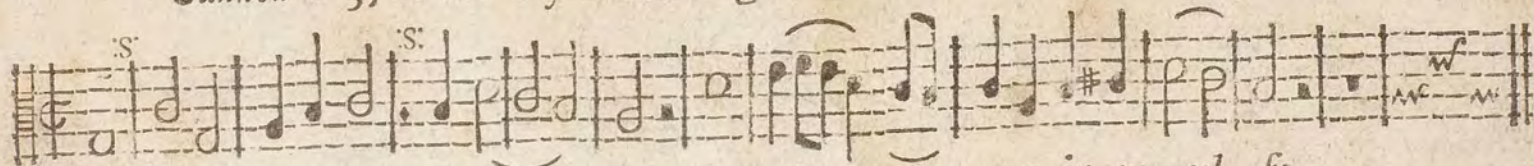
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Excellent Anthems of the late Mr. *H. Purcell*'s never before Printed.

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Laudate Dominum de Cælis, lau-da-te eum in ex-cel-sis.

Where Musick and Devotion joyn,
The way to *Canaan* pleasant is;
We travel on with Songs Divine,
Ravish'd with Sacred Extasies.

No longer do we pass,
Through a dry Barren Wilderness;
But through a land where Milk and Honey flow,
The Paths to Heav'n above, lead thro' a Heav'n be-
(low.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *William Pearson*, for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-street*,
or at his House in *Arundel-street* in the *Strand*; and *John Sprint* at the Bell in *Little-*
Britain, where the second Book is to be had. 1703.



[Faint, illegible text visible through the paper, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text appears to be in a historical script, possibly Italian or French, and is arranged in several lines across the page.]

To the QUEEN's
MOST
Excellent Majesty:



MADAM,

THE Best of Authors have been always Presents for the Best of Princes, and it would have been a great breach of Duty in me, to lay these Excellent Performances any where but at Your Majesty's Sacred Feet. Your Majesty has a double Right to their Patronage, from Your Love to Musick, and affection to Devotion, and as You are an Encourager of Both, so both apply themselves with all Humility for Your Protection.

Your Majesty was pleased to give Mr. Purcell Your Royal Approbation when Living, and it is Humbly hop'd the Memory of him will not be displeasing to You now He is Dead; and though the Publisher has no Merit in himself to Recommend Him to Your Majesty's Presence, Your Majesty will Graciously receive what begs Your Acceptance, for the sake of those Ingenious Gentlemen that Oblig'd the World with these Compositions.

The Encouragement of Arts and Sciences is one of the Privileges of Royalty, and the most Glorious Reigns have allways had the Reputation of being the most Learned. What may we not then expect under Your Majesty's Auspicious Government? This makes me presume to hope, that the Piety of the Words, and Artfulness of the Musick, will not appear undeserving of Your Majesty's Favour. Which if they may be so Happy as to obtain I shall think it my Glory to continue my great cost and Pains in contributing to the Publick satisfaction, and ever make it my endeavour to approve my self, Madam,

Your Majesty's most Dutyful,

Most Devoted, and most

Faithful Subject

HENRY PLAYFORD.



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TO THE
READER.



THE Youthful and Gay have already been entertain'd with variety of Rare Compositions, where the lighter Sportings of Wit have been Tun'd by the most Artful Hands, and made at once to gratify a Delicate Ear, and a wanton Curiosity.

I now therefore address to others, who are no less *Musical*, though they are more *Devout*. There are many Pious Persons, who are not only just Admirers, but excellent Judges too, both of *Musick* and *Wit*; to these a singular Regard is due, and their exquisite Relish of the former ought not to be pall'd by an unagreeable Composition of the later. Divine *Hymns* are therefore the most proper Entertainment for them, which, as they make the sweetest, and indeed the only, Melowdy to a *Religious Ear*, so are they in themselves the very Glory and Perfection of *Musick*.

For 'tis the meanest and most Mechanical Office of this *Noble Science* to play upon the Ear, and strike the Fancy with a superficial Delight; but when Holy and Spiritual Things are its Subject, it proves of a more subtle and refined Nature, whilst darting it self through the Organs of Sense, it warms and actuates all the Powers of the Soul, and fills the Mind with the brightest and most ravishing Contemplation. *Musick* and *Poetry* have in all Ages been accounted Divine, and therefore they cannot be more naturally employed, than when they are conversant about *Heaven*, that Region of *Harmony*, from whence they are derived.

Now as to this present Collection, I need said no more than that the *Words* were penn'd by such Persons, as are, and have been very Eminent both for Learning and Piety; and indeed, he that reads them as he ought, will soon find his Affections warm'd, as with a Coal from the Altar, and feel the Breathings of Devine Love from every Line. Here therefore the *Musical* and *Devout* cannot want Matter both to exercise there Skill, and heighten their Devotion; to which excellent Porposes that these two Books may be truly effectual is the hearty desire of

Your humble Servant,

Henry Playford

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A Table of the Divine HYMNS and DIALOGUES contain'd in this Book.

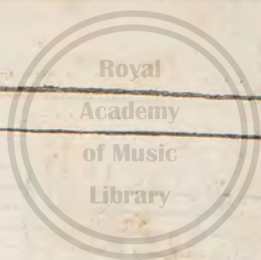
A A Wake, awake and with attention hear, Page 13 And art thou griev'd, sweet and sacred Dove! 25 C Come honest Sexton, take thy Spade, 5 Close thine Eyes, and sleep secure, thy Soul is safe, 41 E Enough my Muse of Earthly things and Inspirations but of Winds, 31 G Great God and Just! 60 H How art thou lall'n, from Heav'n O Lucifer! 27 How long great God, how long must I, 33 Hark how the wakeful cheerful Cock a Dialogue, 44 Help, Father Abraham, help a Di- alogue, 49 How have I stray'd, my God, 57 Happy the man, to whom the sacred Muse, 73	I In the black dismal Dungeon of De- spair, Page 7 I know that my Redemer Lives, 39 L Let the Night perish, 10 Lord, I have sin'd 37 N Now, that the Sun hath veil'd his Light, 1 O O that mine Eyes wou'd melt into a flood, 64 O the sad Day, 66 O God for ever Blest, 69 P Peaceful is he and most secure, 55 T The Earth trembled, 3 Thou wakeful Shepherd, 6 Thus Mortals must submit to Fate, 36 W With sick and famish'd Eyes, 22 We sing to him whose Wisdom form'd the Ear, 63 Wilt thou forgive that Sin, 67
---	--

The four following Anthems by Mr. H. Purcell.

B lessed is he that considereth the Poor, Psal. 41, v. 31	Page 91
I was glad when they said unto me, Psal. 122 the 7 1st. verses,	98
O give thanks unto the Lord, Psal. 106 the 4 1st. verses,	106
My Song shall be always of the Loving kindness of the Lord, Psal. 89.	121

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Harmonia Sacra, &c.

The First BOOK.

An EVENING HYMN.

On a Ground.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln. Mr. Henry Purcell.



Slow.

Ow, now that the Sun hath

veil'd his Light, and bid the World good night; to the soft Bed, to the soft, the

soft Bed my Body I dispose, but where, where shall my Soul repose? Dear, dear

God, even in thy Arms, ev'n in thy Arms, and can there be a—ny so swee—t

Se—cu—ri—ty! Can there be, a—ny so sweet, so sweet Se—cu—ri—ty!

Then to thy Re— — — ft, O my Soul! Then to thy rest, O my Soul!

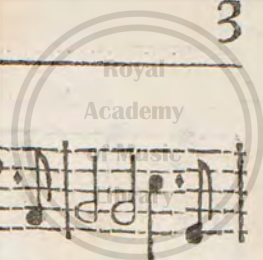
and fin— — — — — -ging, praise the Mercy that prolongs thy Days; and

fin— — — — — -ging, praise the Mercy that prolongs thy Days.

Hallelujah, Hallelu— — — — — -jab, Hal— — — — — -le— — — — — lu— — — — — jab, Hal—

— — — — — -le— — — — — lu— — — — — jab, Hallelujah, Hallelu— — — — — -jab, Hal—

— — — — — le— — — — — lu— — — — — jab, Hal— — — — — -le— — — — — lu— — — — — jab, Halle— — — — — lu— — — — — jab, Hal le—



Academy

lu-jah, Hal- - - - - lelujah, Halle-lujah, Hallelujah, Halle

lu-jah, Hal- - - - - le - - - - - lu - - - - -

-jah, Hal- - - - - le - - - - - lu - jah.

On our Saviour's Passion.

Mr Henry Purcell.

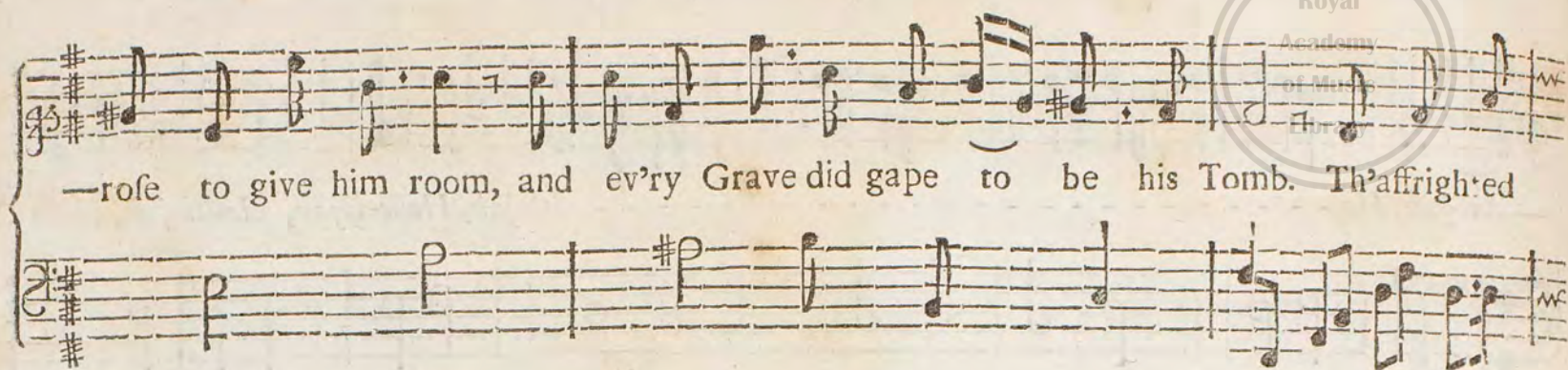


He Earth trembled, and Heav'ns clos'd Eye, was loth to

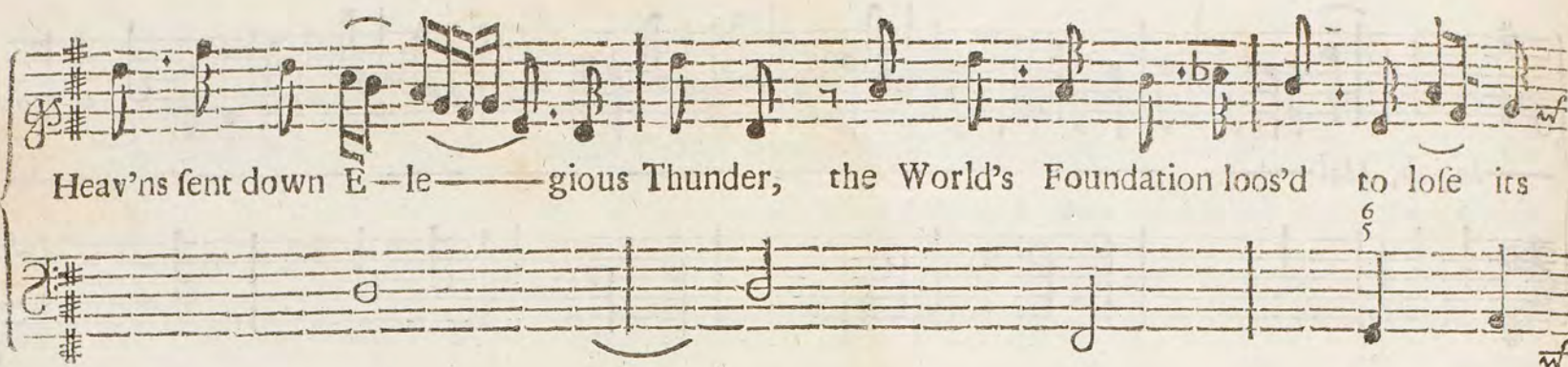
Handwritten musical score for the hymn "The Lord of Glory". The score is written on two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and quarter notes, rests, and a final whole note. The bottom staff is in G major and 4/4 time, featuring a bass line with half and whole notes, and a final whole note. The lyrics "see the Lord of Glo---ry dye; The Sky was clad in Mourning, and the Spheres" are written below the top staff, aligned with the melody. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

see the Lord of Glo---ry dye; The Sky was clad in Mourning, and the Spheres

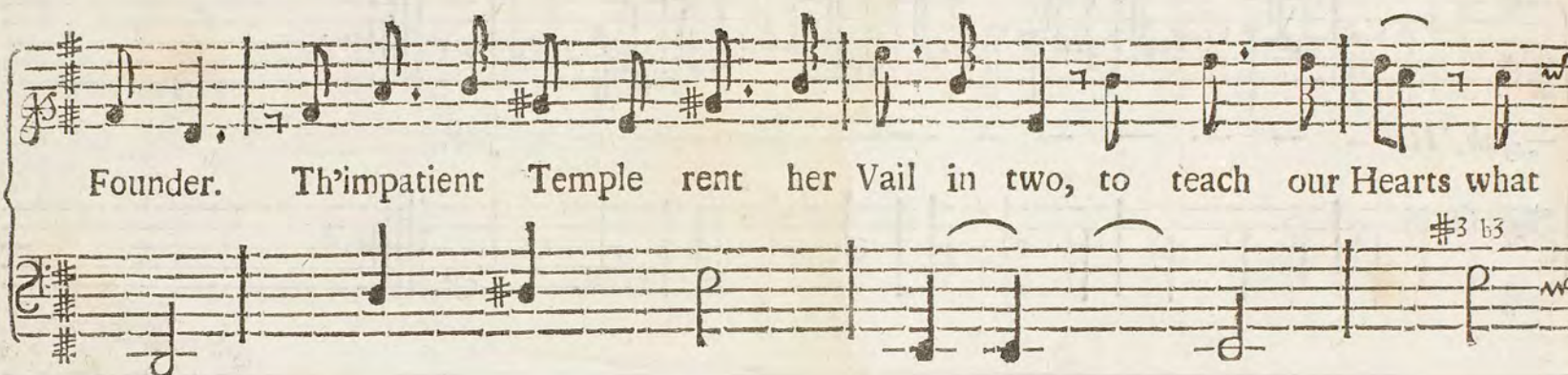
for--get their Har--mo--ny, the Clouds drop'd Tears: Th'ambitious Dead a—



—rose to give him room, and ev'ry Grave did gape to be his Tomb. Th'affrighted



Heav'ns sent down E—le—gious Thunder, the World's Foundation loos'd to lose its

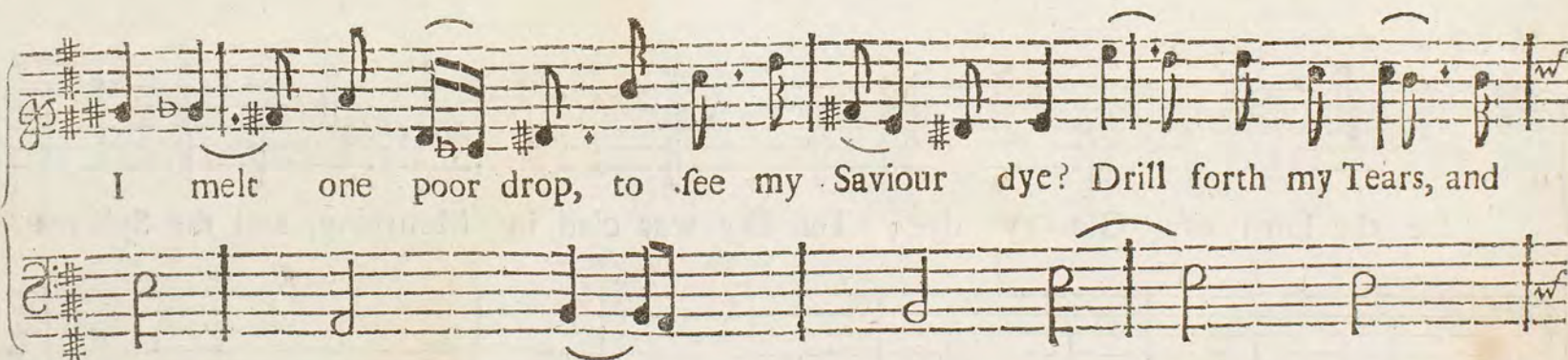


Founder. Th'impatient Temple rent her Vail in two, to teach our Hearts what

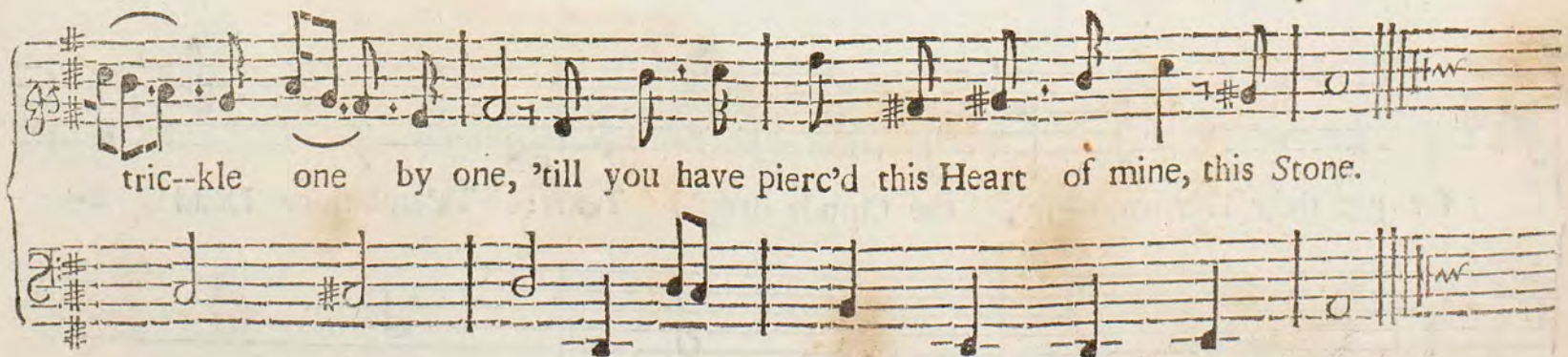
The Key alters.



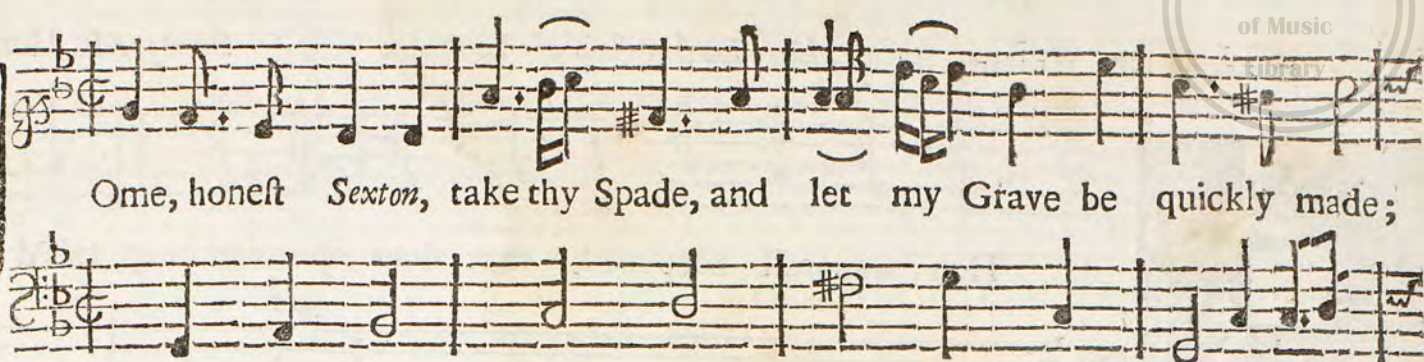
our sad Hearts should do. Can senseless things do this, and shall not



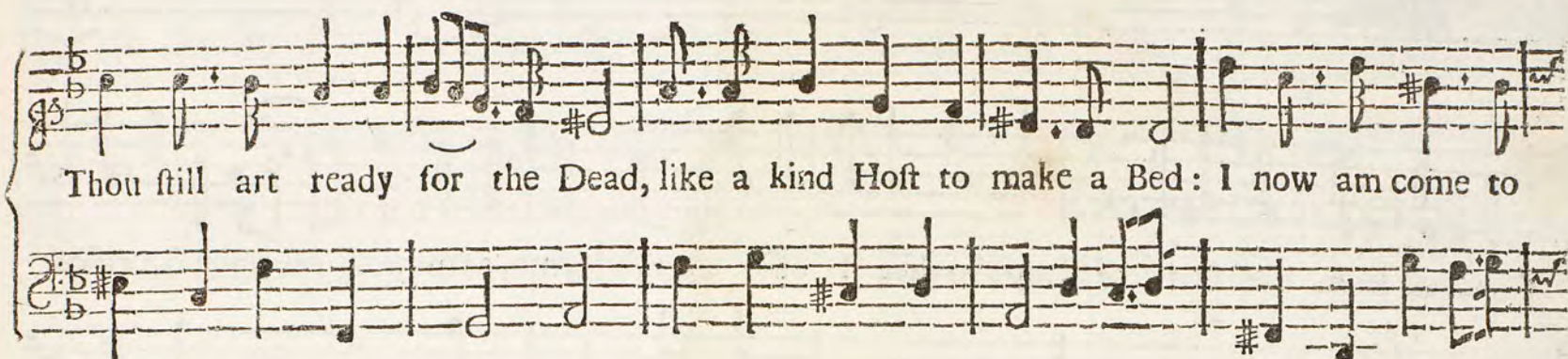
I melt one poor drop, to see my Saviour dye? Drill forth my Tears, and



tric-kle one by one, 'till you have pierc'd this Heart of mine, this Stone.

The PASSING-BELL. Set by Mr. Matthew Lock.

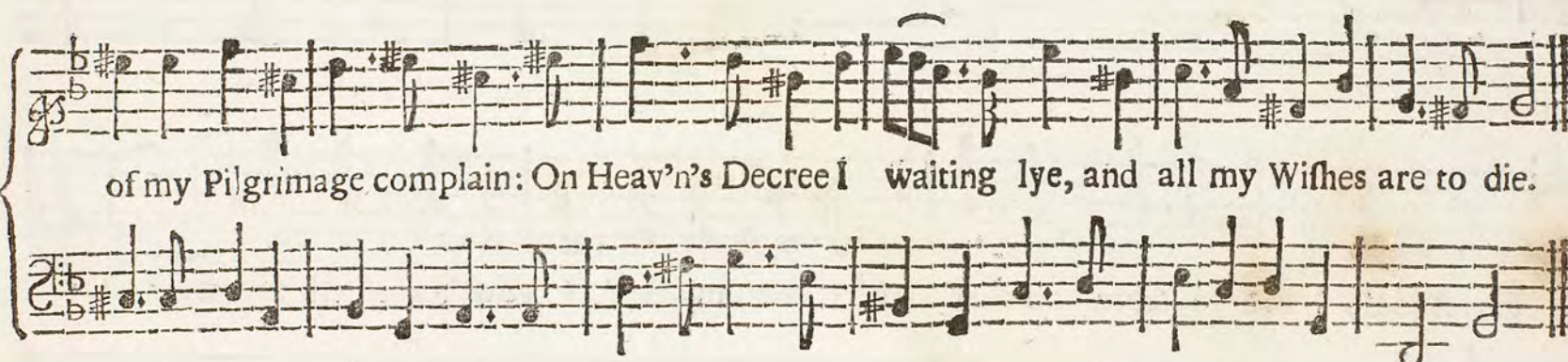
Ome, honest Sexton, take thy Spade, and let my Grave be quickly made;



Thou still art ready for the Dead, like a kind Host to make a Bed: I now am come to



be thy Guest, let me in some dark Lodging rest; for I am weary, full of pain, and



of my Pilgrimage complain: On Heav'n's Decree I waiting lye, and all my Wishes are to die.

CHORUS.



Hark! bark! I hear my Passing Bell, I hear my Passing Bell, farewell, farewell, my loving Friends, farewell.



Hark! bark! I hear my Passing Bell, I hear my Passing Bell, farewell, farewell, my loving Friends, farewell.



Make my cold Bed (good Sexton!) deep,
That my poor Bones safely sleep;
Until that sad and joyful day,
When from above a Voice shall say,
Wake all ye Dead, life up your Eyes,
The Great Creator bids you rise!

Then do I hope, among the Just,
To shake off this polluted Dust;
And with new Robes of Glory drest,
To have Access among the Blest.

Chorus. Hark! bark! &c.

A MORNING HYMN.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Hou wakefull Shepherd, that does If-rael keep, rais'd by thy

Royal Academy Library

Goodness from the Bed of Sleep; to thee I offer up this Hymn, as my best Morning Sacrifice,

may it be gracious, may it be gracious in thine Eyes, to raise me from the Bed of

Sin: And do I live to see a--no-ther day, I vow, my God, I vow henceforth to walk thy

ways, and si- - - - -ng thy Praise, all those few days thou shalt allow.

Could I re-deem the Time I have mispent, in sin--full Merriment; could I un--

—tread those Paths I led, I would so ex-pi-ate each past Offence, that ev'n from thence, the

Innocent should wish themselves like me, when with such Crimes they such Repentance

see; with Jo- - - - -y I'd fi- - - - -ng, with Jo- - - - -y I'd sing a-way my

Breath, yet who can dye, yet who can dye, so to receive his Death?

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

N the black dismal Dungeon of Despair, pin'd with tormenting Care;

wrack'd with my Fears, drown'd in my Tears, with dreadful ex-pe-cta-tion of my

Doom, and certain horrid Judgment soon to come : Lord, here I lye, lost to all hope of

Li-ber--ty, hence never to remove, but by a Mi-ra-cle of Love; which I scarce dare

hope for, or expect, be'ng guilty of so long, so grea- - - - -t neglect.

Fool that I was, worthy a shar--per Rod, to flight thy Courting, O-----my God !

For thou did'st woe intreat, and grieve, did'st beg me to be hap-py, and to

live; but I wou'd not; I chose to dwell with Death, far, far from thee, far, far from thee, too

near to Hell: But is there no Redemption, no relief! Je—su! is there no Re—

—demption, no Relief! Thou sav'd'st a Mag-da-len, a Thief! Is there no Redenption, no Re—

—liet! O Je—su! thy Mercy, Lord, once more advance; O give me, O give me such a

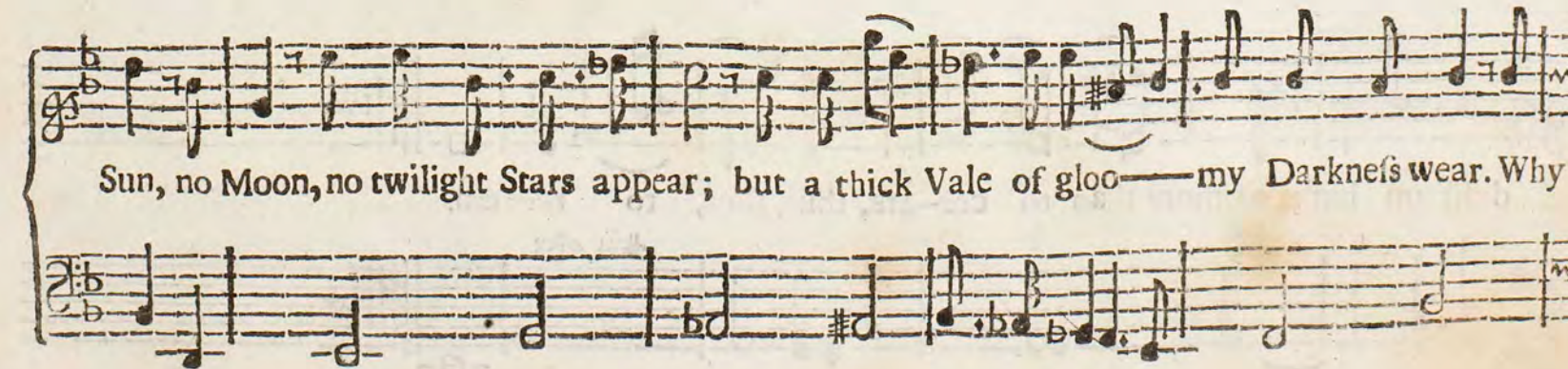
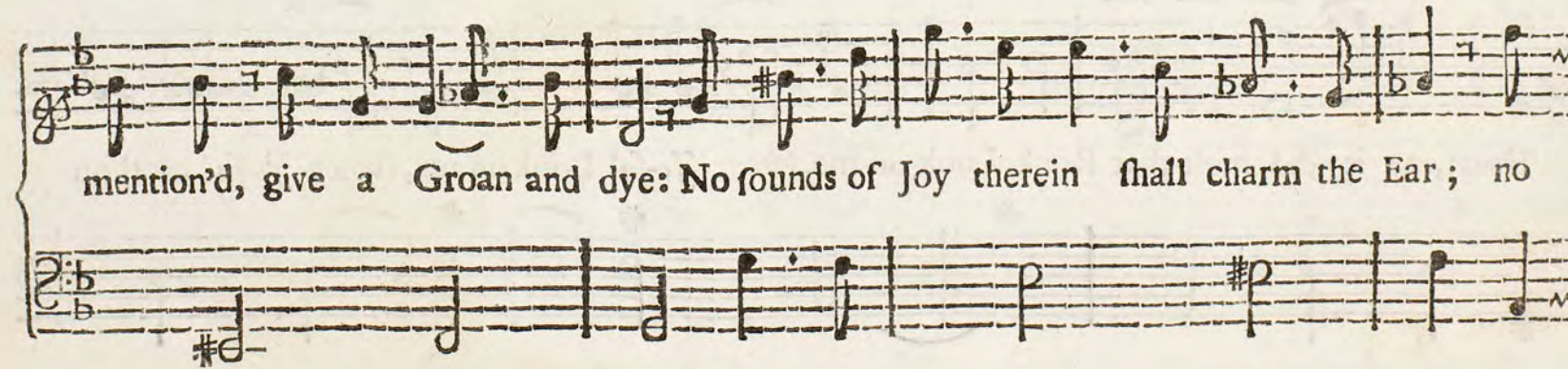
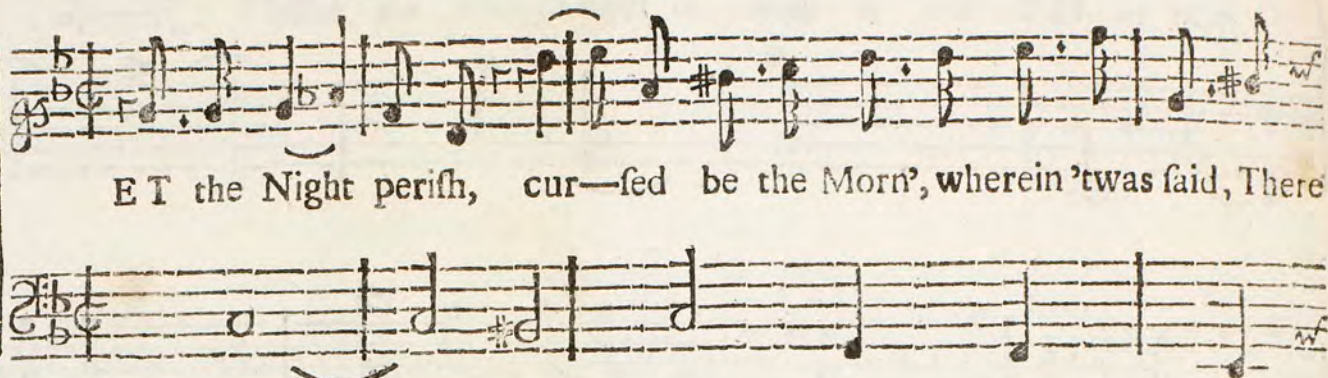
Glance! O give me such a Glance as Pe-ter had! thy sweet kind chi-ding Look will change my

Heart, as it did melt that Rock. Look on me, sweet Je-su! Look on me, sweet Je-su! as thou

didst on him, 'tis more than to cre--ate, thus, thus, to redeem.

JOB's Curse, Translated by Dr. Taylor Bishop of Down in Ireland.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



did I not, when first my Mother's Womb discharg'd me thence, drop down in--to my

Tomb? Then had I been at quiet, and mine Eyes had slept, and seen no Sorrow;

there, there the Wise and Subtle Counsellor, the Po--ten--tate, who for themselves built Pa--

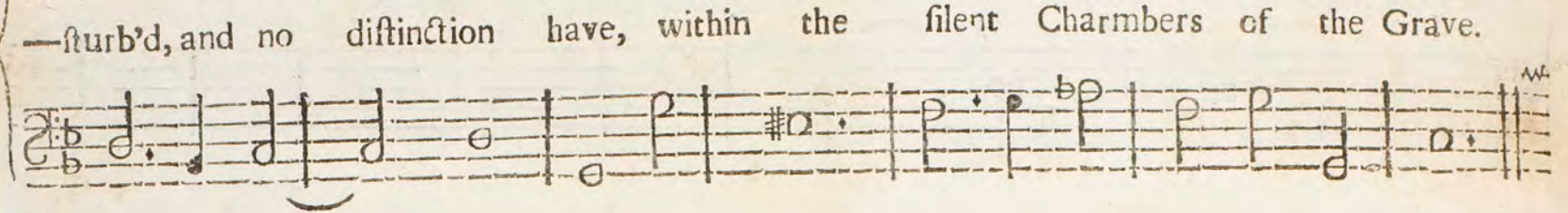
—la--ces of State, lye hush'd in Silence; there's no Midnight cry, caus'd by Oppression, and the Ty--

—ran--ny of wicked Rulers. Here, here the Weary cease from Labour, here the

Pris'ner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest un-di--



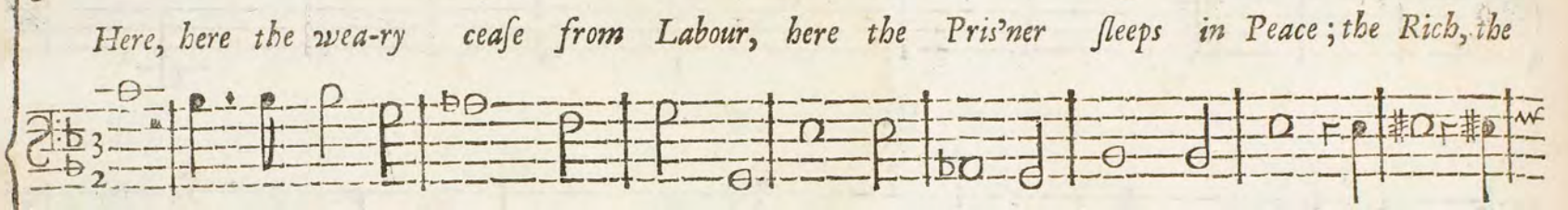
—sturb'd, and no distinction have, within the silent Chambers of the Grave.



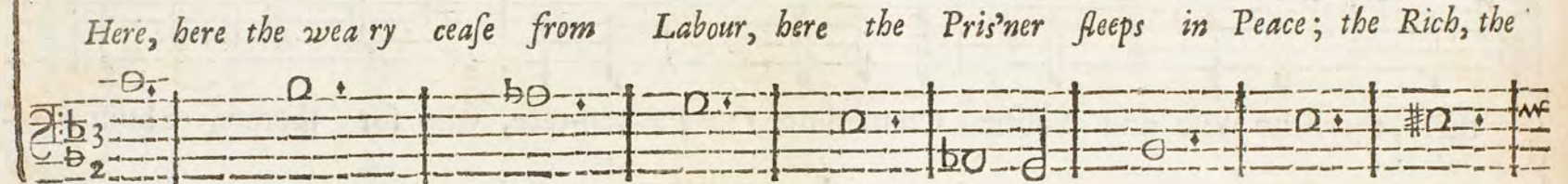
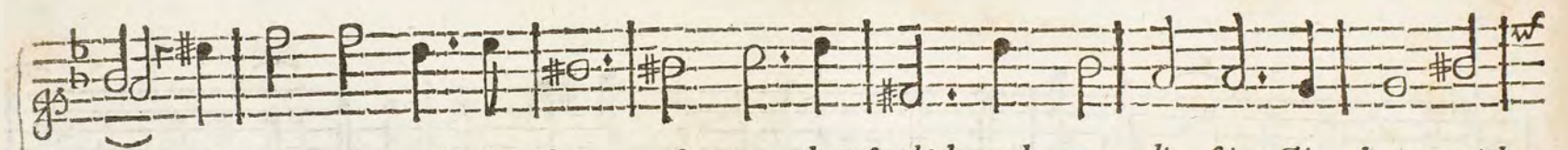
CHORUS.



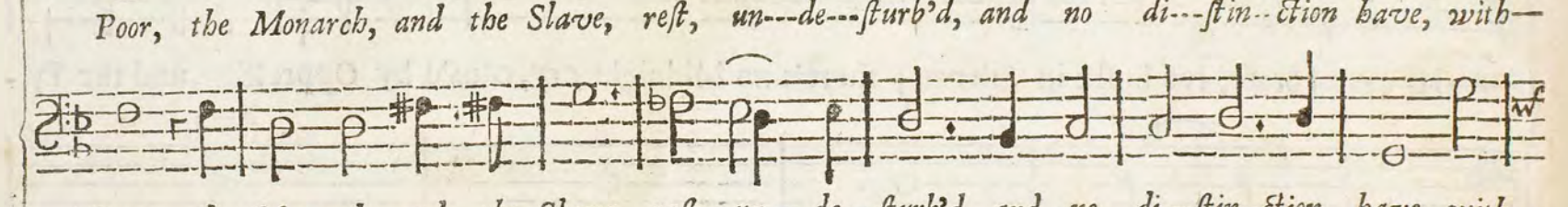
Here, here the wea-ry cease from Labour, here the Pris'ner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the



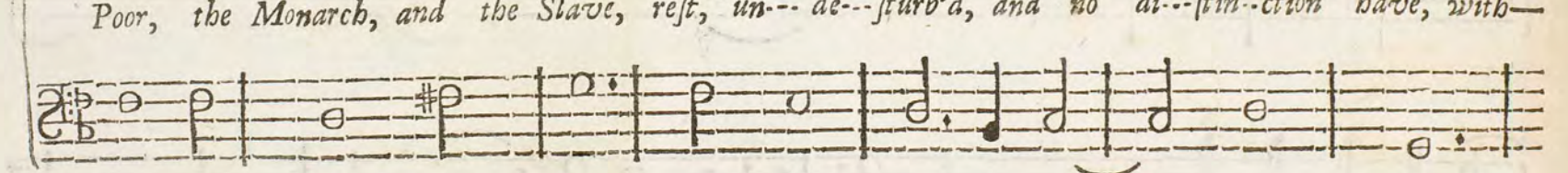
Here, here the wea ry cease from Labour, here the Pris'ner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the

Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest, un---de---sturb'd, and no di---stin---ction have, with—



Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest, un---de---sturb'd, and no di---stin---ction have, with—

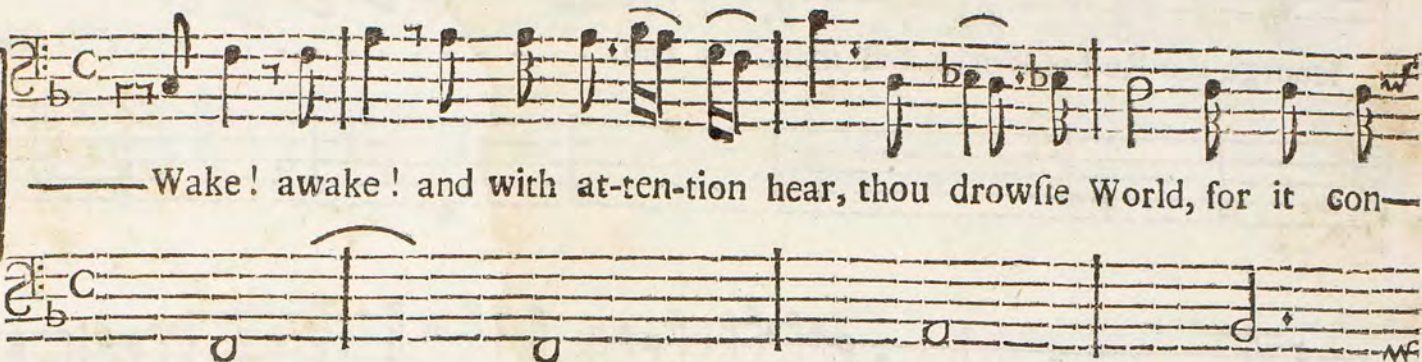



— in the si—lent Chambers of the Grave.

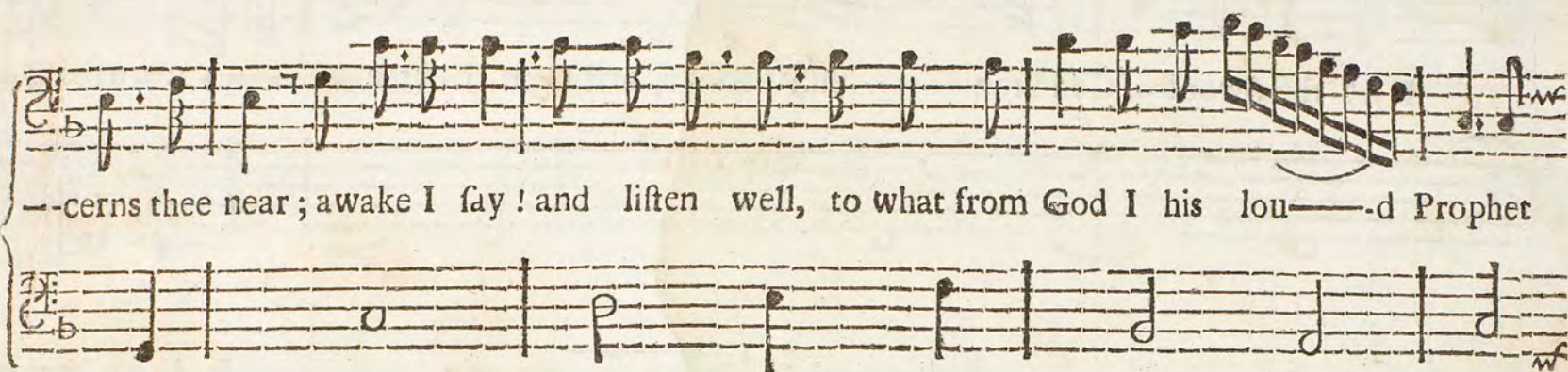


— in the si—lent Chambers of the Grave.



*The 34th. Chapter of Isaiah Paraphras'd by Mr. Cowley.**Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.*Royal
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Wake! awake! and with at-ten-tion hear, thou drow-sie World, for it con-



--cerns thee near; awake I say! and listen well, to what from God I his lou--d Prophet



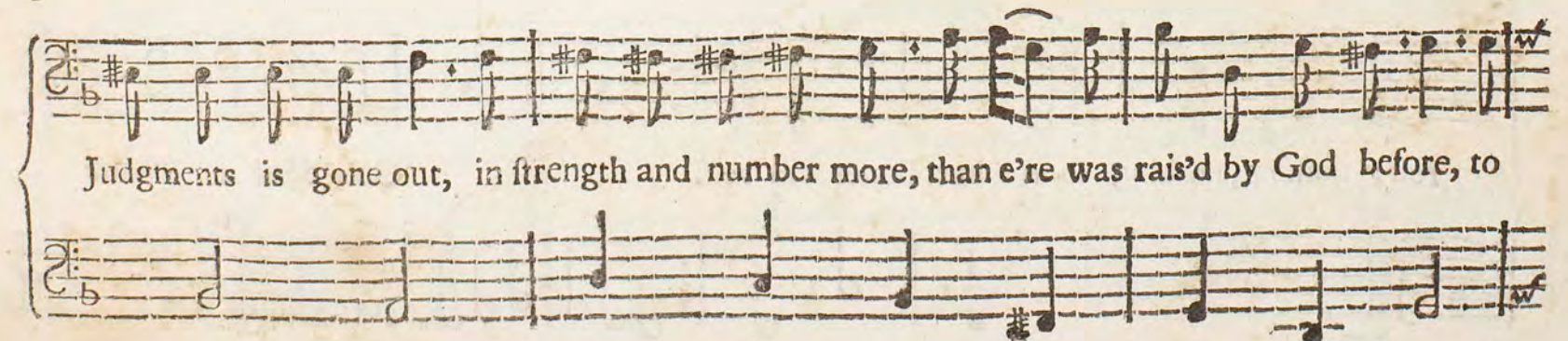
tell; bid both the Poles suppress their stor- - - - - my Noise, and bid the



roa--ring Sea con--tain its Voice: Be still, thou Sea, be still thou Air and Earth;



still as old Cha--os be-fore Mo--tion's Birth: A dreadful Host of



Judgments is gone out, in strength and number more, than e're was rais'd by God before, to



scourge the Re-bel World, and march it rou- - - - -nd a-bout.



I see the Sword of God bran- - - - -dish'd above, and from it strea- - - - -ms a dif-



- - -mal Ray, I see the Scabbard cast away; how red a-non with Slaughter will it



prove? How will it sweat and reek in Blood? How will the Scarlet Glutton be o're-



gorg'd with his Food, and de-vour all the mighty Feast? Nothing, nothing soon but Bones will



rest; nothing, nothing soon but Bones will rest. God does a solemn

Sa--cri-fice prepare,

God does a solemn Sa--cri-fice prepare, but not of

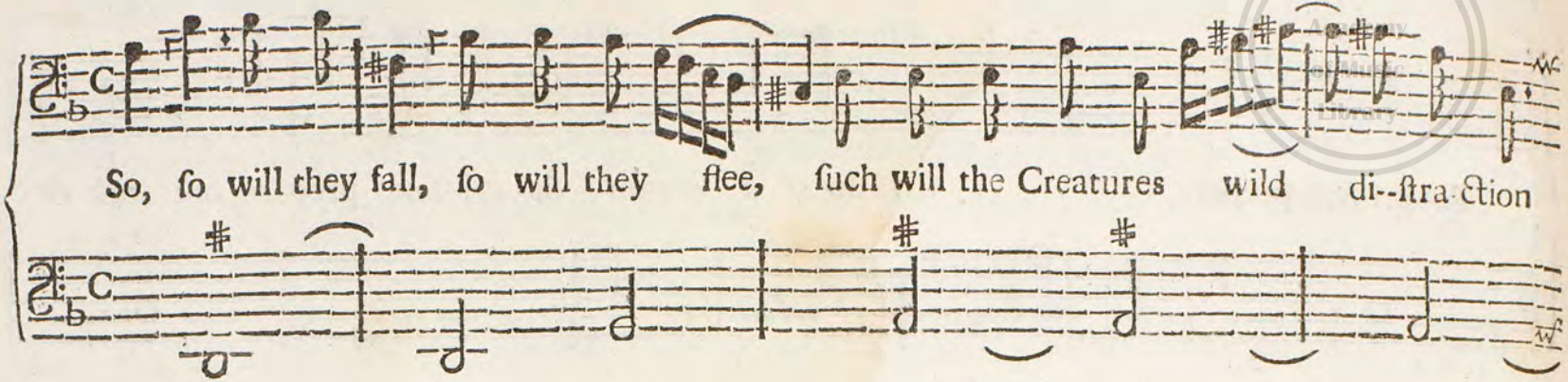
Oxen, nor of Rams; not of Kids, nor of their Dams; not of Heifers, nor of Lambs; the

Al--tar, all the Land, and all Men in't, the Victims are, since wicked Men's more

guilty Blood to spare: The Beasts so long have sacri--ficed been, since Men their Birthright for--

feit still by Sin; 'tis fit at last Beasts their Revenge shou'd have, and sa--cri-fi--ced

Men their better Brethren save, and sa--cri-fi--ced Men their better Brethren save.



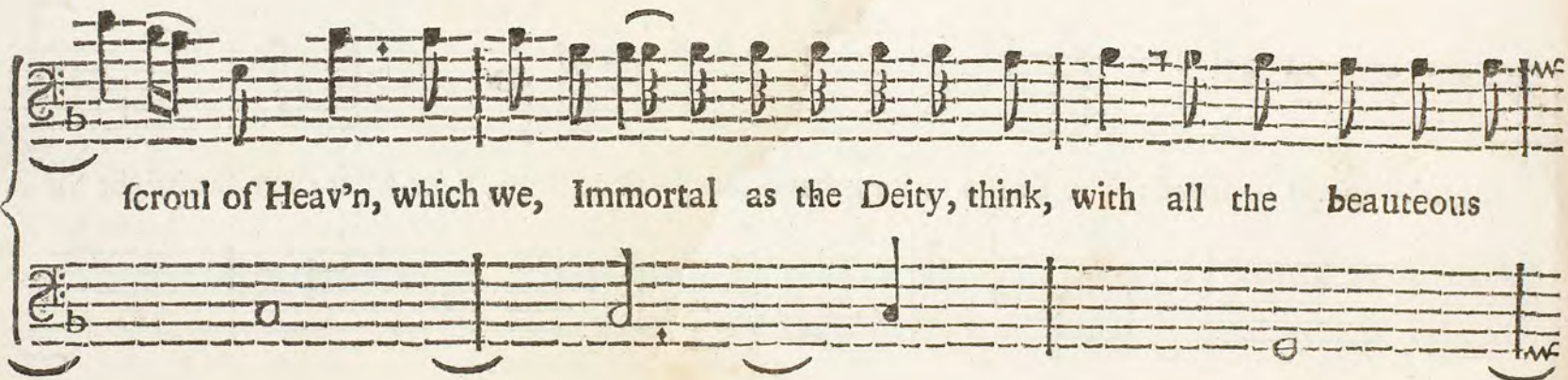
So, so will they fall, so will they flee, such will the Creatures wild di-straction



be; when at the final Doom, Nature and Time shall both be slain, shall struggle with



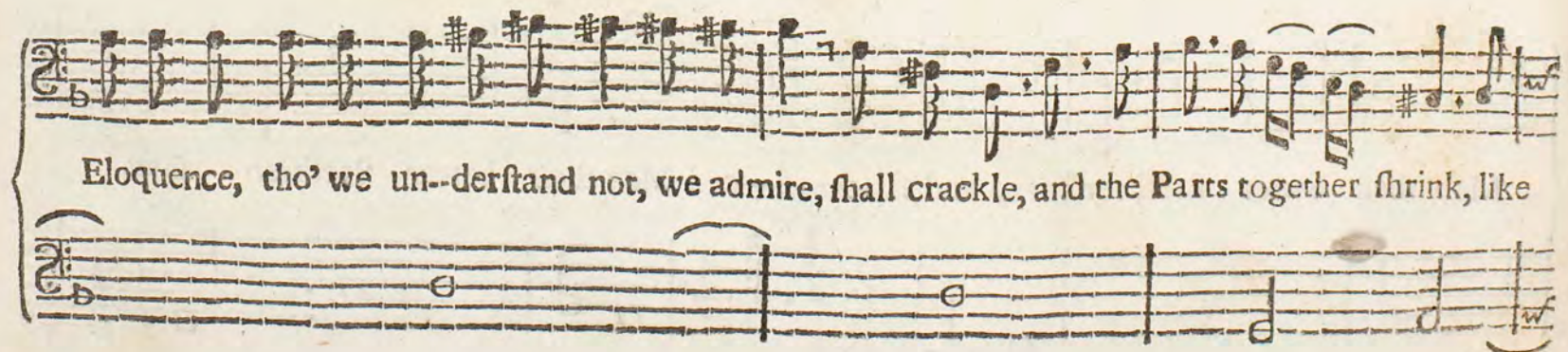
Death's Pangs in vain, and the whole World their Fun'—ral Pile become. The wide-stretch'd



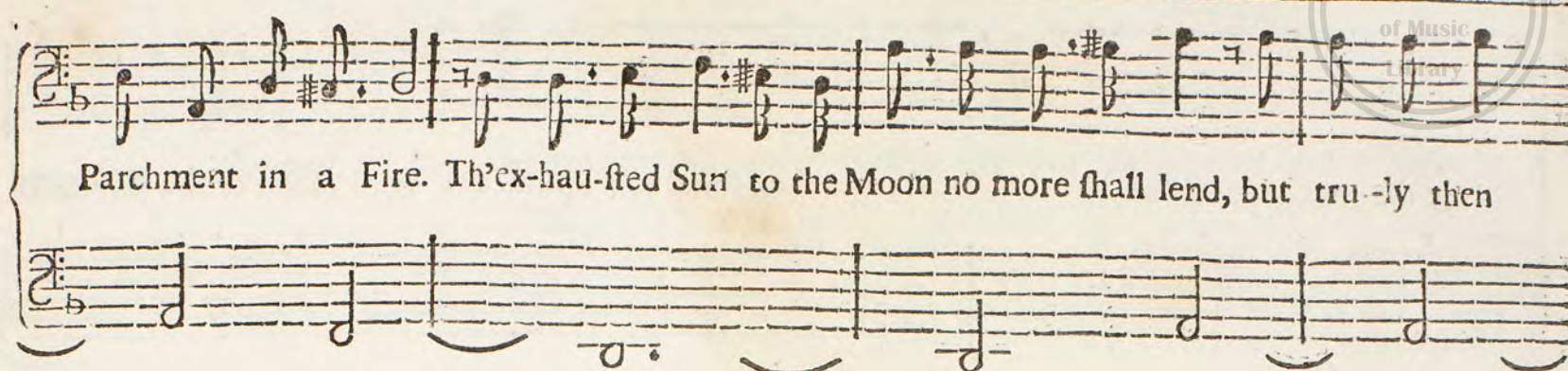
scroul of Heav'n, which we, Immortal as the Deity, think, with all the beauteous



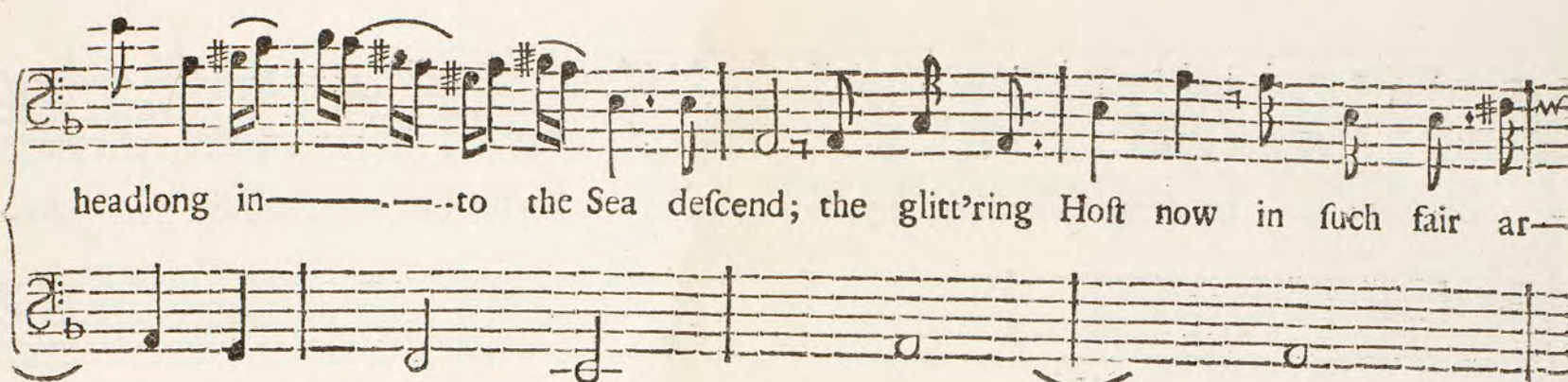
Characters that in it, swith uch deep sence by God's own Hand were writ; whose



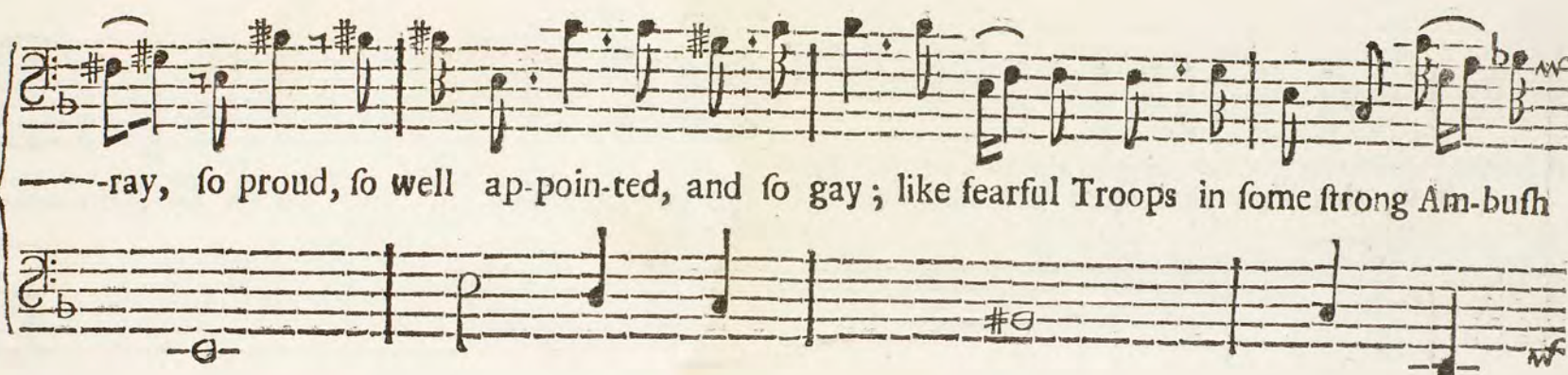
Eloquence, tho' we un-derstand not, we admire, shall crackle, and the Parts together shrink, like



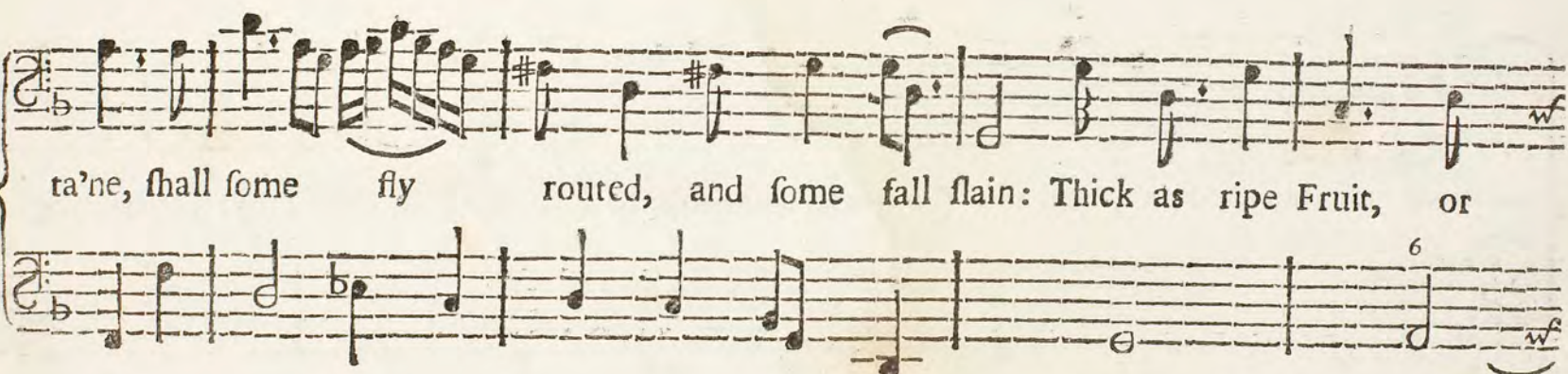
Parchment in a Fire. Th'ex-hau-sted Sun to the Moon no more shall lend, but tru-ly then



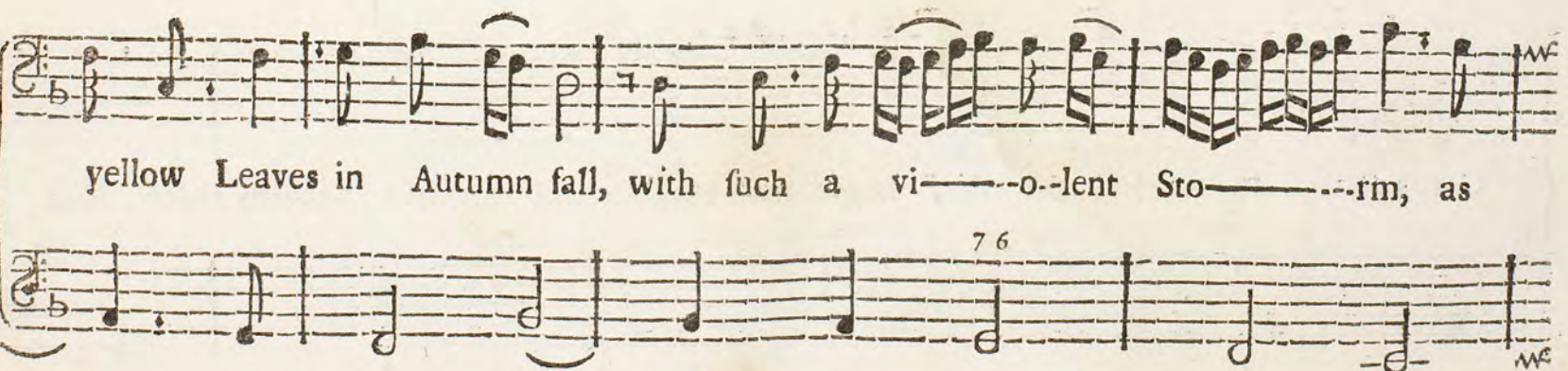
headlong in—to the Sea descend; the glitt'ring Host now in such fair ar—



—ray, so proud, so well ap-poin-ted, and so gay; like fearful Troops in some strong Am-bush

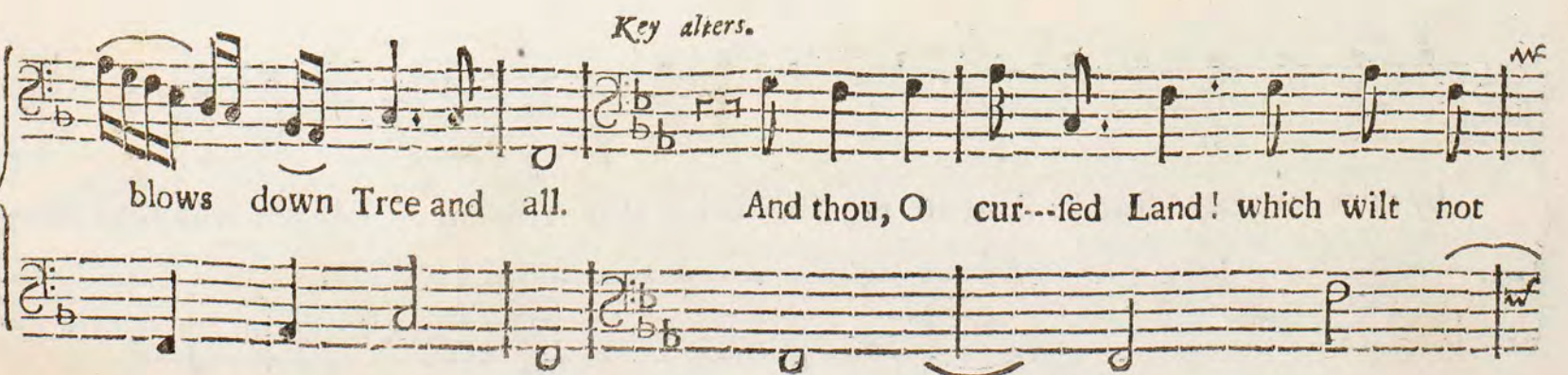


ta'ne, shall some fly routed, and some fall slain: Thick as ripe Fruit, or



yellow Leaves in Autumn fall, with such a vi—o-lent Sto—rm, as

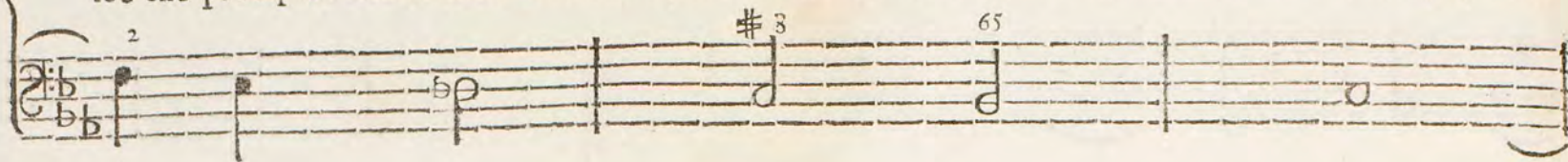
Key alters.



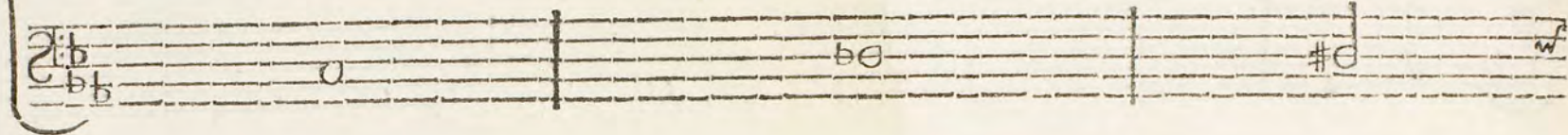
blows down Tree and all. And thou, O cur--fed Land! which wilt not



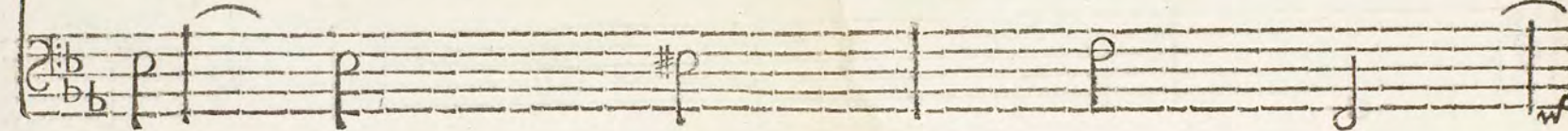
see the precipice where thou dost stand; tho' thou stand just up-on the brink, thou of this poyson'd



Bowl the bit--ter dregs shalt drink; thy Rivers and thy Lakes shall so, with human Blood o're--



--flow, that they shall fetch the slaughter'd Corps away, which in the Fields a--roun--



--d un-bu-ry'd lay, and rob the Beasts and Birds to give the Fish their Prey: The rotting



Corps shall so in--fect the Air, beget such Plagues and pu--trid Venoms there; that



by thine own Dead shall be slain, all thy few living that remain. As one who buys sur--

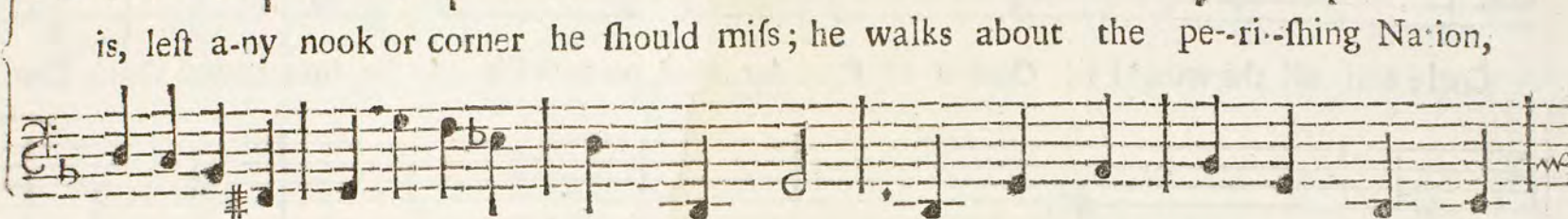




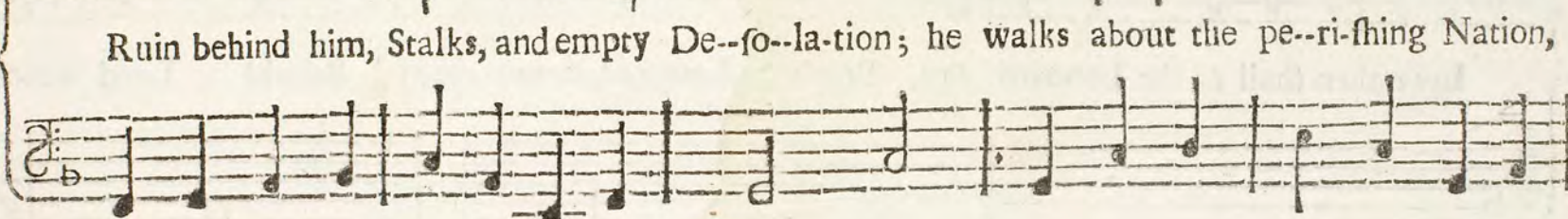
—veys a Ground, so the destroying An—gel measures it round; so careful and so strict he



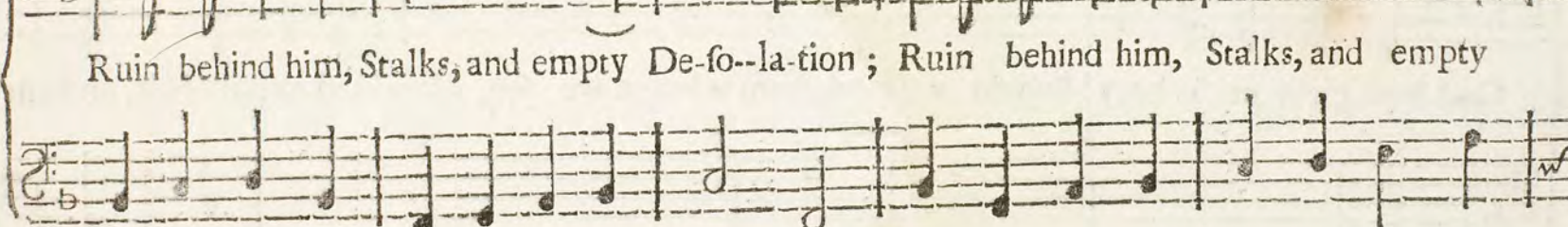
is, left a-ny nook or corner he should miss; he walks about the pe-ri-shing Nation,



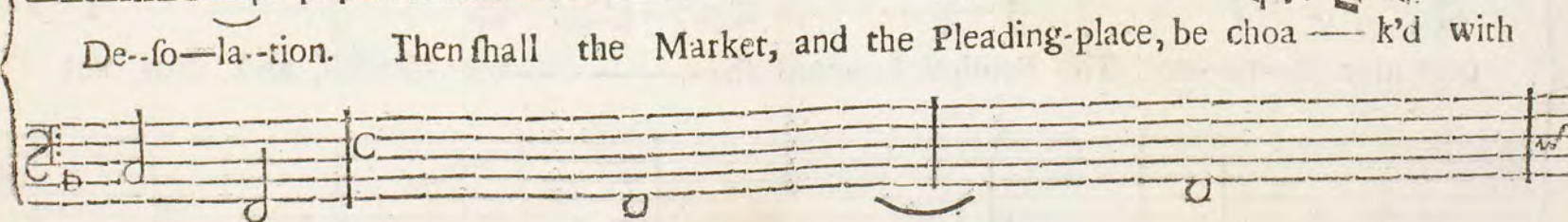
Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty De--fo--la-tion; he walks about the pe-ri-shing Nation,



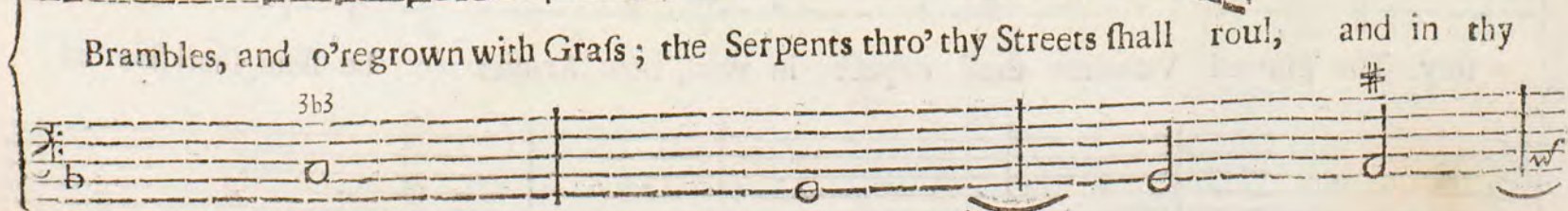
Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty De--fo--la-tion; Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty



De--fo--la-tion. Then shall the Market, and the Pleading-place, be choa — k'd with

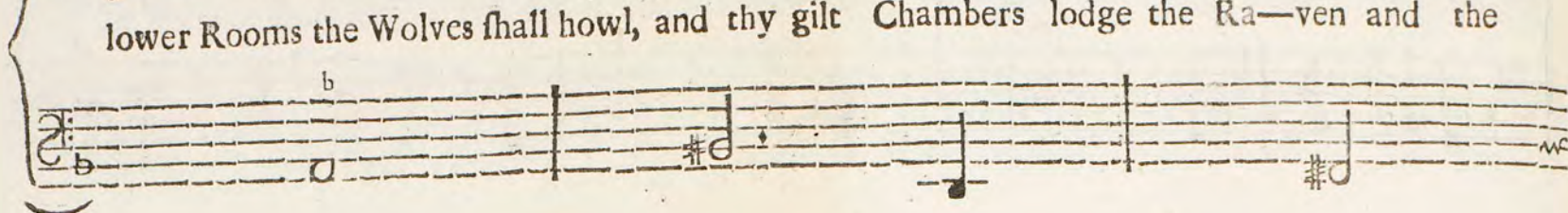


Brambles, and o'regrown with Grass; the Serpents thro' thy Streets shall roul, and in thy

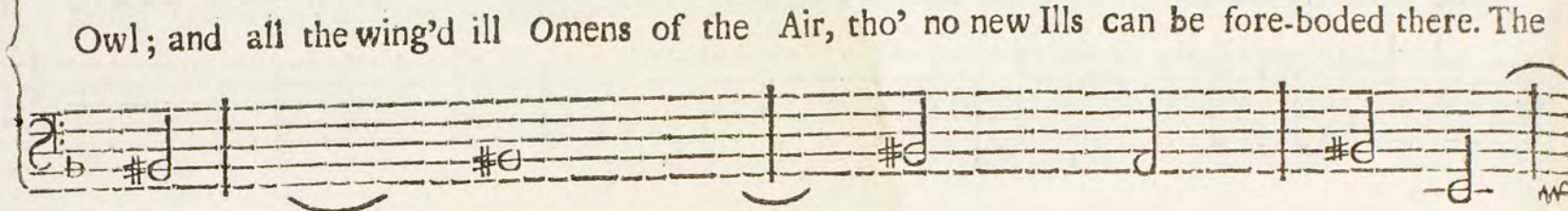




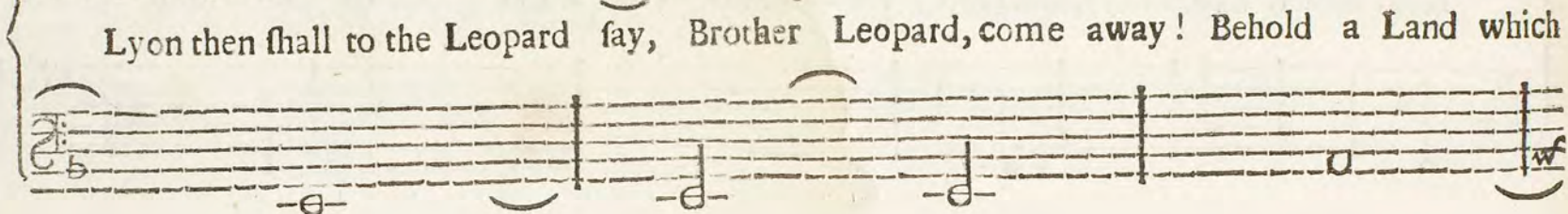
lower Rooms the Wolves shall howl, and thy gilt Chambers lodge the Ra—ven and the



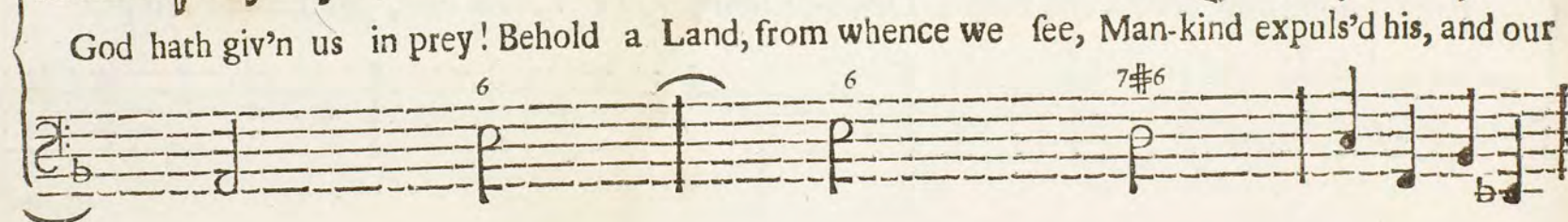
Owl; and all the wing'd ill Omens of the Air, tho' no new Ills can be fore-boded there. The



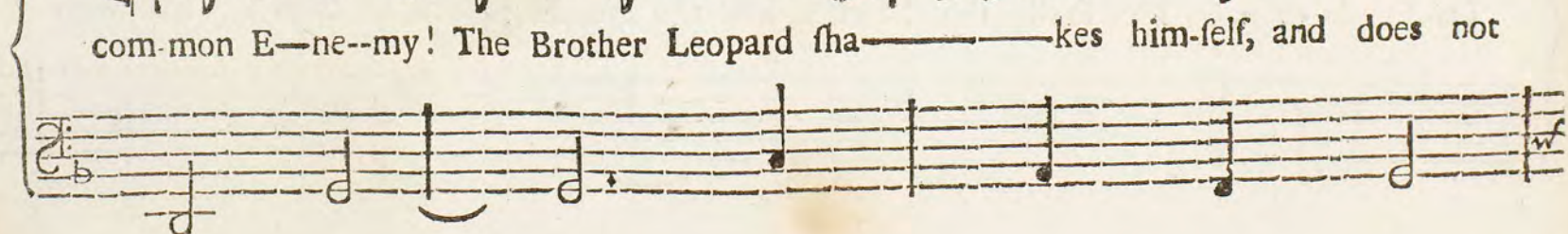
Lyon then shall to the Leopard say, Brother Leopard, come away! Behold a Land which



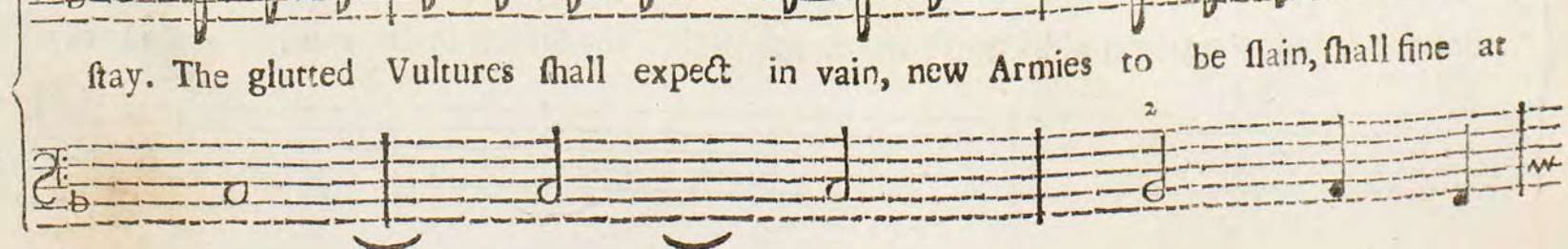
God hath giv'n us in prey! Behold a Land, from whence we see, Man-kind expuls'd his, and our



com-mon E—ne--my! The Brother Leopard sha———kes him-self, and does not

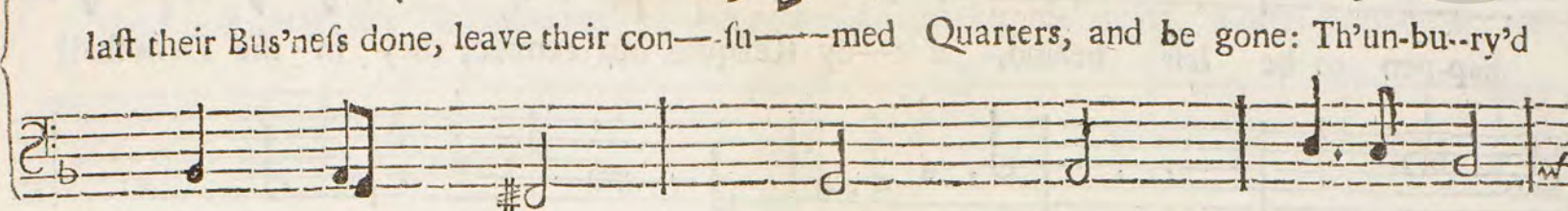


stay. The glutted Vultures shall expect in vain, new Armies to be slain, shall fine at

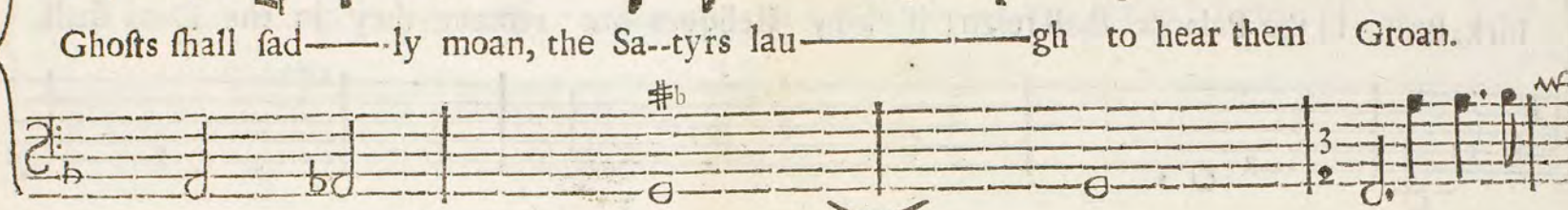




laft their Bus'nefs done, leave their con—fu—med Quarters, and be gone: Th'un-bu-ry'd



Ghosts fhall fad—ly moan, the Sa—tyrs lau—gh to hear them Groan.



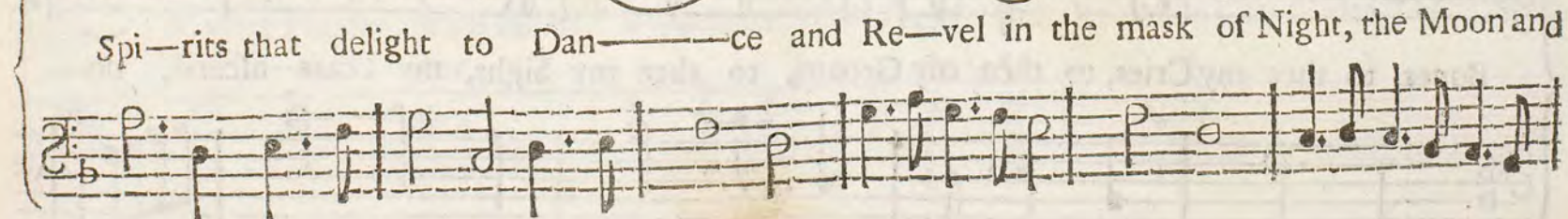
The e—vil Spirits that delight to Dan—ce and Revel in the mask of



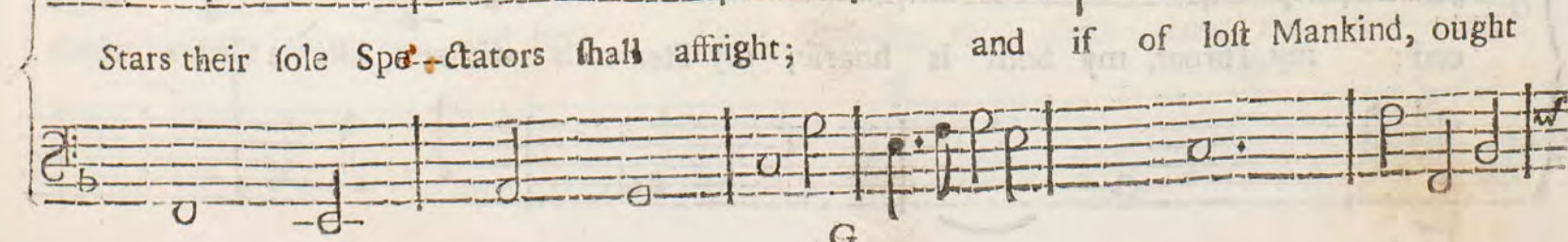
Night, the Moon and Stars their fole Spe—cta-tors fhall affright; the e—vil



Spi—rits that delight to Dan—ce and Re—vel in the mask of Night, the Moon and



Stars their fole Spe—cta-tors fhall affright; and if of loft Mankind, ought



hap-pen to be left behind, if a—ny Reliques but remain, they in the Dens shall

lurk, Beasts in the Palaces shall reign; if a—ny Reliques but remain, they in the Dens shall

lurk, Beasts in their Pa—la—ces shall reign.

Words by Mr. Herbert, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



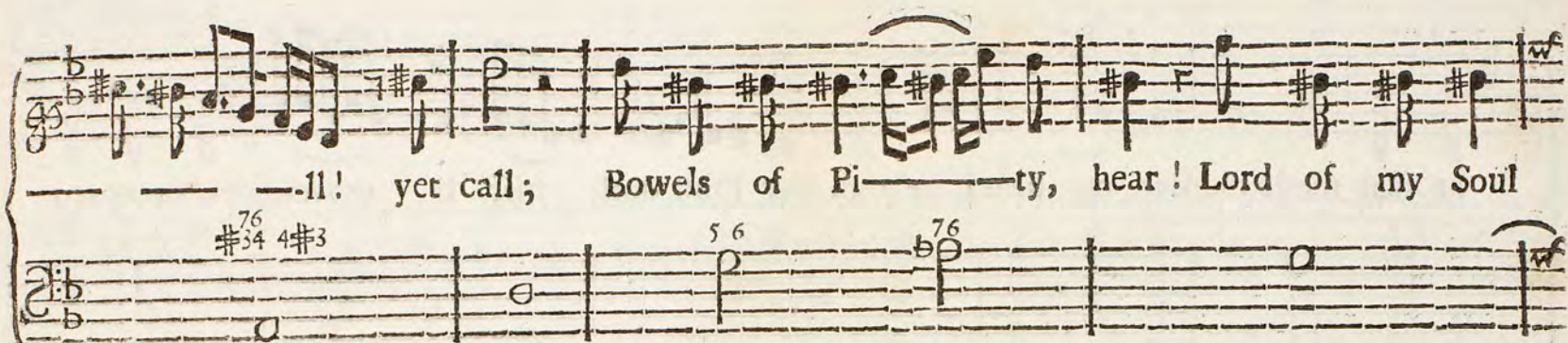
Ith sick and famish'd Eyes, with dou—bling Knees, and weary

Bones, to thee my Cries, to thee my Groans, to thee my Sighs, my Tears ascend, no

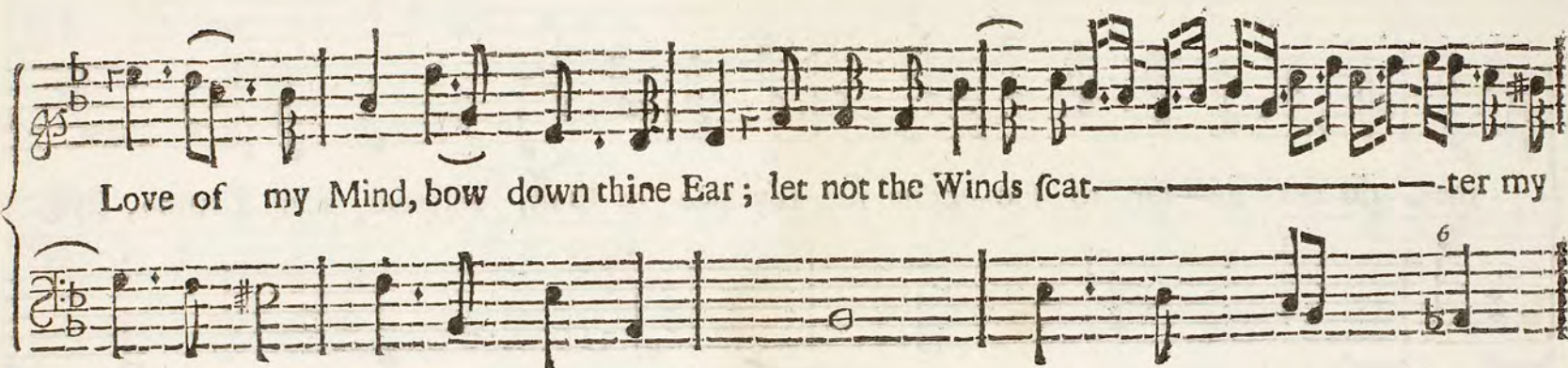
end; my Throat, my Soul is hoarse, my Heart is wither'd, like a Ground which



thou dost curse: My Thoughts tur—n round, and make me giddy, Lord! Lord! I fa—



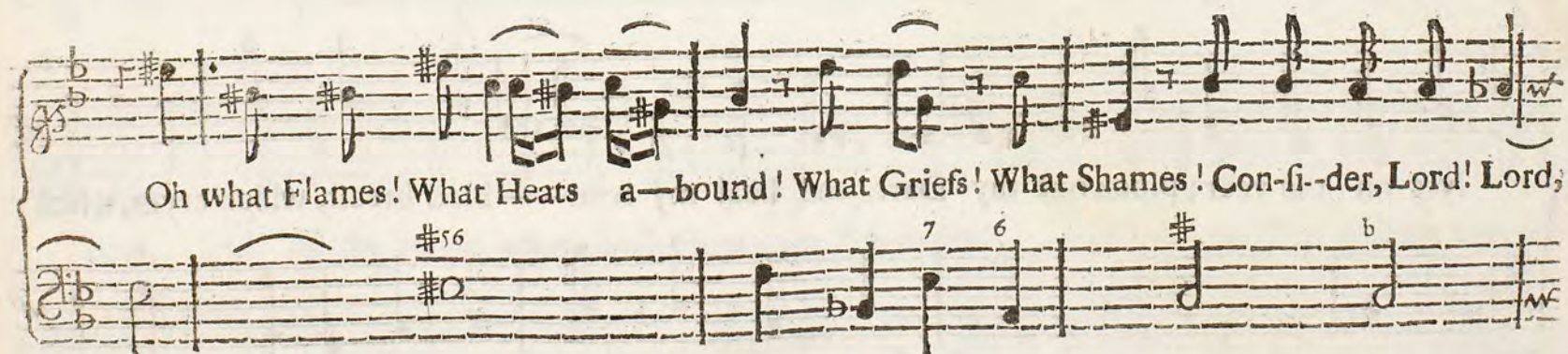
—ll! yet call; Bowels of Pi—ty, hear! Lord of my Soul



Love of my Mind, bow down thine Ear; let not the Winds scat—ter my



Words, and in the same, thy Name. Look on my Sorrows round, mark well my Furnace,



Oh what Flames! What Heats a—bound! What Griefs! What Shames! Con-si—der, Lord! Lord,



bow thine Ear and hear. Lord Je—su, thou didst bow thy dy—ing

Head upon the Tree, Oh be not now more dead to me! Lord, hear! Lord, hear! Shall

he that made the Ear, not hear? Behold, thy Dust doth stir, it moves, it creeps to

thee, do not de—fer to suc—cour me, thy pile of Dust, wherein each Crumb, says,

Come, my Love, my Sweetness, hear, by these thy Feet, at which my Heart

lies all the year; pluck out thy Dart, and heal my trou—bled Breast, which cries, which

dyes; heal my trou—bled Breast, which cries, which dyes.

Words by Mr. George Herbert, in his Church-Poems.

Set by Dr. John Blow.

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And art thou griev'd, sweet and sacred Dove, when I am four, and cross thy

Love! Griev'd for me, the God of Strength and Pow'r; griev'd for a Worm, which when I

tread, I pass a-way, and leave it dead. Then weep, mine Eyes, the God of Love doth

grieve, weep, foolish Heart, and weep-ing live; for Death is dry as Dust; yet if ye

part, end as the Night, whose sable Hew your Sins expresses, melt in to Dew: When sawcy

Mirth shall knock, or call at Door, cry out, Get hence, or cry no more; Al-mighty



God docs grieve, he puts on Sense: I fin not to my Grief alone, but to my Gods



too he doth groan. Oh! Oh! take thy Lute, and tune it to a strain, which



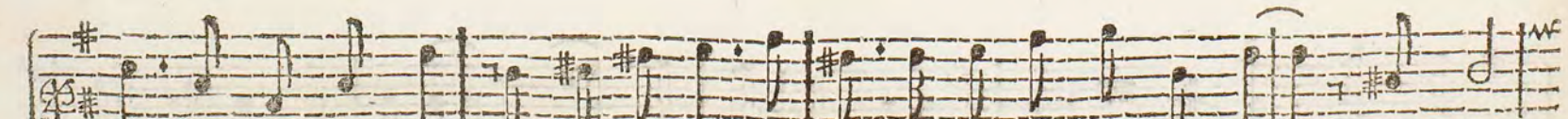
may with thee all day complain; there can no Discord but in cea-sing be; Marbles can



weep, and sure ly Strings more Bowels have, then such hard things. Lord, I adjudge my



self to Tears and Grief, ev'n endless Tears without Relief; if a clear Spring for me no



time forbears, but runs, although I be not dry; I am no Crystal, what shall I?



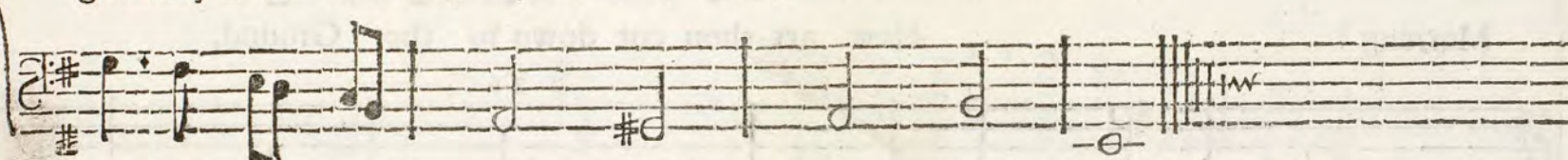
Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail, Natures denies, and Flesh would fail,



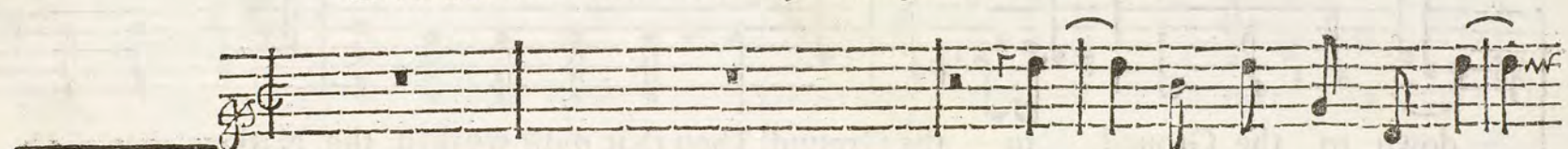

if my Deserts were Masters of mine Eyes. Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes




good my want of Tears, my want of Tears, with store of Blood.



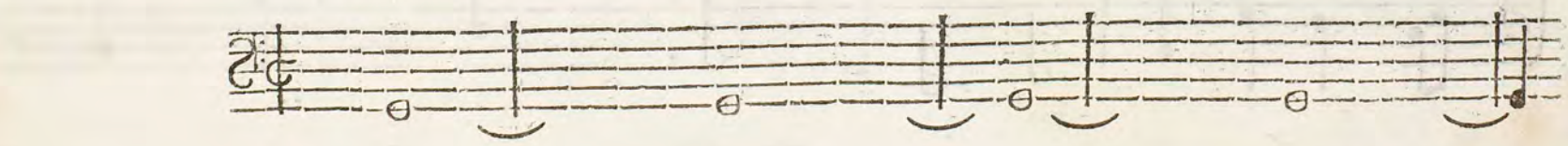
Lucifer's Fall. Set by Dr. John Blow.



OW art thou fall'n from Heav'n,



OW art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer!



art thou fall'—n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou fall'n from Heav'n,



art thou fall'—n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou fall'n from Heav'n,



Lu-ci-fer!

Lu-ci-fer! Son of the Morning, Son of the

How art thou cut down to the Ground!

How art thou cut

Morning!

How art thou cut down to the Ground,

7 6

down to the Ground, to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the Nations, that didst

art thou cut down, cut down to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the Nations,

7 3 75

weaken the Nations, how art thou cut down, art thou, art thou cut

Thou that didst weaken the Nations, how art thou cut down, art thou cut

down! I will af-cend in-to the Heav'n, I will af-

down! For thou said'st in thy Heart, for thou said'st in thy Heart,

-cend into the Heav'ns. I will exalt my Throne above the Stars of

I will ascend, af-cend, into the Heav'ns. I will ex-

God, I will ex-alt my Throne above the Stars of God; I will sit al-fo upon the Mount

-alt my Throne a-bove, above the Stars of God; I will sit al-fo upon the Mount

of the Con-gre-ga-ti-on, in the Sides of the North.

of the Congrega-ti-on, in the sides of the North. I will ascend above the height of the

I will ascend above the height of the Clouds,
Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell; I will ascend above the

of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down into Hell, be brought
height of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell;

down in—to Hell; thou shalt be brought down in—to
yet thou shalt be brought down, thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell, be

Hell, be brought down in—to Hell.
brought down, be brought down in—to Hell.

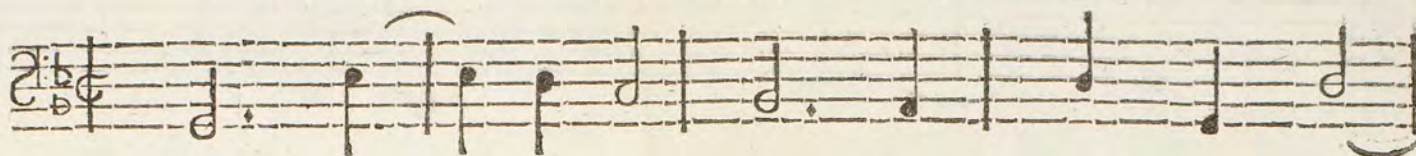
Set by Dr. John Blow.

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Nough, my Muse, of earthly Things, and In-spi--rations but of Winds,



Nough, my Muse, of earthly Things, and In-spi--rations but of Winds,



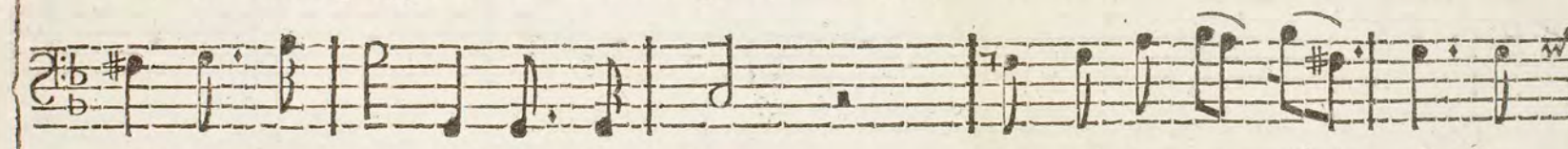
take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud and e—ver--la--sing Strings,



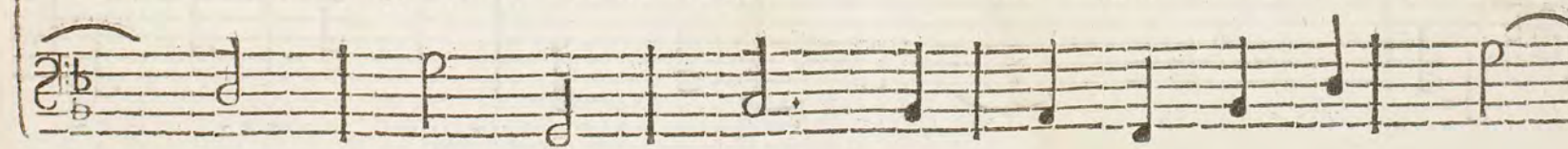
take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud and e—ver--la--sing Strings,



and on them play, and to them sing, the happy mournful Sto--ries, the la—



and on them play, and to them sing, the happy mournful Stories,



men--ta--ble Glories, of the grea—t cru--ci--fy'd King.



the la--men--ta--ble Glories, of the grea—t cru--ci--fy'd King.



Mountainous heaps of Wonders which doth rise, 'till Earth thou joynest wi—th the

Mountainous heaps of Wonders which doth rise, 'till Earth thou joynest wi—th the

Skies; too large at bottom, and at top too high, to be half, to be half seen by Mortal

Skies; too large at bottom, and at top too high, to be half seen by Mortal

Eye. How shall I grasp this boundless thing? What, shall I play? What, what shall I sing?

Eye.

I'll sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love, which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed

I'll sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love, which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed

Spirits above, with all their Com—ments can explain, how all the whole Worlds

Spirits above, with all their Comments can explain, how all the whole Worlds

Life to dy—e, did not disdain.

Life to dy—e, did not disdain.

The Aspiration. The Words by Mr. Norris, of Wadham Colledge Oxon.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Ow long, how long, grea—t God, how long must I, im—

—mur'd in this dork Pri—son lye? Where at the Grates, and A—ve—nues of Sence, my Soul must

watch to have in—tel—li—gence; where but faint Gleams of thee fa—lute my Sight,

like doubtful Moon-shine in — a cloudy Night. When shall I leave this Magick Sphere,

and be all Mind, all Eye, all Ear? How cold this Clime! and yet my Sense perceives

ev'n here thy In-flu-ence; ev'n here thy strong Magnetick Charms I feel, and pant, and

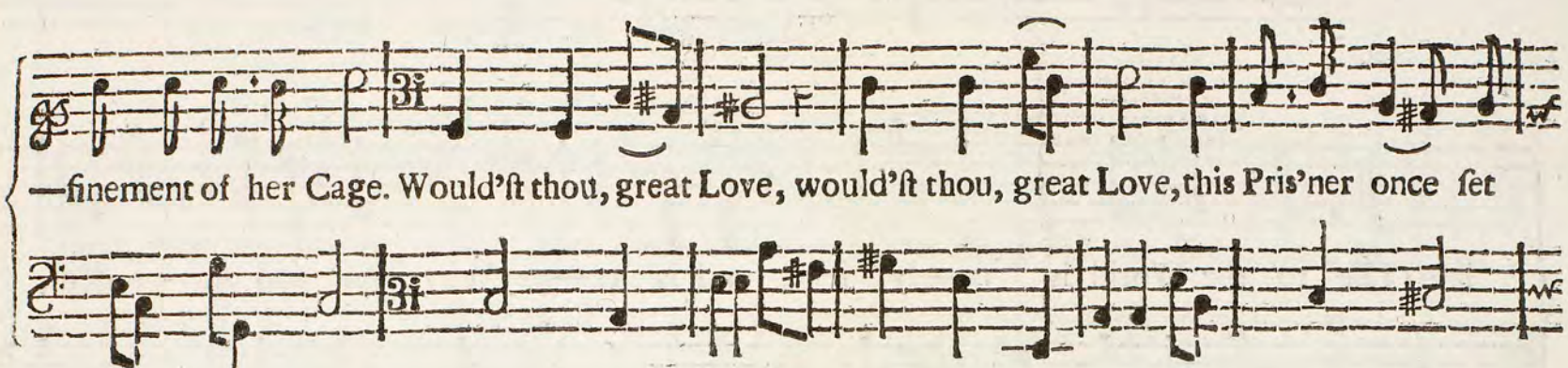
trem-ble, like the a-mo-rous Steel: To lower good, and Beauties not Divine, sometimes

my er-ro-neous Nee-dle does decline; but yet so strong the Sympathy, it tur-

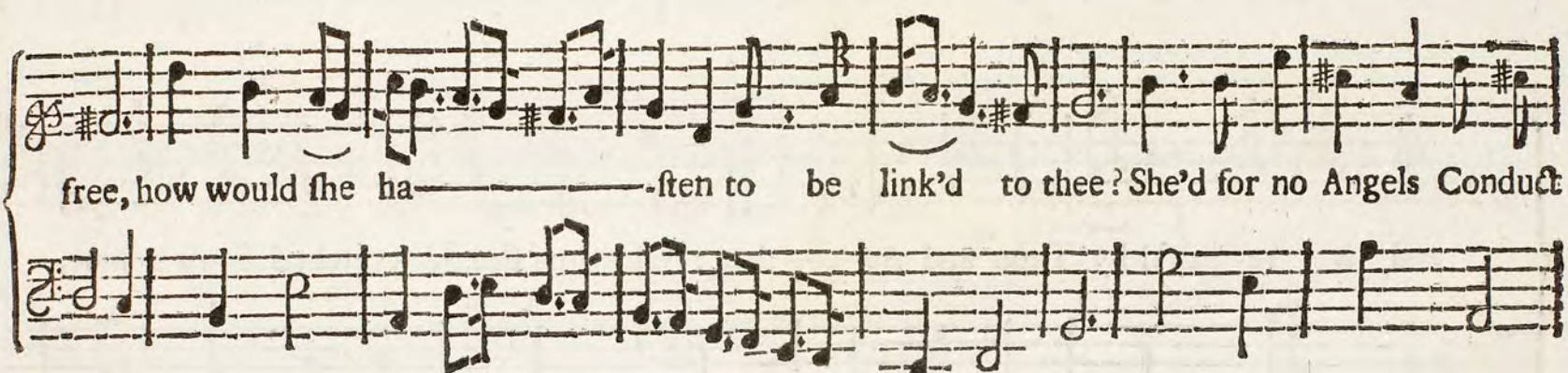
ns, and points again to thee. I long, I long to see this Excellence, which at such



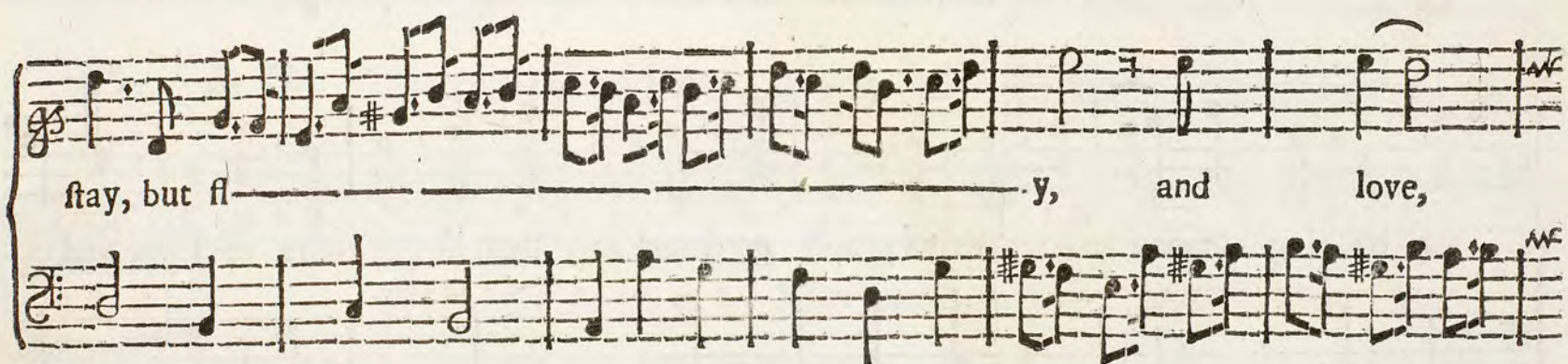
distance stricken my Sense: My impatient Soul struggles to disengage her wings, from the con-



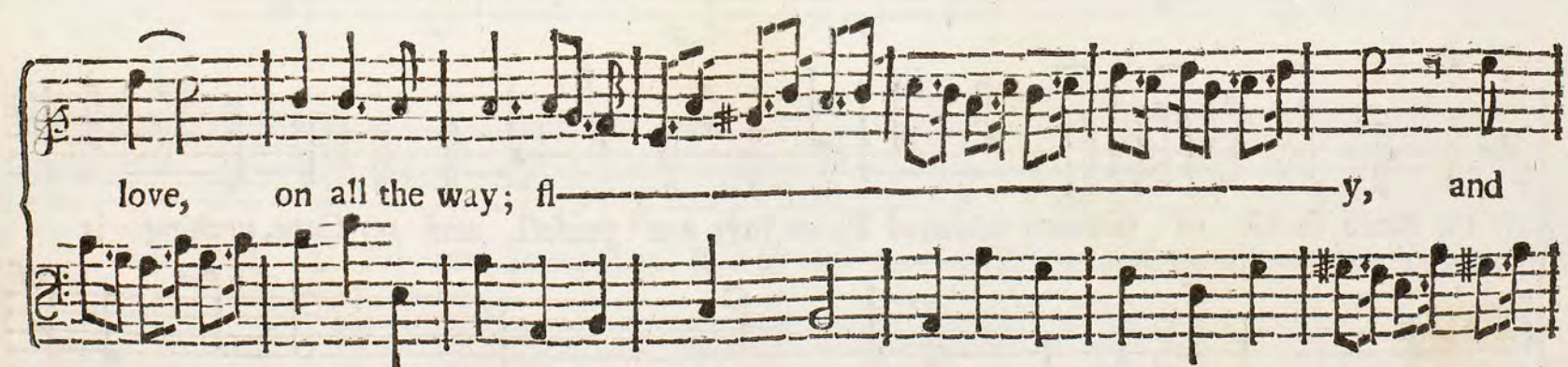
finement of her Cage. Would'st thou, great Love, would'st thou, great Love, this Pris'ner once set



free, how would she have been to be link'd to thee? She'd for no Angels Conduct



stay, but fly, and love,



love, on all the way; fly, and

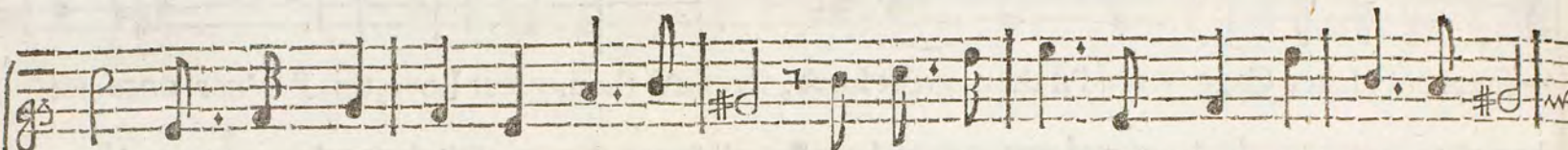
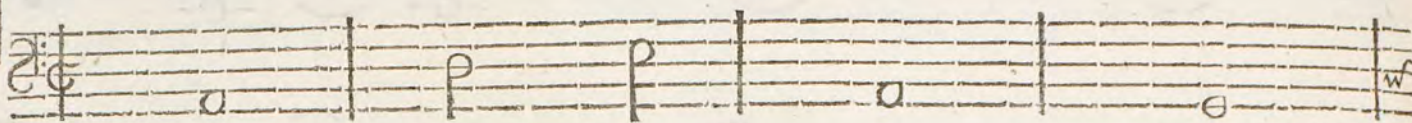


love, love, on all the way.

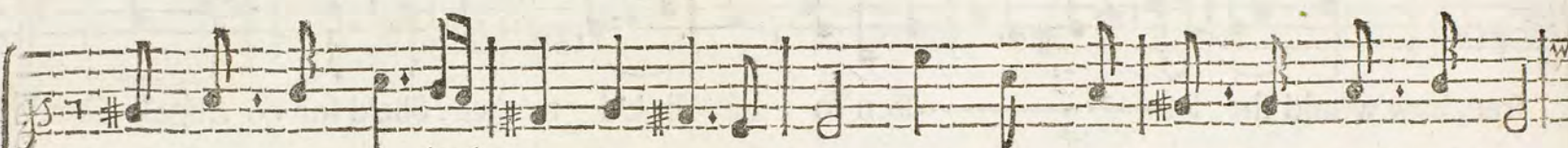
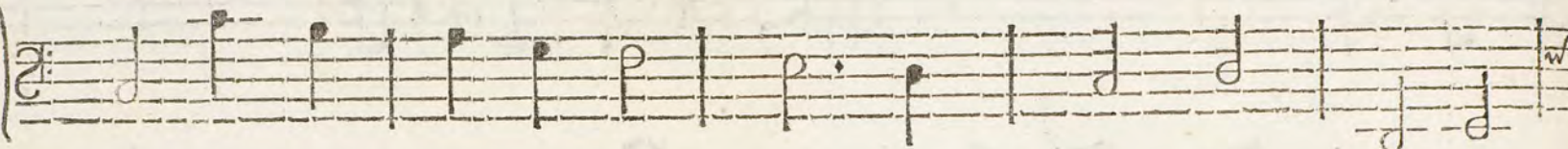
Sett by Dr. William Turner.

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Hus Mortals must submit to Fate, some more ear—ly, some more



late; Life to the World is on—ly lent, and is re—pay'd by Time and Ac—ci—dent,



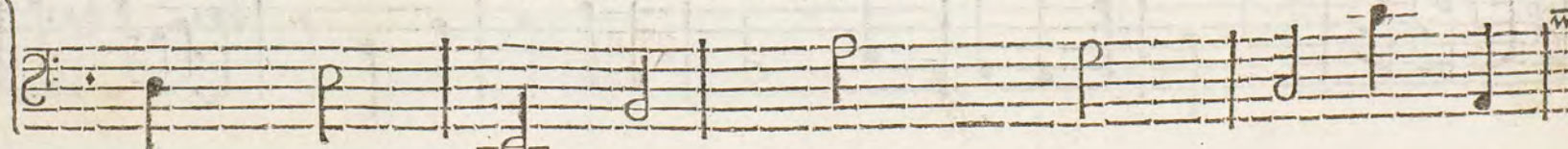
and is re—pay'd by Time and Ac—ci—dent: Why then should wretched Souls repine,



for be—ing soonest made Divine; and go where they shall be se—cure of Joys, and



no more shock of Chance endure? There Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is



left to wish or fear; there Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is left to wish or fear.



CHORUS.



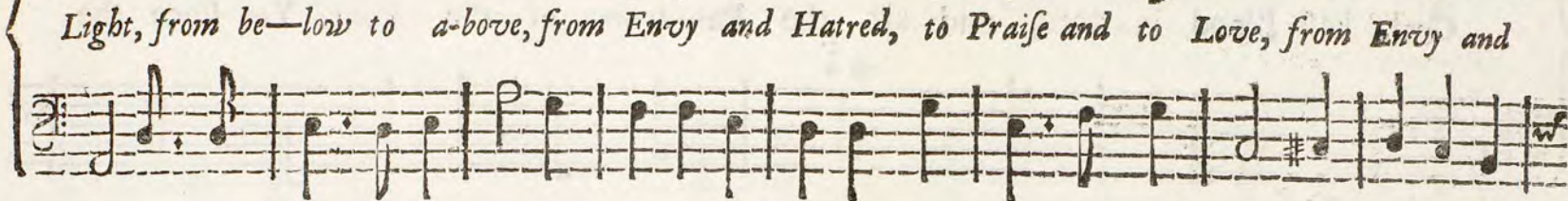
How hap-py, how hap-py's the Soul that has took his best flight, from Darkneſs to



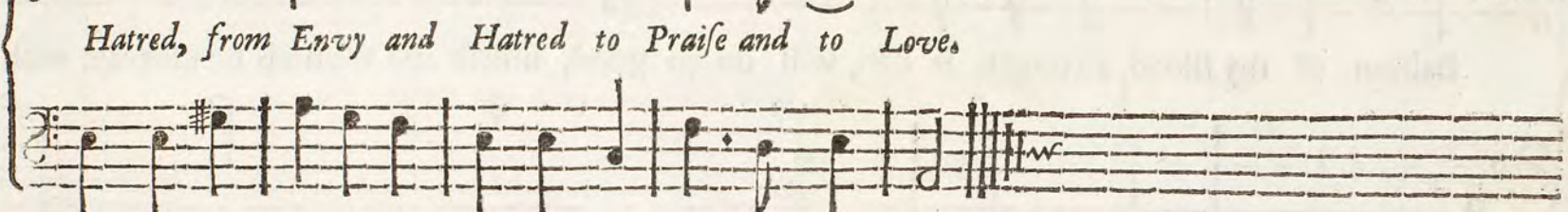
How hap-py's the Soul, &c.



Light, from be-low to a-bove, from Envy and Hatred, to Praise and to Love, from Envy and



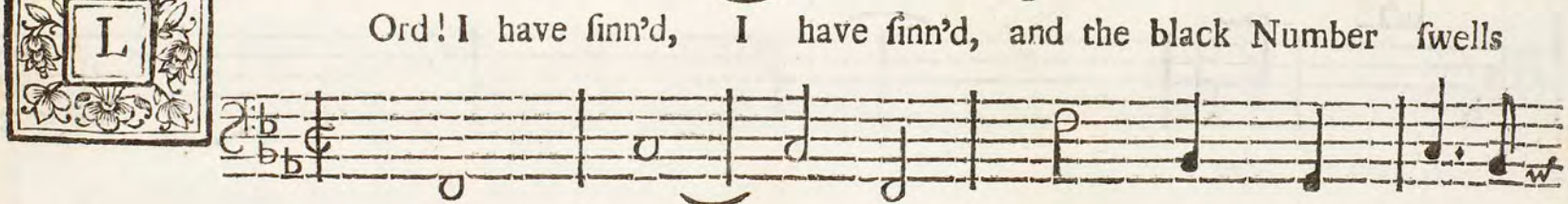

Hatred, from Envy and Hatred to Praise and to Love.



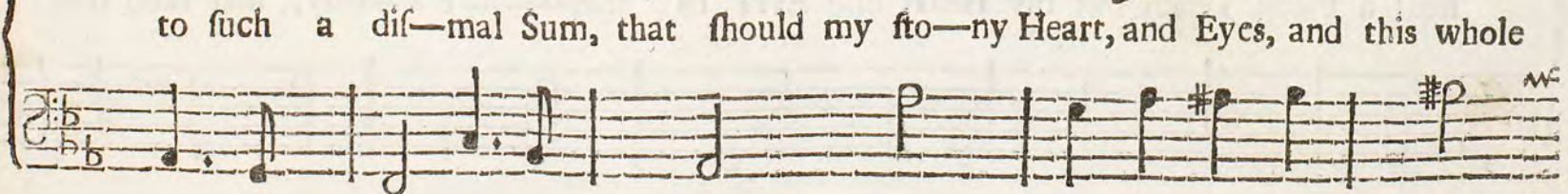
Words by Dr. Jeremiah Taylor. Set by Mr. Pelham Humphryes.



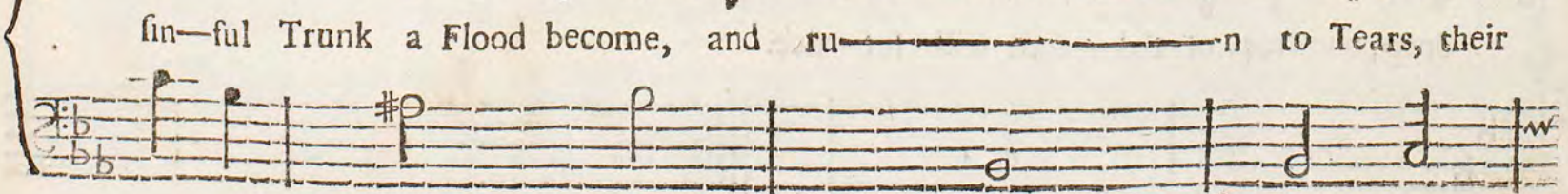
L Ord! I have ſinn'd, I have ſinn'd, and the black Number ſwells

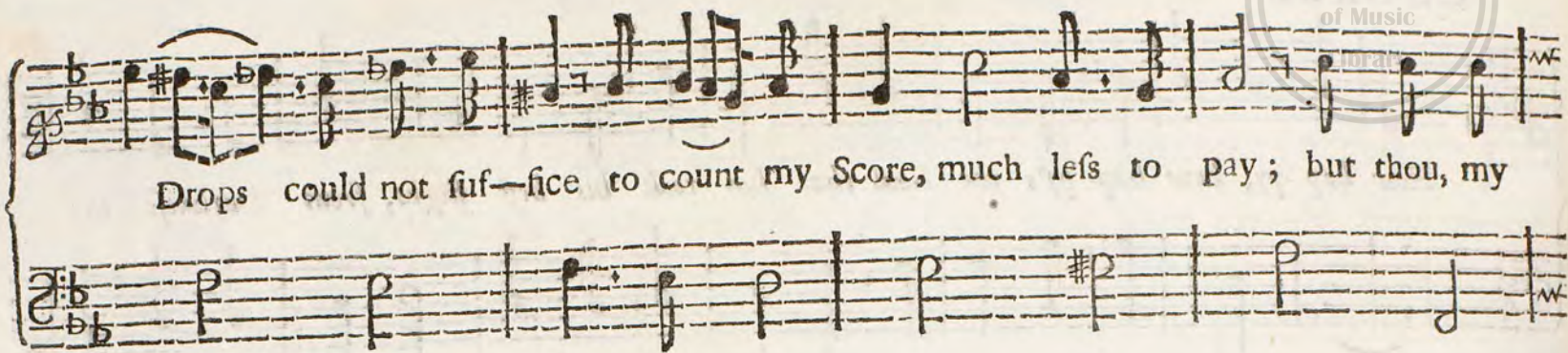



to ſuch a diſ-mal Sum, that ſhould my ſto-ny Heart, and Eyes, and this whole

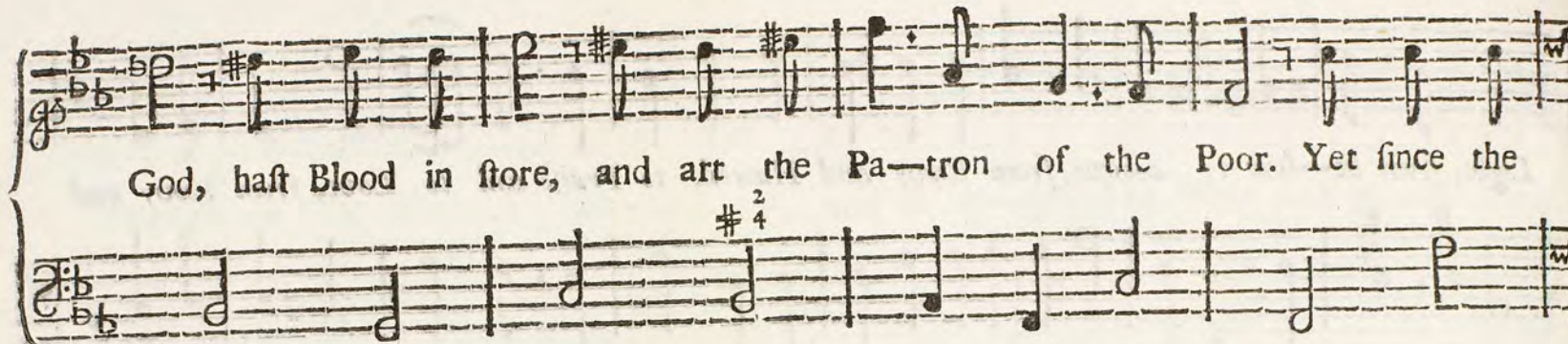



ſin-ful Trunk a Flood become, and ru- n to Tears, their

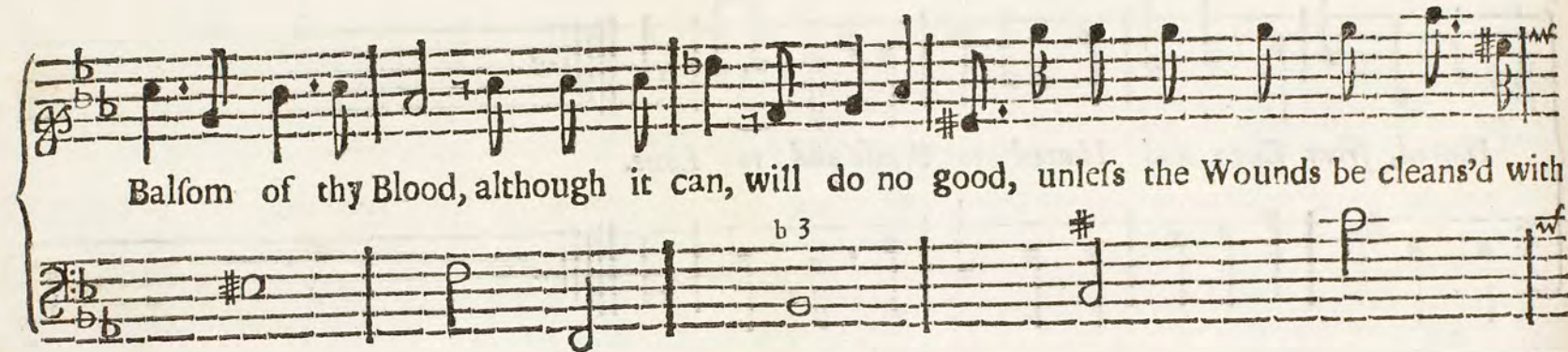




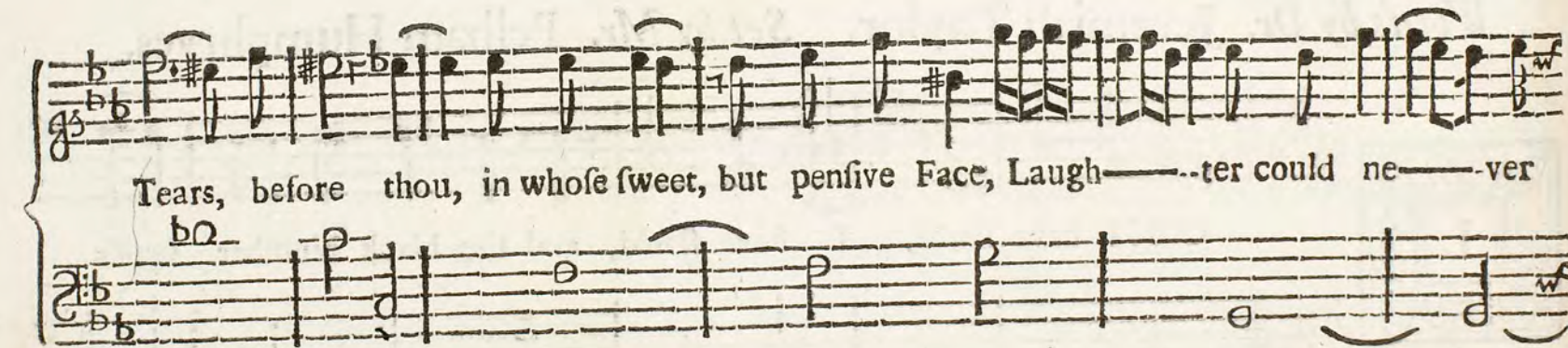
Drops could not suf—fice to count my Score, much less to pay; but thou, my



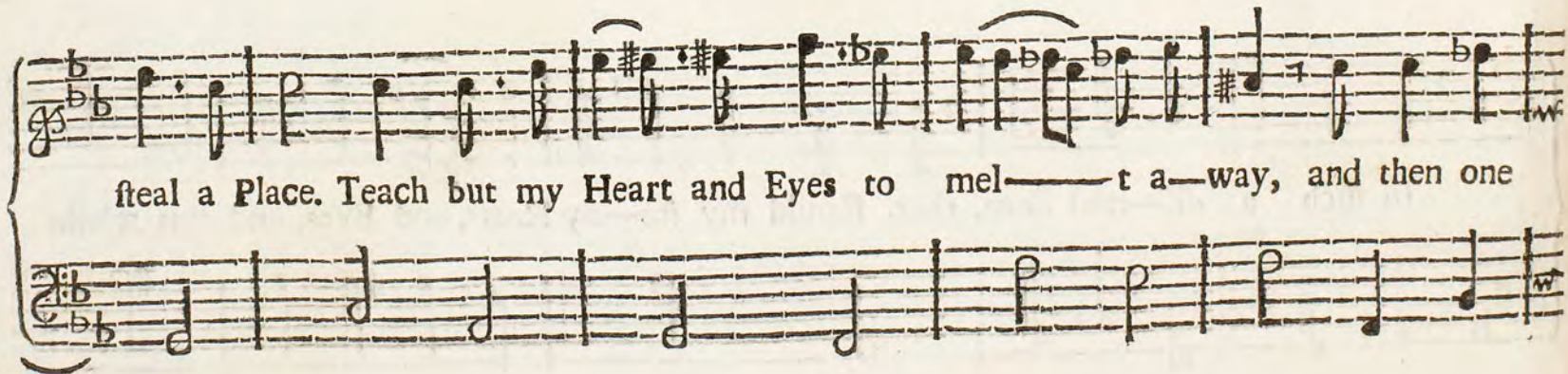
God, hast Blood in store, and art the Pa—tron of the Poor. Yet since the



Balsom of thy Blood, although it can, will do no good, unless the Wounds be cleans'd with



Tears, before thou, in whose sweet, but pensive Face, Laugh—ter could ne—ver



steal a Place. Teach but my Heart and Eyes to mel—t a—way, and then one



drop, one drop of Bal—som will suf—fice.

Words by Sir Thomas Dereham. Set by Mr. Matthew Lock.

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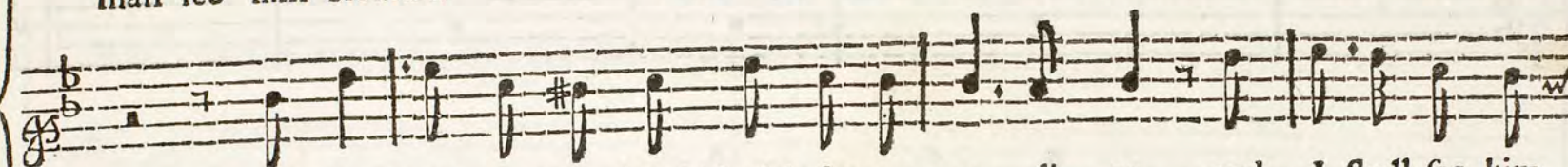
Know that my Redeemer lives, and I



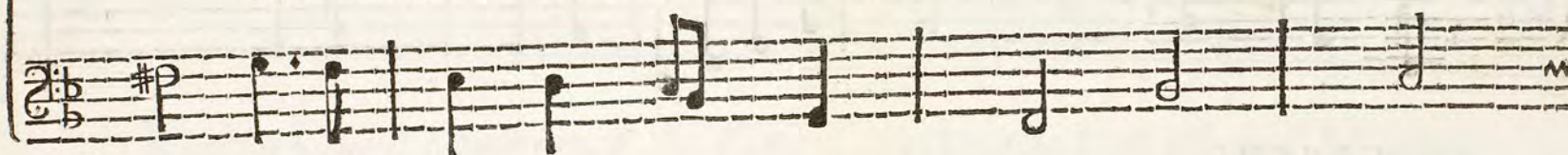
I know that my Redeemer lives,



shall see him cloath'd with Im-mor-ta-li-ty; and I shall see him



and I shall see him cloath'd with Immor-ta-li-ty; and I shall see him



cloath'd with Im-mor-ta-li-ty; who in the latter day shall stand,



cloath'd with Im-mor-ta-li-ty;

who in the latter



shall stand, when all things are subdu'd to his Command: And tho' this



day shall stand, shall stand, when all things are subdu'd to his Command:



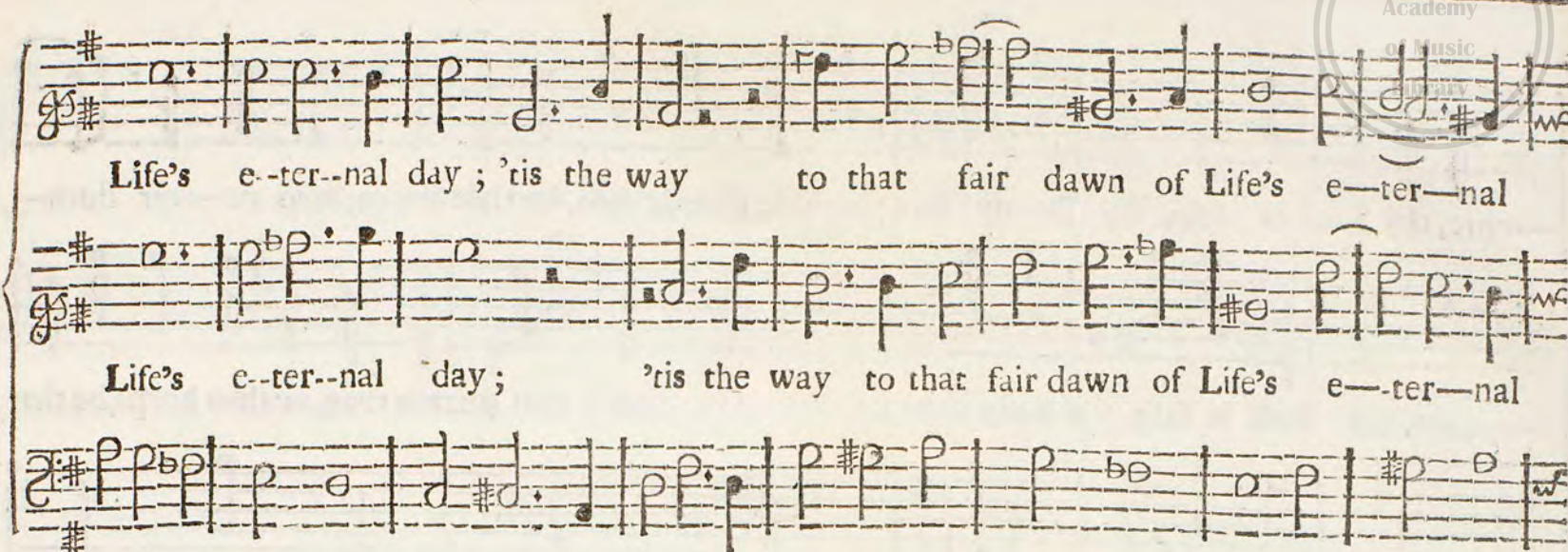
Body crawl—ling Worms devour, in their dark Empire; yet in that same hour, when

Trumpet shall rouse me from slumb'ring Night, these, these ve--ry Eyes shall see his glorious

CHORUS.

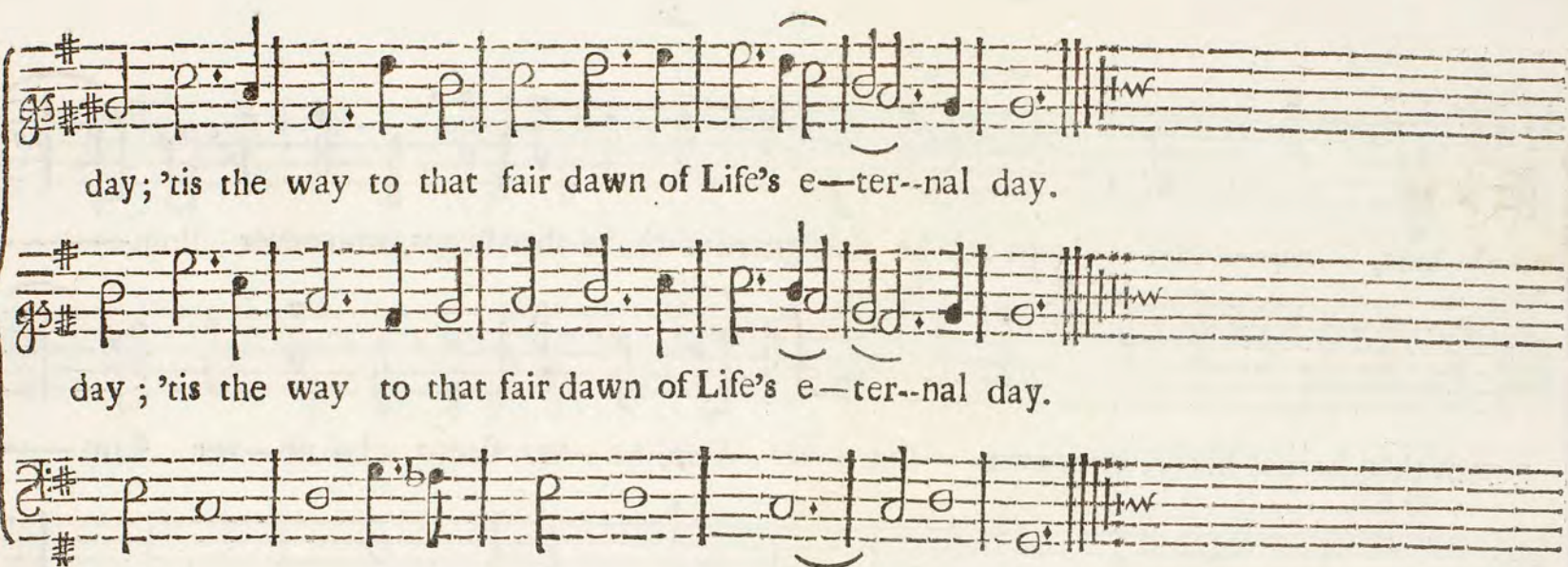
Light. Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the

Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the way, the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way, the way, to that fair dawn of



Life's e-ter-nal day ; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal

Life's e-ter-nal day ; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal

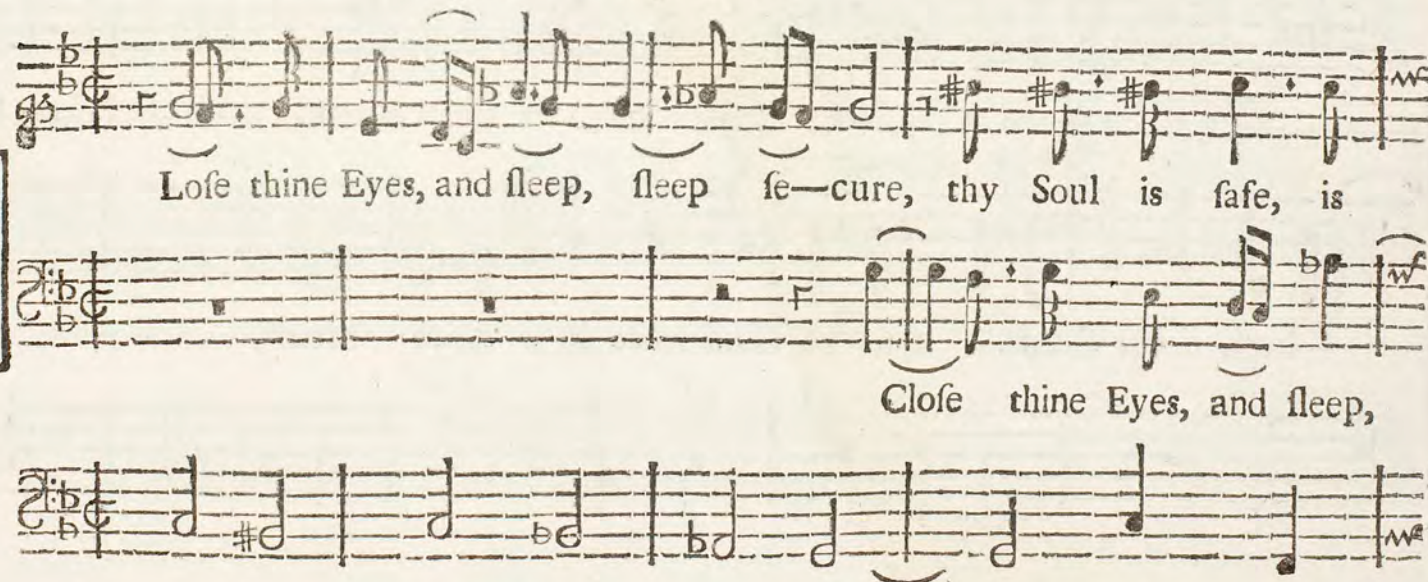


day ; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day.

day ; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day.

Upon a Quiet Conscience, by King Charles the I. of Blessed Memory.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

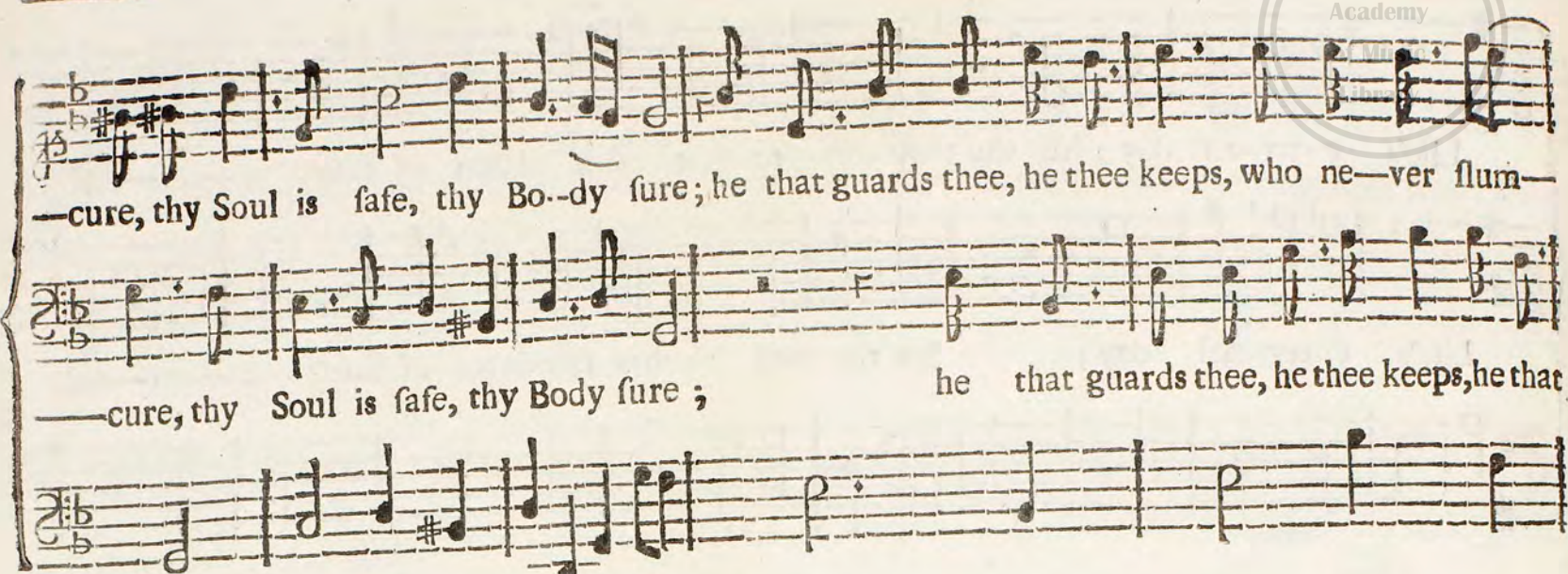
Close thine Eyes, and sleep, sleep se-cure, thy Soul is safe, is

Close thine Eyes, and sleep,



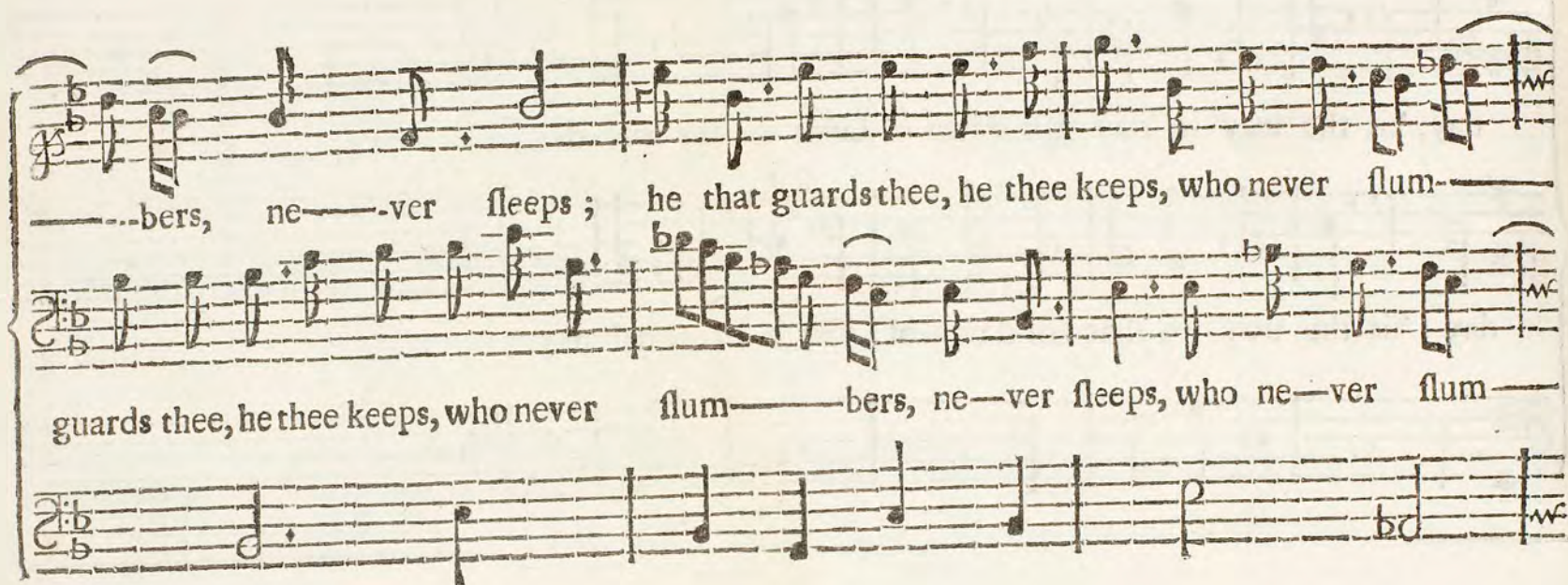
safe, thy Bo-dy sure ; close thine Eyes, and sleep se-cure, and sleep se-

sleep se-cure, thy Soul is safe, is safe ; close thine Eyes, and sleep, and sleep se-



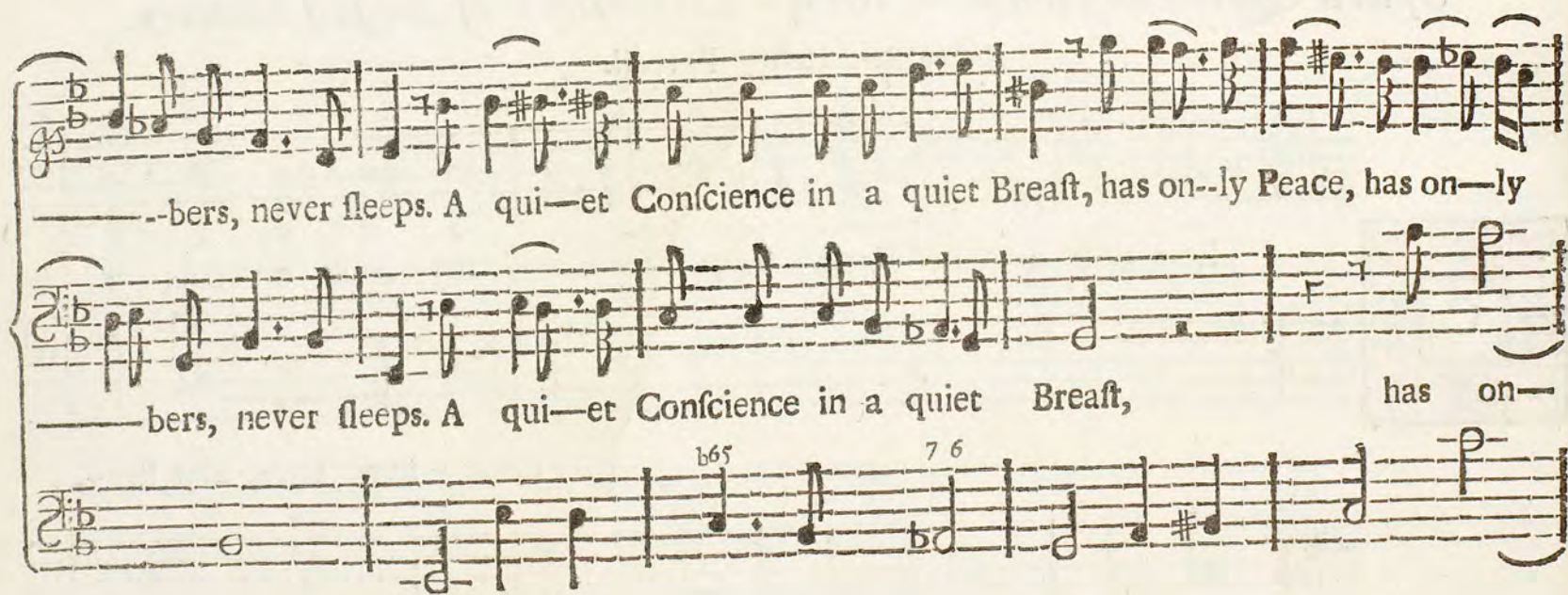
—cure, thy Soul is safe, thy Bo—dy sure; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who ne—ver flum—

—cure, thy Soul is safe, thy Body sure; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, he that



—bers, ne—ver sleeps; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who never flum—

guards thee, he thee keeps, who never flum—bers, ne—ver sleeps, who ne—ver flum—



—bers, never sleeps. A qui—et Conscience in a quiet Breast, has on—ly Peace, has on—ly

—bers, never sleeps. A qui—et Conscience in a quiet Breast, has on—



Rest, has on—ly, on—ly Peace, has on—ly Rest. The Mu—

—ly Peace, has on—ly Rest, has on—ly Rest. The Mu—

—sick, and the Mirth of Kings, are out of Tune, un—less the fings; Then

close thine Eyes in peace, in peace, and rest se—cure, no Sleep so

fwee—t, no Sleep so fwee—t as thine, no Sleep so fweet, no Sleep so

sweet as thine, no Rest so sure.

*A Dialogue between two Penitents.**First Penitent.**Set by Mr. Pelham Humphryes, and Dr. John Blow.*


Ark! how the wakeful chearful Cock, the Villagers A—stro—lo—ger and

Second Penitent.

Clock, clapping his Wings, proclaims the Day, and chides thy Sleep and Night away! I hear, and

thank my kind Remembrancer, he wakes a Sin, that slept within, rouses a Crime that be—

First Penitent.

—fore would not stir: Flow, flow my Tears! O when will you be—gin! Saint

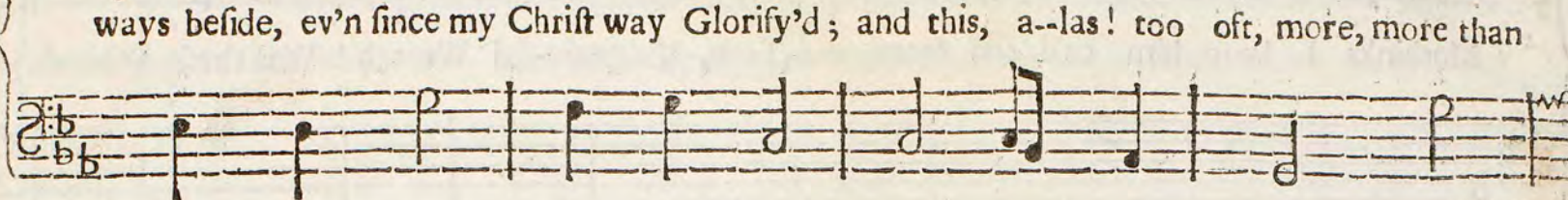
Peter's Bird reproves Saint Peter's Sin! Complaining Man! Hast thou thy Christ deny'd!

Second Penitent.

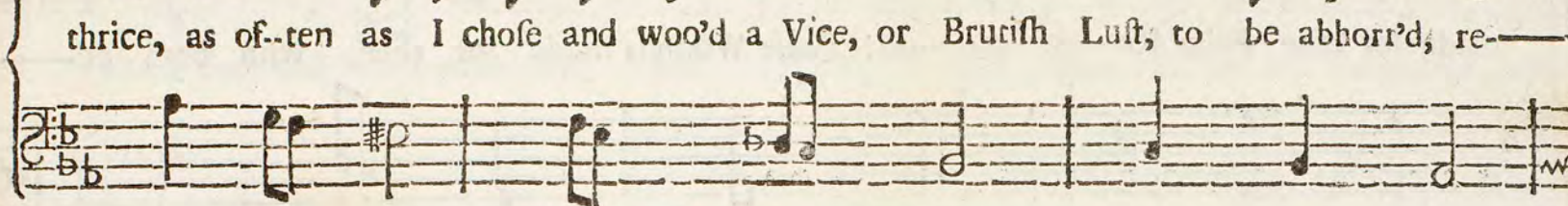
Wo's me! Wo's me! I have, more than Saint Pe-ter did, with less excuse, and many



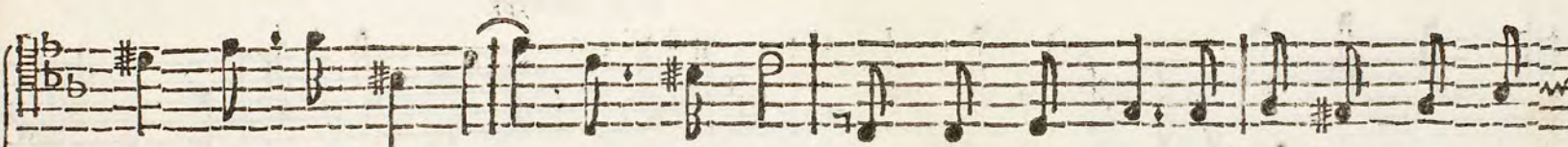
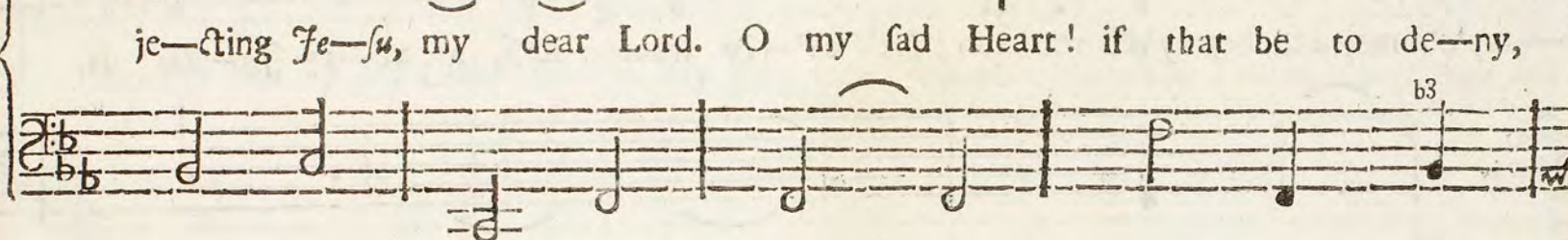
ways beside, ev'n since my Christ way Glorify'd; and this, a--las! too oft, more, more than



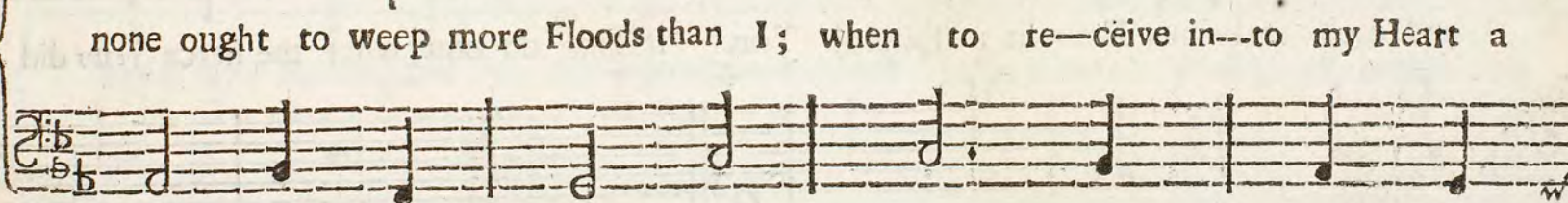
thrice, as of-ten as I chose and woo'd a Vice, or Brutish Lust, to be abhorri'd, re—

*First Penitent.*

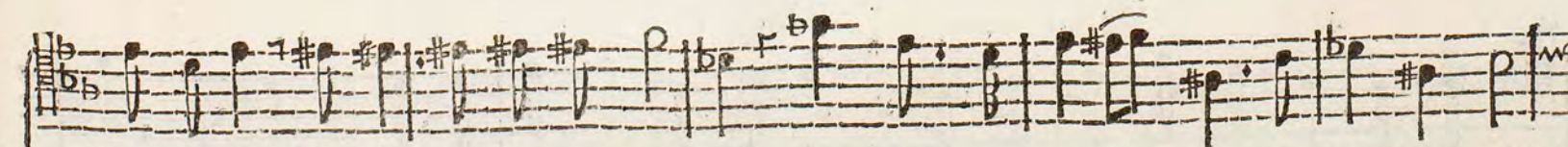
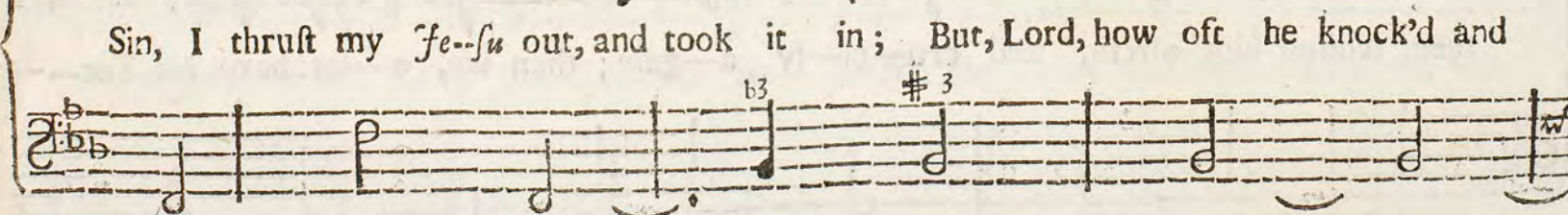
je—ting Je—su, my dear Lord. O my sad Heart! if that be to de—ny,



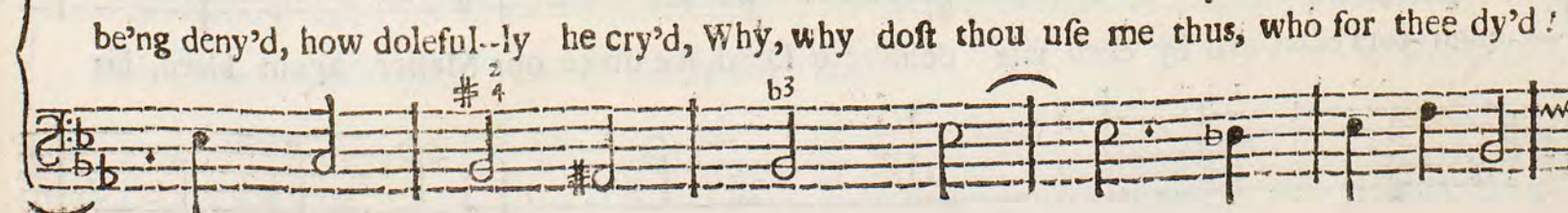
none ought to weep more Floods than I; when to re—ceive in—to my Heart a



Sin, I thrust my Je--su out, and took it in; But, Lord, how oft he knock'd and

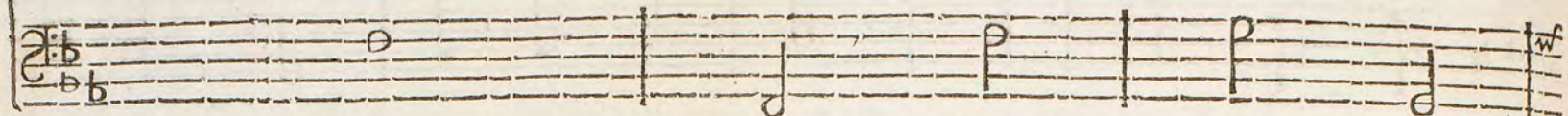


be'ng deny'd, how doleful-ly he cry'd, Why, why dost thou use me thus, who for thee dy'd!

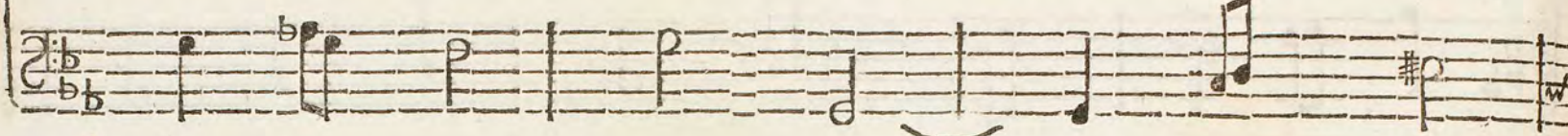
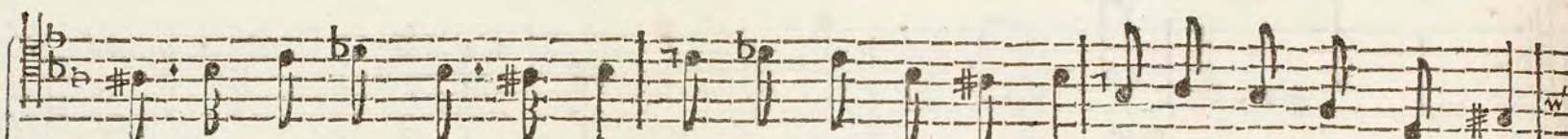


Second Penitent.

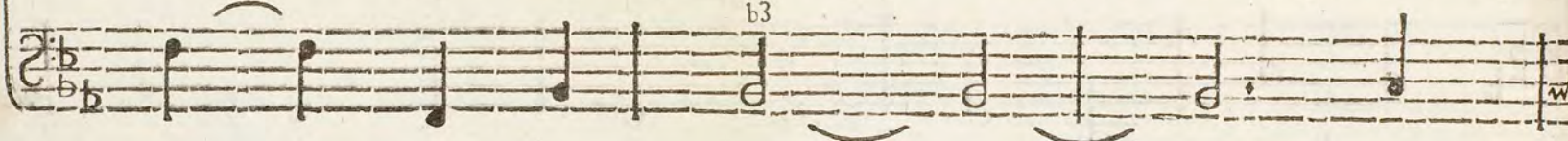

Methinks I hear him call too from the Tree, Un-grate-ful Wretch! Was these Wounds



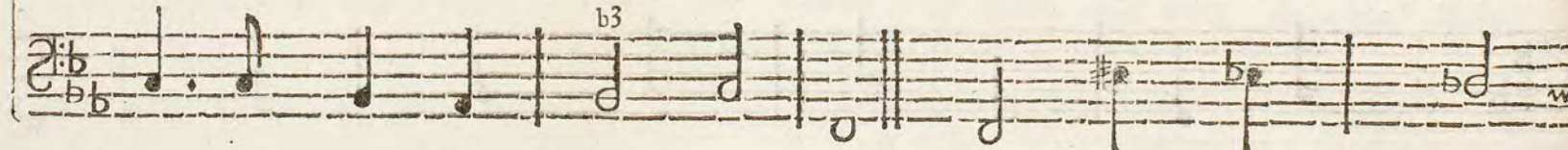

made for thee! False Re—ne—ga—do! These Wounds made for thee, who both de—

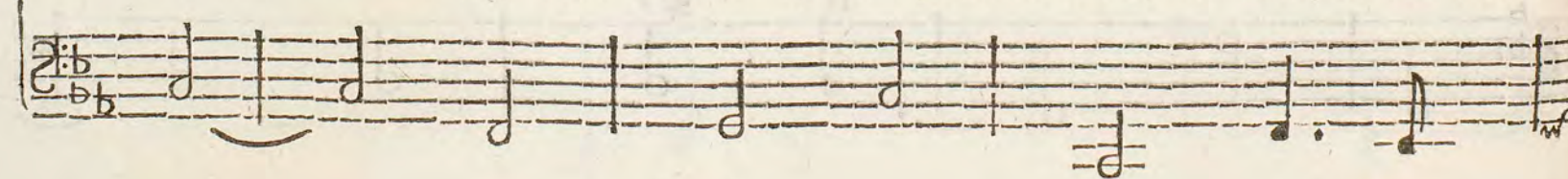
—ny'd't me, and betray'd't me too; for ev'—ry wanton Kiss, a ve—ry fu—das is,


First Penitent.

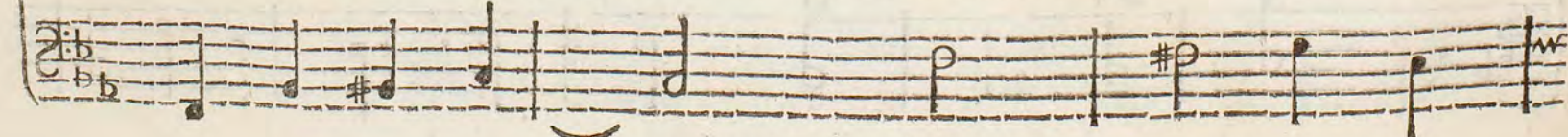

and each malicious Thought a spiteful Jew. If Sins do now, what the fierce Jews did




then, wound him afresh, and cru—ci—fy a—gain; then we, a—las! have his Tor—




—men-tors been, and by each vile delib'rate Deed, we make our Master again bleed, his



Second Penitent.

Pain as various as our Sin. True, for my Doubts do bind his Hands, my

Pride does first dis-robe him, then deride; I spit upon him by my Blasphemy, and

scourge him by my Cru-el-ty. My prophane Tears become the Thorns, that pierce his

First Penitent.

Head with Scorns, and my Hy-po-cri-sy. Stay! Un-to what prodigious height do

our Sins mount! Ev'ry Un-kind-ness is a Dart, the Spear that wounds his ve-ry

Heart, Christ could bear a-ny think, but this. CHORUS.

CHORUS.



Since then the cause of both our Griefs the same, mix we our Tears, for Grief let's dye, but

Since then the cause of both our Griefs the same, mix we our Tears, for Grief let's



first our Dirge let's sing, or cry : O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-

dye, but first our Dirge let's sing, or cry : O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-su mi,



-su in-dul-gen-tis-si-me ; O — mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-

Jesu in-dul-gen-tis-si-me ; O — mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Jesu indulgentissi-



-su in-dul-gen-tis-si-me ; O — mi-se-re-re, Jesu, Je-su mi.

— me ; O — mi-se-re-re, Je-su, Je-su mi.

A Dialogue betwixt Dives and Abraham.

Dives.

Set by Dr. John Blow.



Elp, help, Father A—bram! Help, for Mercy's fake! Be—

—hold my Torments, for Mercy's fake! Behold my Tor—ments in— this

burning Lake! Send La—za—rus with Whirl—winds, that he may these

Abraham.

flakes of mel—ting Sul—phur fan a—way. What Son of

Dives.

Hell and Darkneſs dare moleſt this bleſſed Saint, ſcarſe warm yet on my Breſt? 'Tis

I, 'tis I great Mammon's e—qual once, whoſe Lott is on—ly, on—ly Tophet

Abraham.

Dives.

now. I know thee not. Father, 'tis Dives, 'tis thy Son, 'tis I, who purpled

o're, far'd once de-li-cious-ly; Linnen of Egypt then a-dor---n'd my

Abraham.

Head, who now, now in Flame---s lye thus en-ve-lo-ped. And can'st thou now his

Cha-ri-ty implore, whom thou saw'st lately at thy flin-ty Door, beg-ging for Crums, those Crums

Dives.

that fell beside thy o're charg'd Table, and was them de-ny'd? vain Soul! Some

Abraham.

pi---ty take! Some pi---ty rake! Remember, Son,

Dives.

thy Dogs had pi—ty on him, thou had'st none. Yet they were mine reliev'd him, they were

mine reliev'd him: Oh! in lieu, let him vouchsafe me but a little, little

Abraham.

Dew, to cool my Tongue. Not the least drop of Grace, can e-ver enter, can ever enter, that for.

—sa—ken place; Beside, th'enfathom'd Gulph is fix--ed so, that none can pass 'twixt

Dives.

us and you be—low. Then send them to my Brethren, lest they come

Abraham.

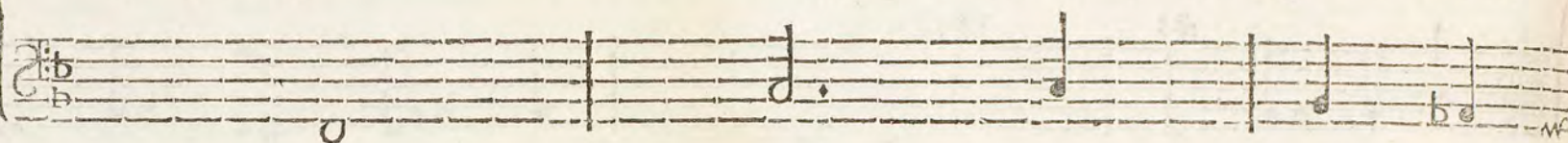
to feel the weight of my E—ter—nal Doom. they've Mo—ses to fore—

*Dives.*Royal
Academy Abraham.

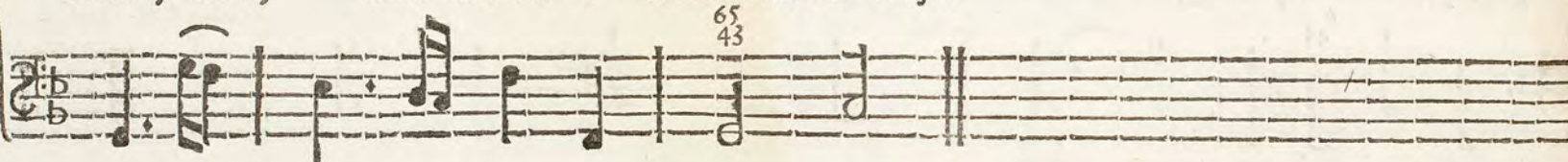

warm them. Oh! but they far sooner, far sooner, will a Dead Man's Voice obey. If




Si—nah's roa—ring Thunder from on high can—not be



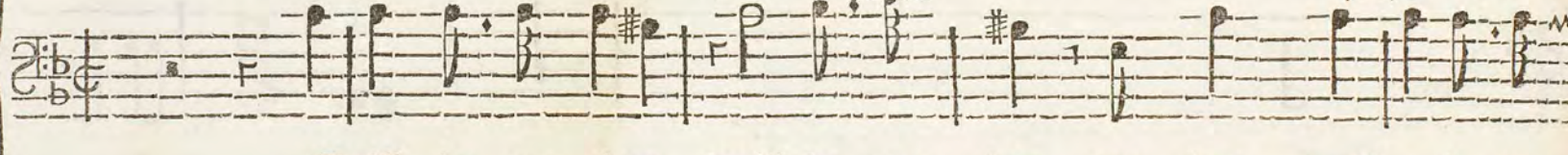

heard, how, how should a Dead Man's Cry?



CHORUS.



'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and



'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late, too late, 'twill be too




pray; 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late, to knock, and call, and pray, O



late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and pray, O—



pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen in that

pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen in that dread—

dread—ful Day; for when Death's fa—tal

Hand once shuts the Door, 'twill be too late; for when Death's fa—tal Hand once shuts the

Door, 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of Mer-cy,

'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of

the Gates of Mer-cy ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver o-pen more, 'twill be too late,

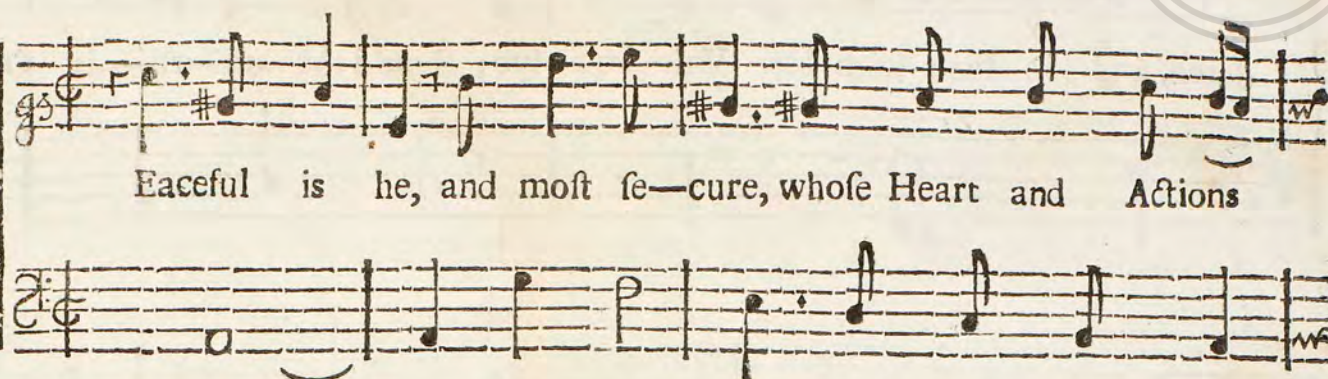
Mer-cy ne-ver, ne-ver o-pen more, 'twill be too

'twill be too late.

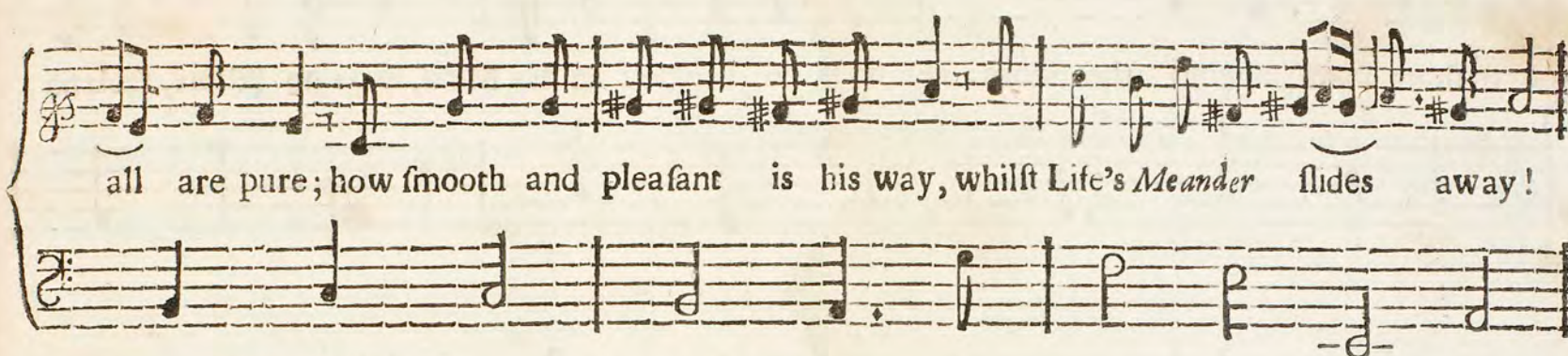
late, 'twill be too late.

Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman. Set by Dr. John Blow.

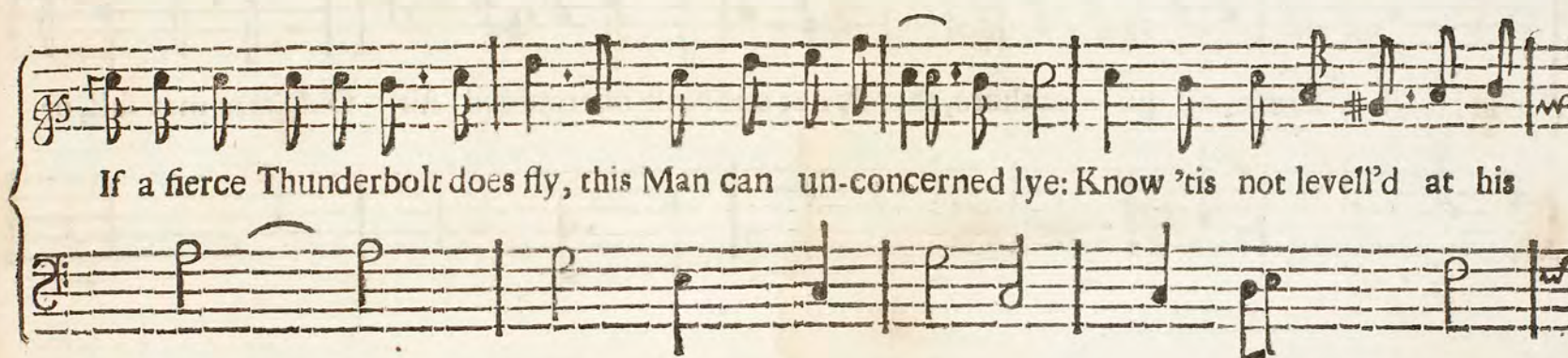
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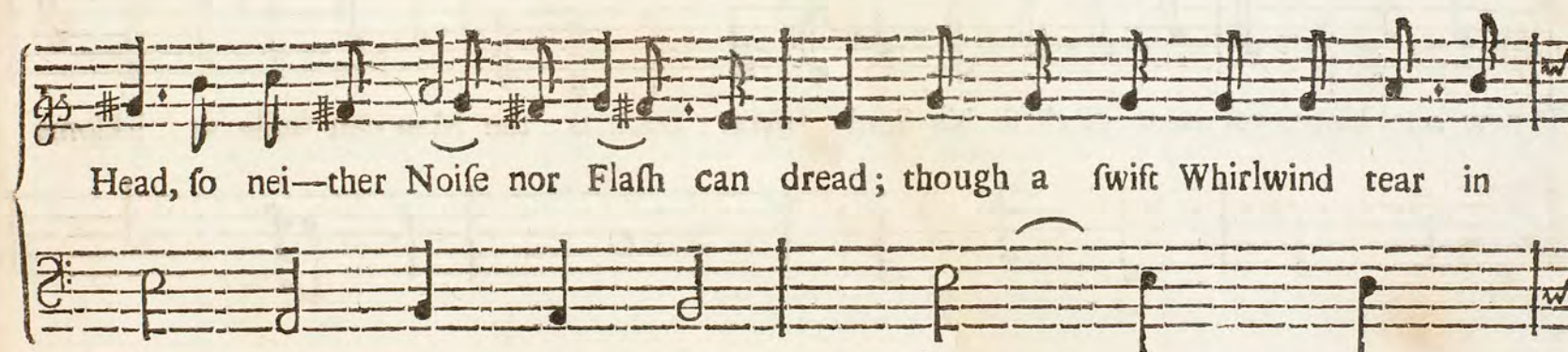
Eaceful is he, and most se—cure, whose Heart and Actions



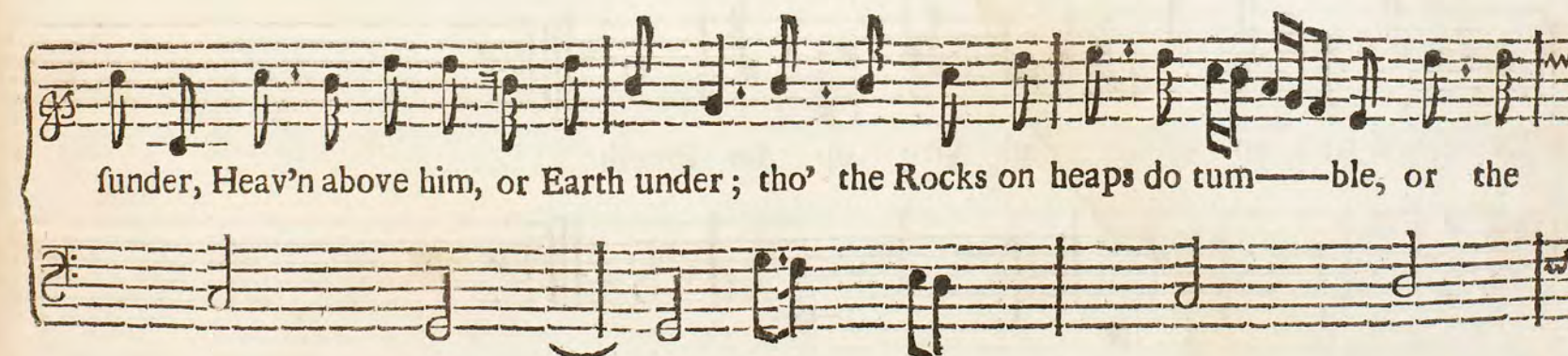
all are pure; how smooth and pleasant is his way, whilst Life's *Meander* slides away!



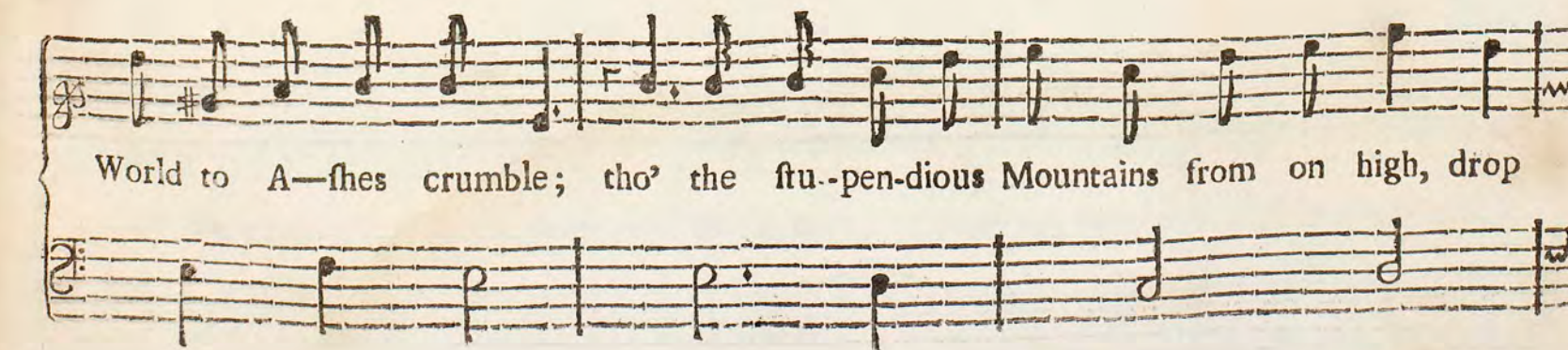
If a fierce Thunderbolt does fly, this Man can un-concerned lye: Know 'tis not levell'd at his



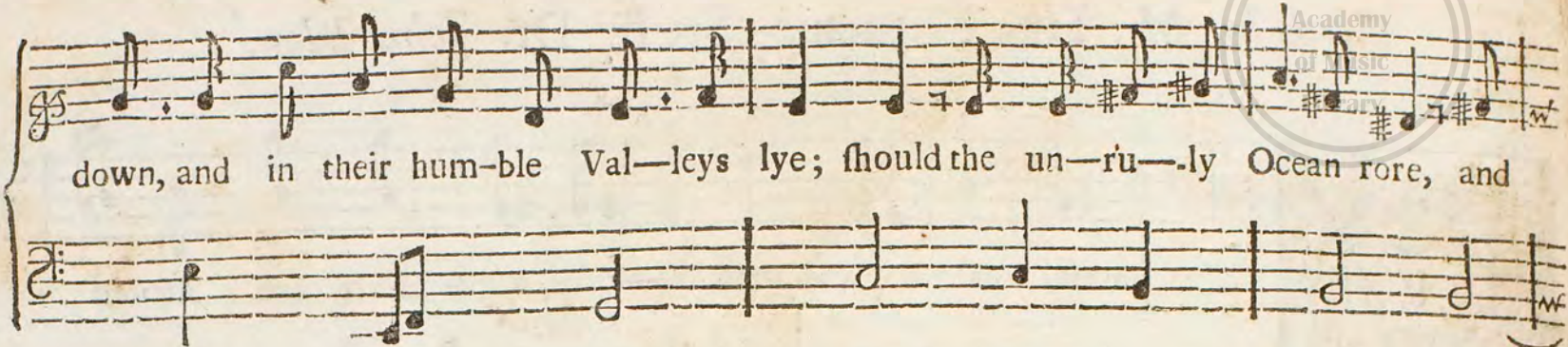
Head, so nei—ther Noise nor Flash can dread; though a swift Whirlwind tear in



funder, Heav'n above him, or Earth under; tho' the Rocks on heaps do tum—ble, or the



World to A—shes crumble; tho' the stu—pen-dious Mountains from on high, drop



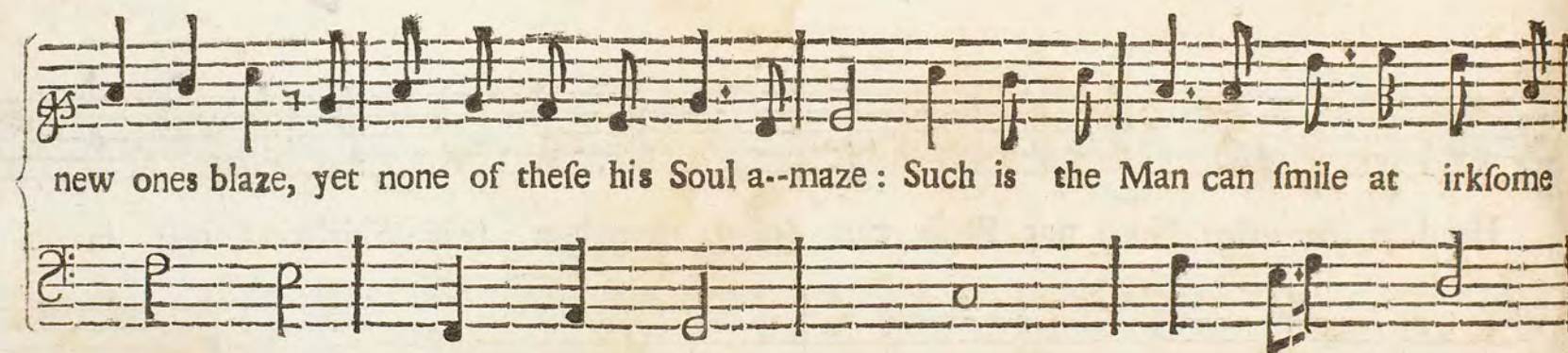
down, and in their hum-ble Val-leys lye; should the un—ru—ly Ocean rore, and



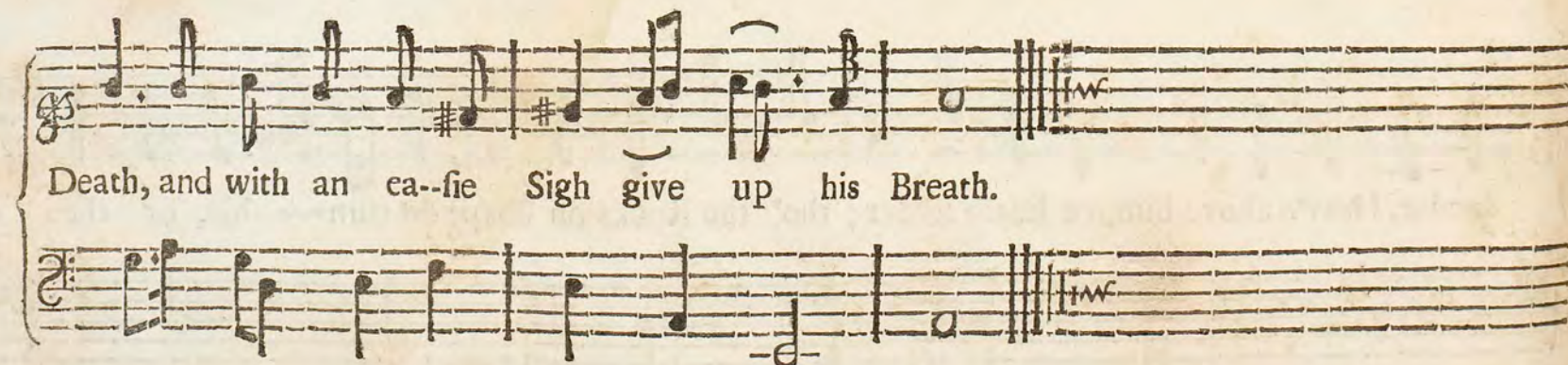
dash its foam against the Shore: He finds no Tempest in his Mind, fears no Billow, feels no



Wind; all is serene, all qui—et there, there's not one blast of troubled Air: Old Stars may fall, or



new ones blaze, yet none of these his Soul a-maze: Such is the Man can smile at irksome



Death, and with an ea-sie Sigh give up his Breath.



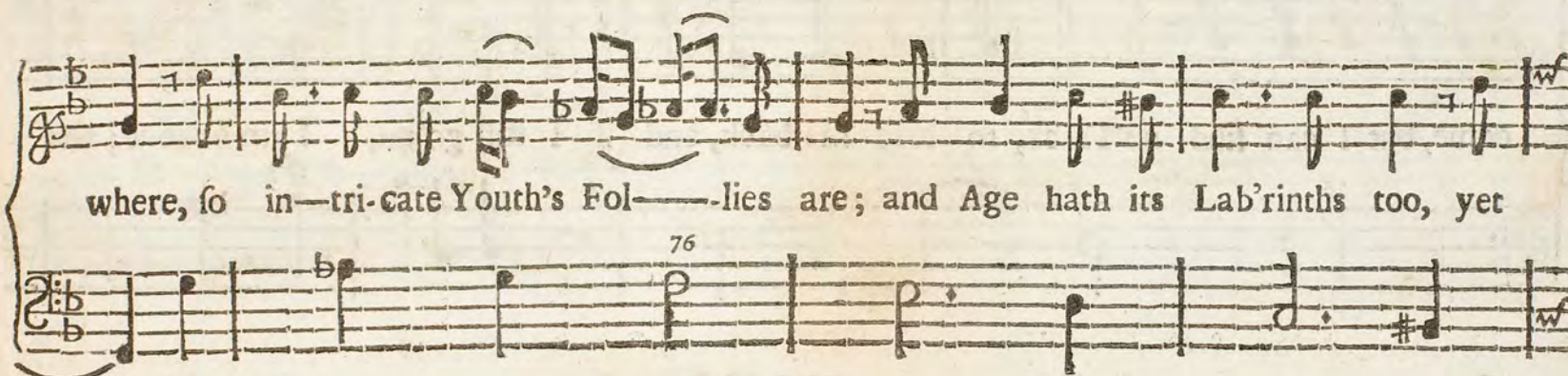
*The Words by Dr. Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln.
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.*



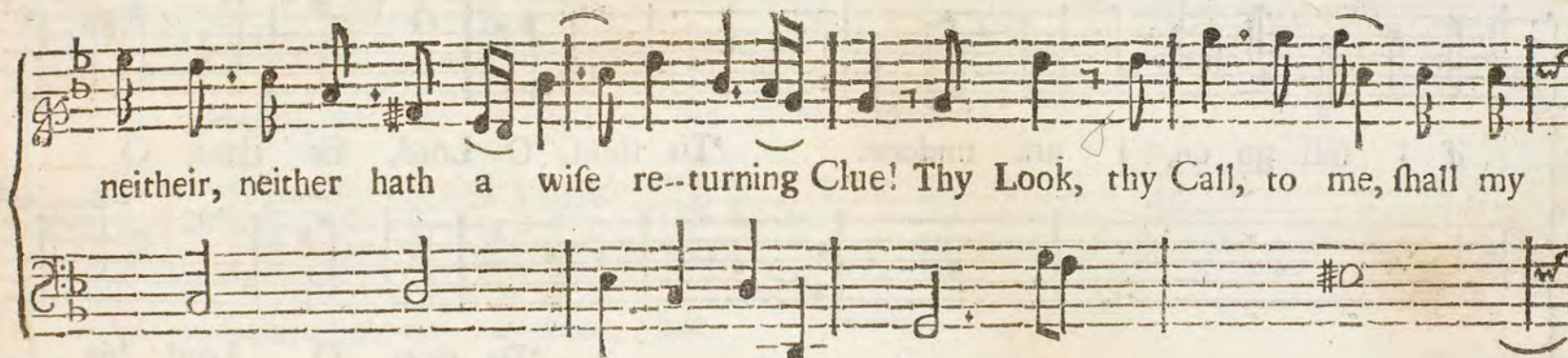
OW have I stray'd! My God, where have I been, since first I



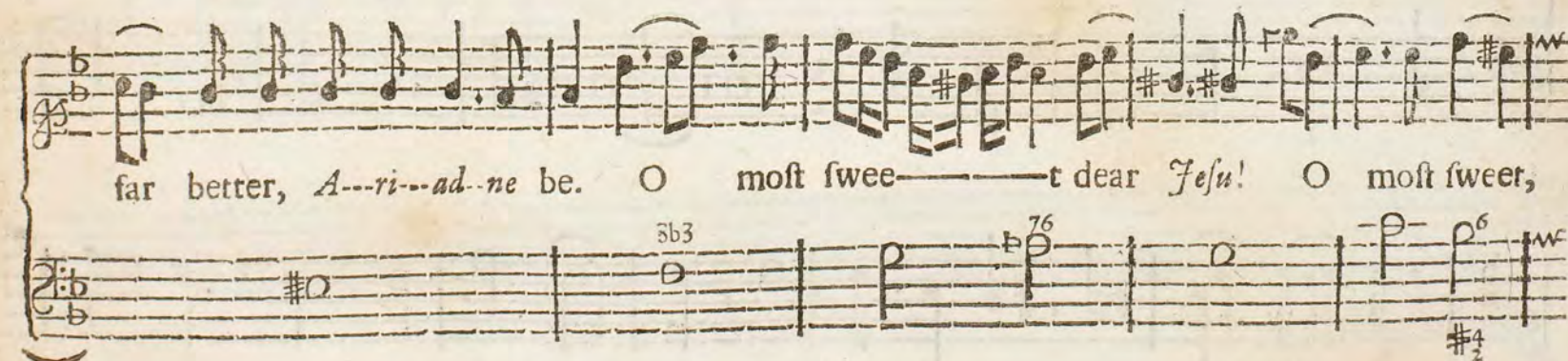
wan—der'd in the Maze of Sin! Lord, I have been I know not



where, so in—tri—cate Youth's Fol—lies are; and Age hath its Lab'rinshts too, yet



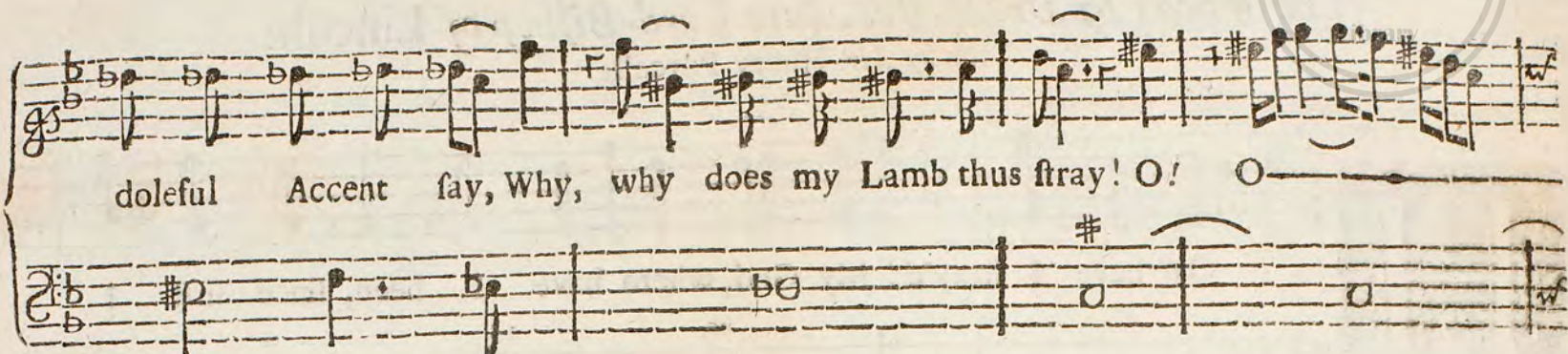
neither, neither hath a wise re—turning Clue! Thy Look, thy Call, to me, shall my



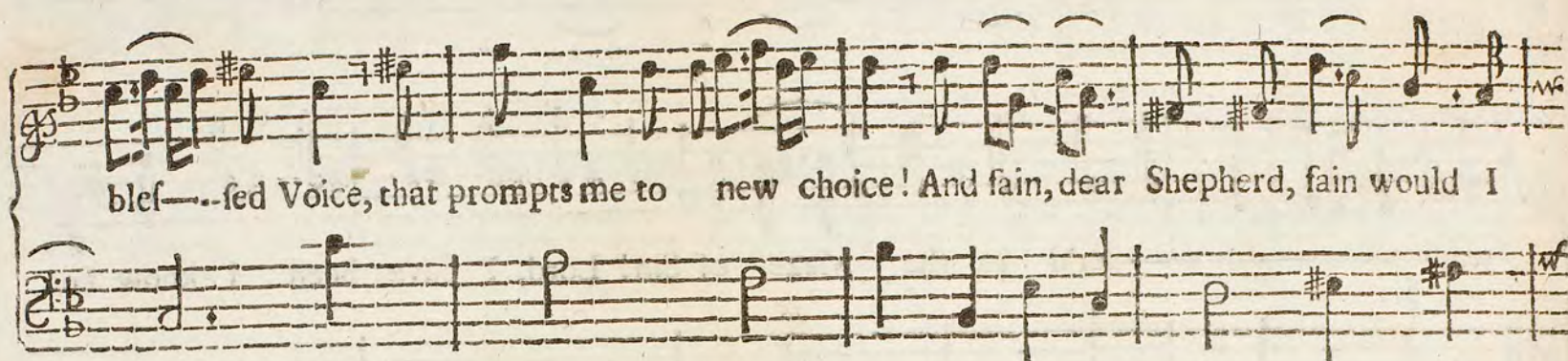
far better, A—ri—ad—ne be. O most swee—t dear Jesu! O most sweet,



O most sweet, most sweet, dear Jesu! Hark, hark, I hear my Shepherd call away, and in a



doleful Accent say, Why, why does my Lamb thus stray! O! O—

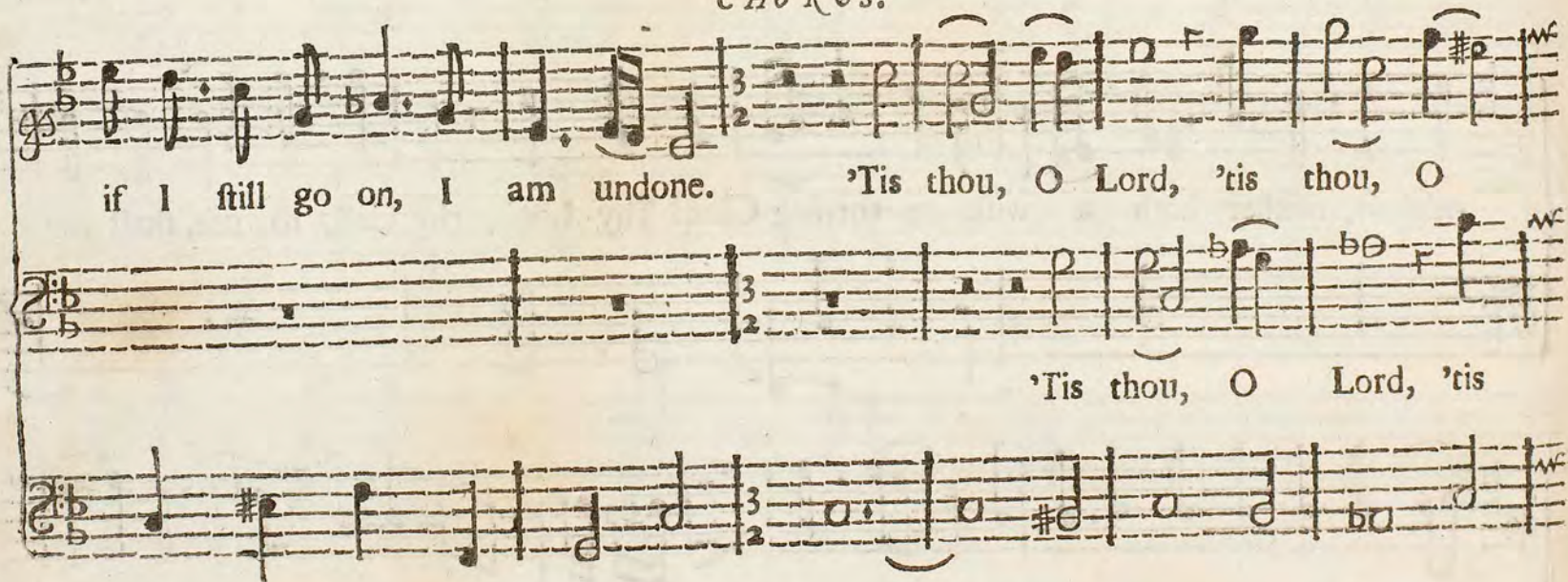


bles—fed Voice, that prompts me to new choice! And fain, dear Shepherd, fain would I



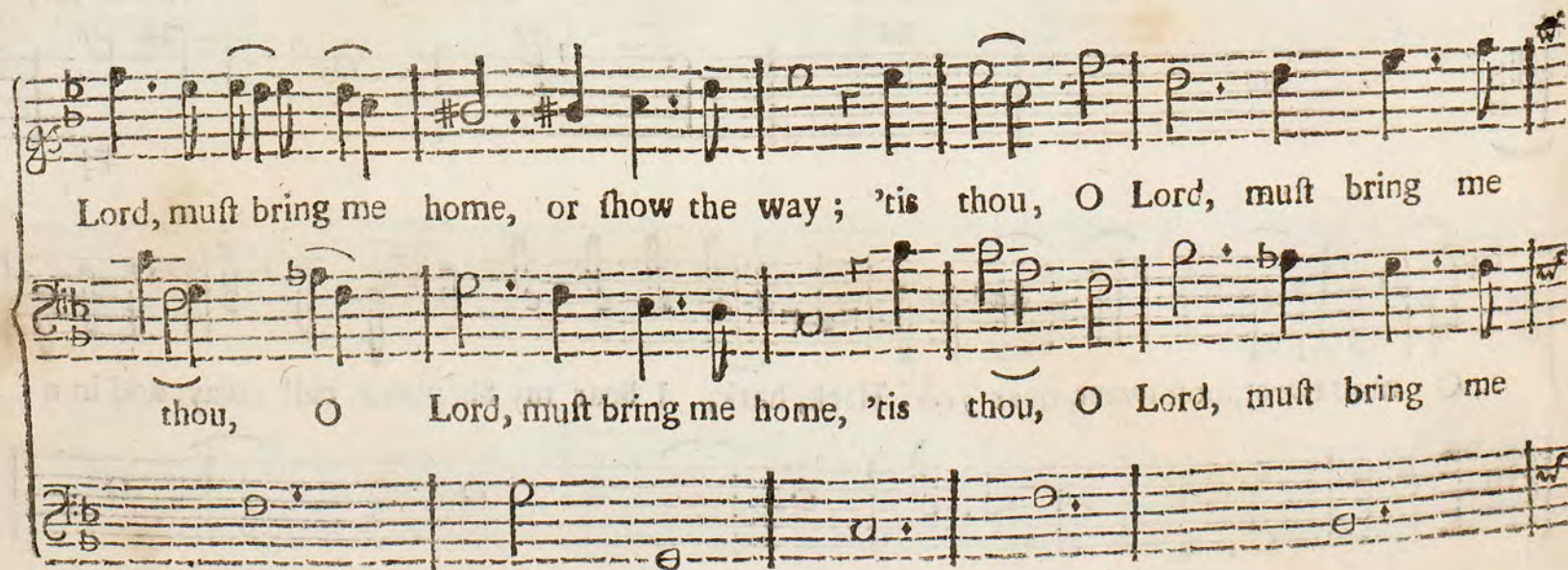
come, but I can find no Track, to lead me back, and if I still go no, I am undone; and

CHORUS.



if I still go on, I am undone. 'Tis thou, O Lord, 'tis thou, O

'Tis thou, O Lord, 'tis



Lord, must bring me home, or show the way; 'tis thou, O Lord, must bring me

thou, O Lord, must bring me home, 'tis thou, O Lord, must bring me

home, or show the way; for poor Souls have thou—

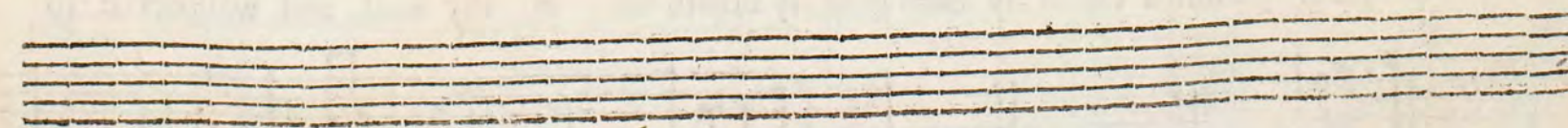
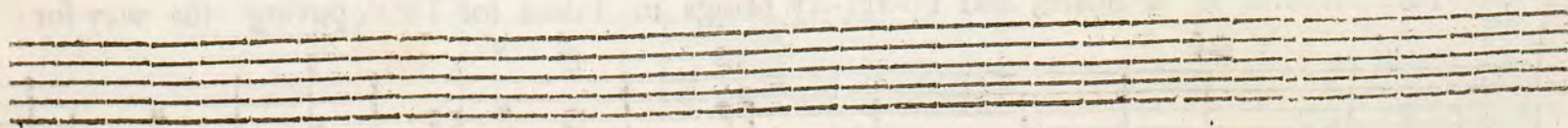
home, or show the way; for poo—r Souls, for

—-land ways to stray, for poo—r Souls have thousand ways to stray, yet

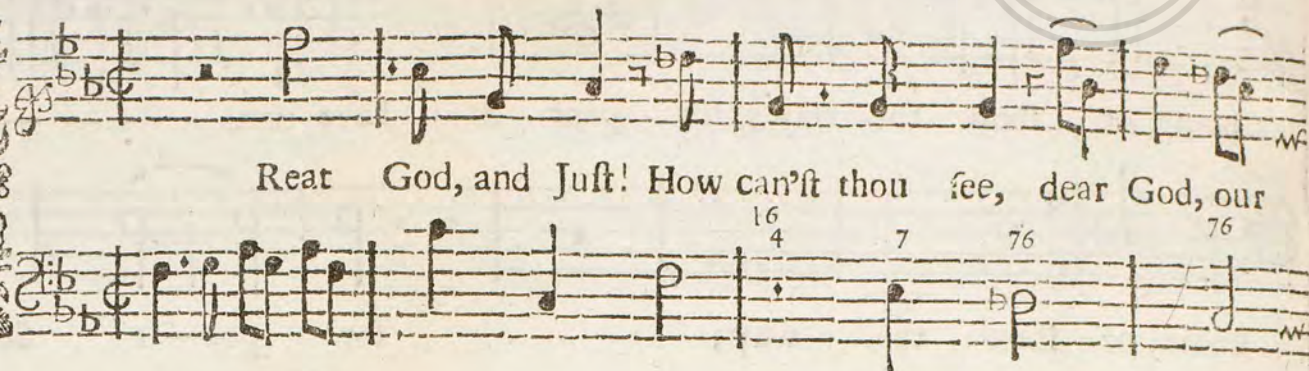
poo—r Souls, have thou— — — — — land ways to stray, yet

to re—turn, yet to re—turn, but on—ly one.

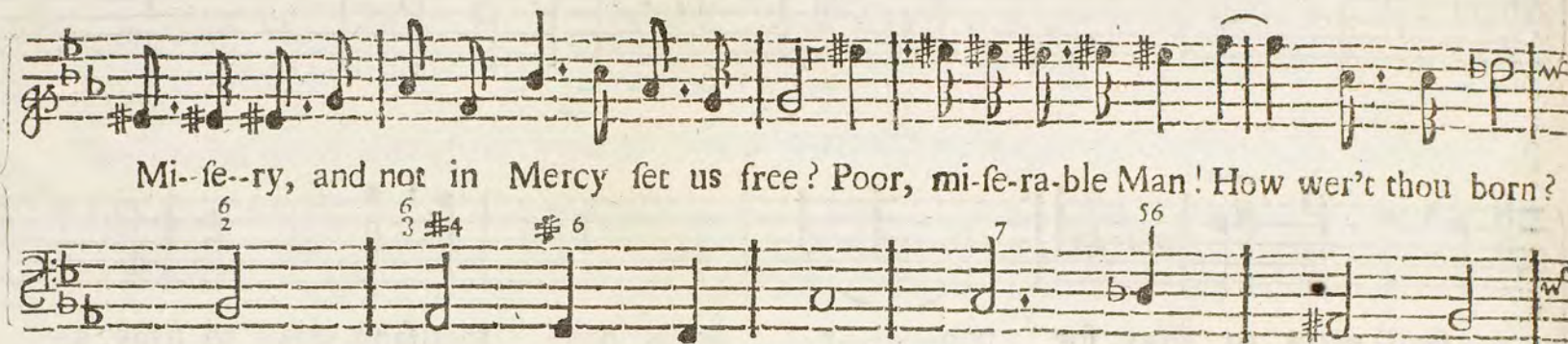
to re—turn, yet to re—turn, but on—ly one.



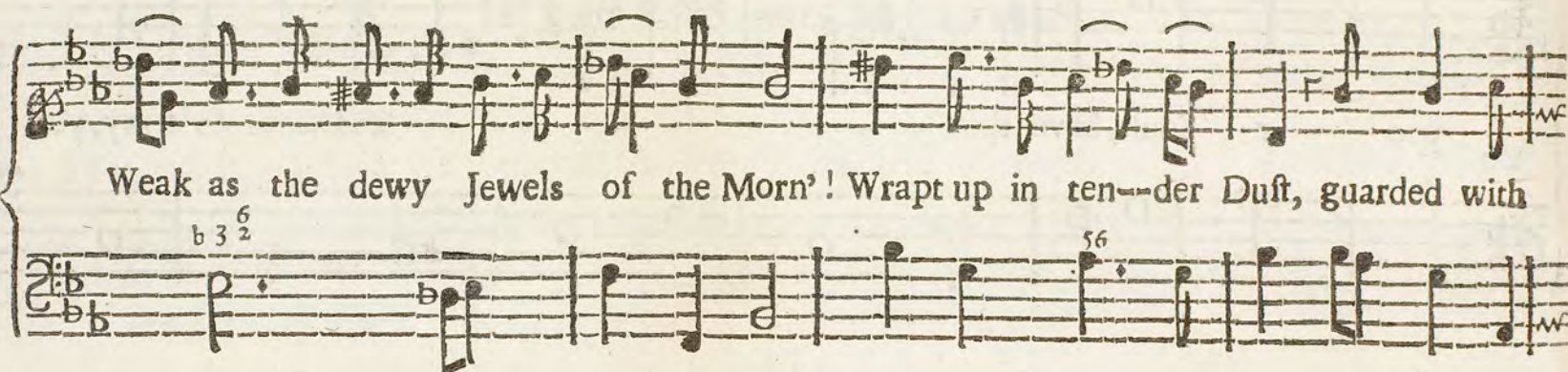
A Penitential HYMN. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Great God, and Just! How can'st thou see, dear God, our



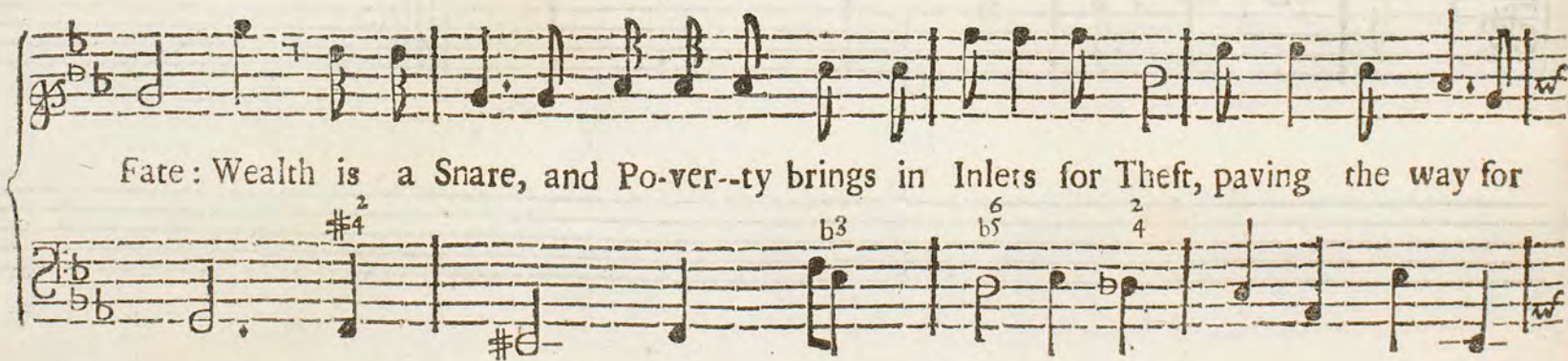
Mi-se-ry, and not in Mercy set us free? Poor, mi-se-ra-ble Man! How wer't thou born?



Weak as the dewy Jewels of the Morn'! Wrapt up in ten-der Dust, guarded with



Sins and Lust; who, like Court-Flatterers, wait, to serve themselves in thy unhappy



Fate: Wealth is a Snare, and Po-ver-ty brings in Inlets for Theft, paving the way for



Sin; each perfum'd Va-ni-ty doth gent-ly breath Sin in thy Soul, and whispers it to

death: Our Faults, like ul—ce—ra—ted Sores, do go o're the found Flesh, and do cor—

rupt that too. Lord! we are sick, spot—ted with sin, thick as a cru—sty

Lepers Skin; like Naaman, bid us wash, yet let it be in streams of Blood, that

flow from thee.

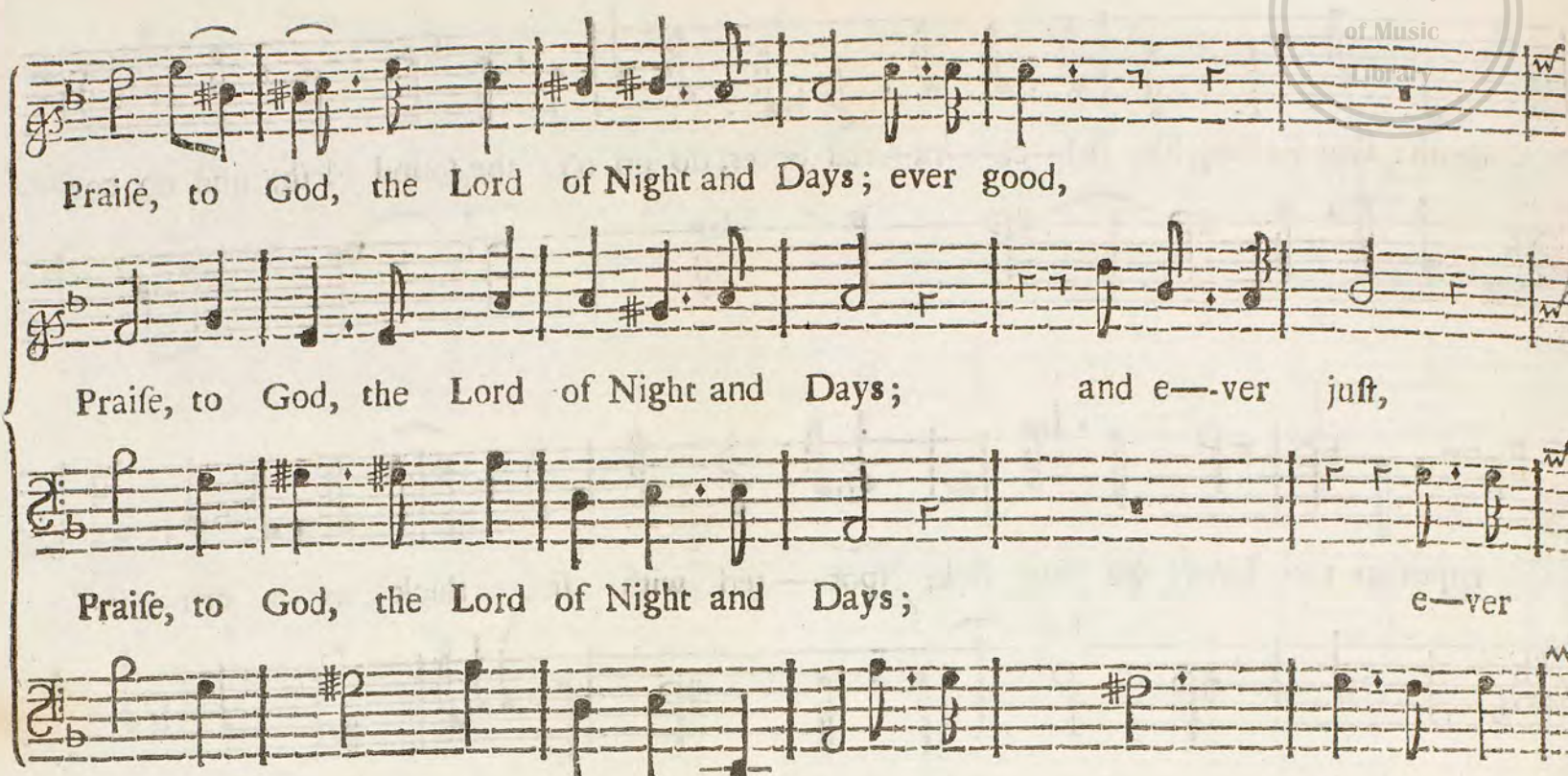
CHORUS. A. 3. Voc.

Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le—lu—jahs, Psalms, and

Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le—lu—jahs, Psalms, and

Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le—lu—jahs, Psalms, and

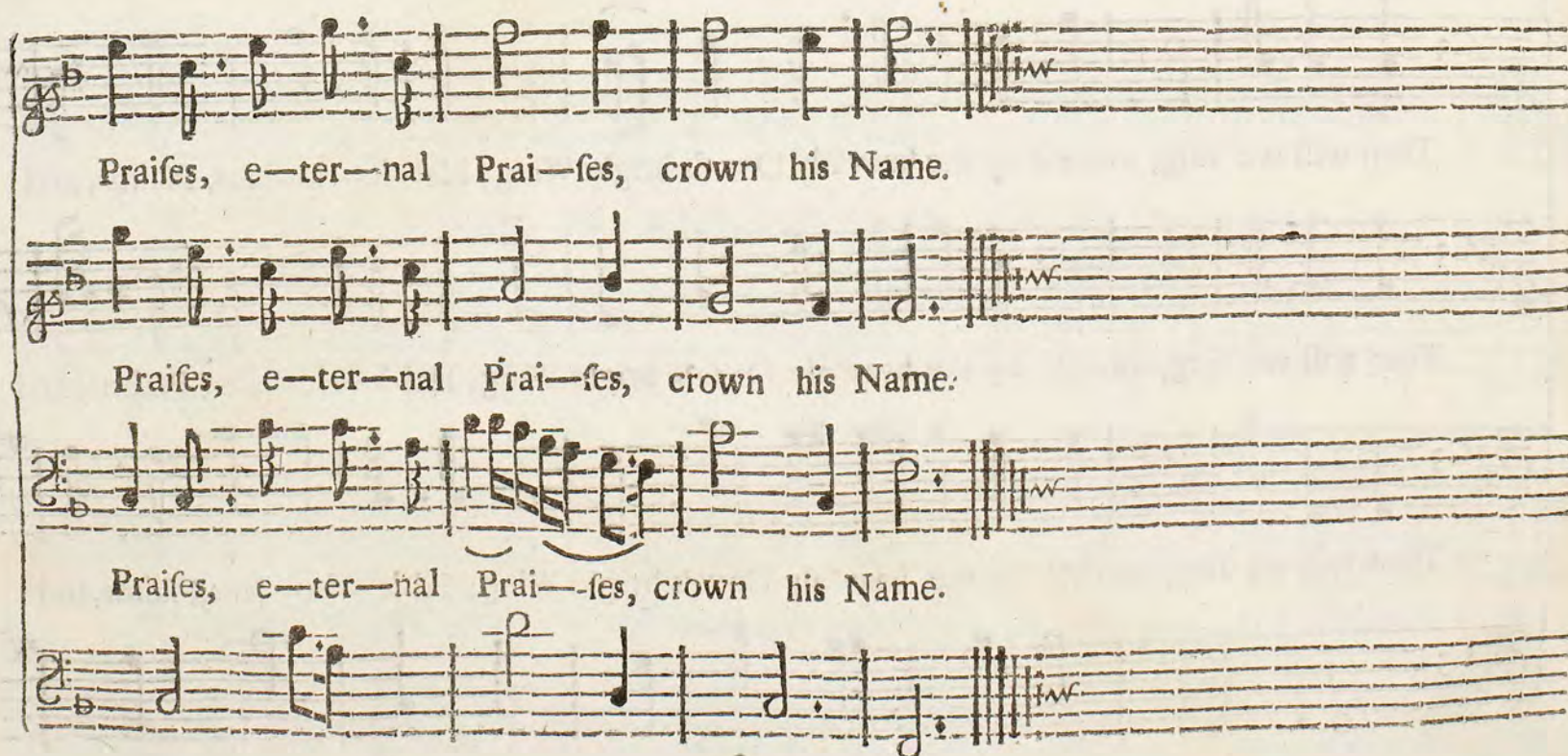
Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le—lu—jahs, Psalms, and



Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; ever good,
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; and e—ver just,
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; e—ver

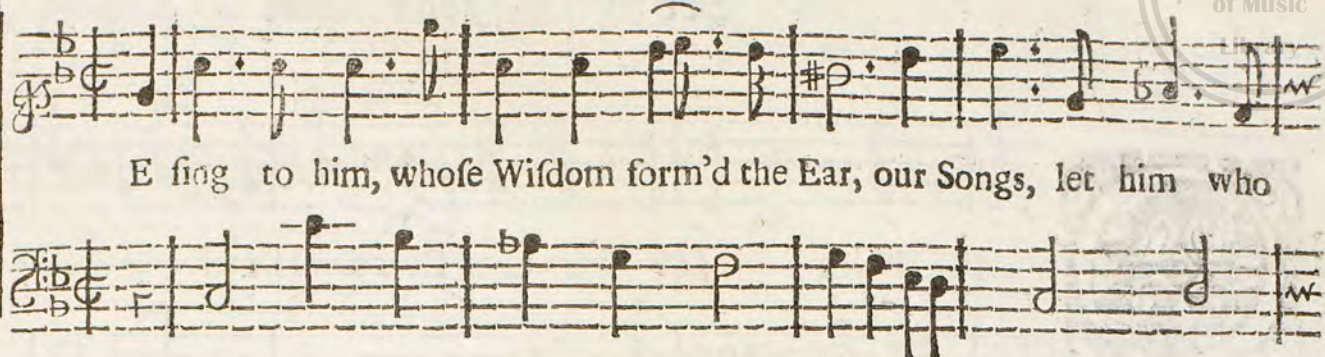


who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal
who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal
high, who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal

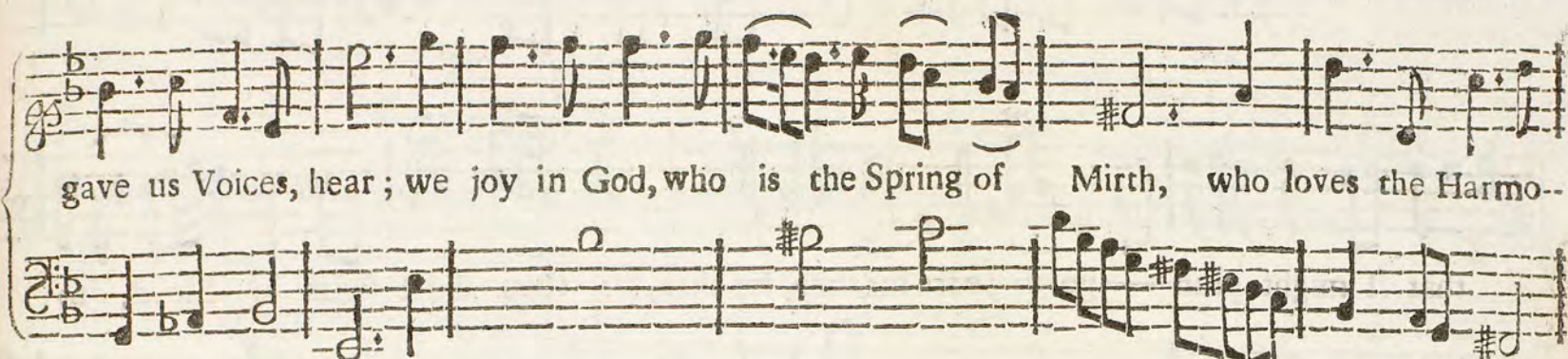


Praises, e—ter—nal Prais—es, crown his Name.
Praises, e—ter—nal Prais—es, crown his Name.
Praises, e—ter—nal Prais—es, crown his Name.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Academy
of Music

E sing to him, whose Wisdom form'd the Ear, our Songs, let him who



gave us Voices, hear; we joy in God, who is the Spring of Mirth, who loves the Harmo--

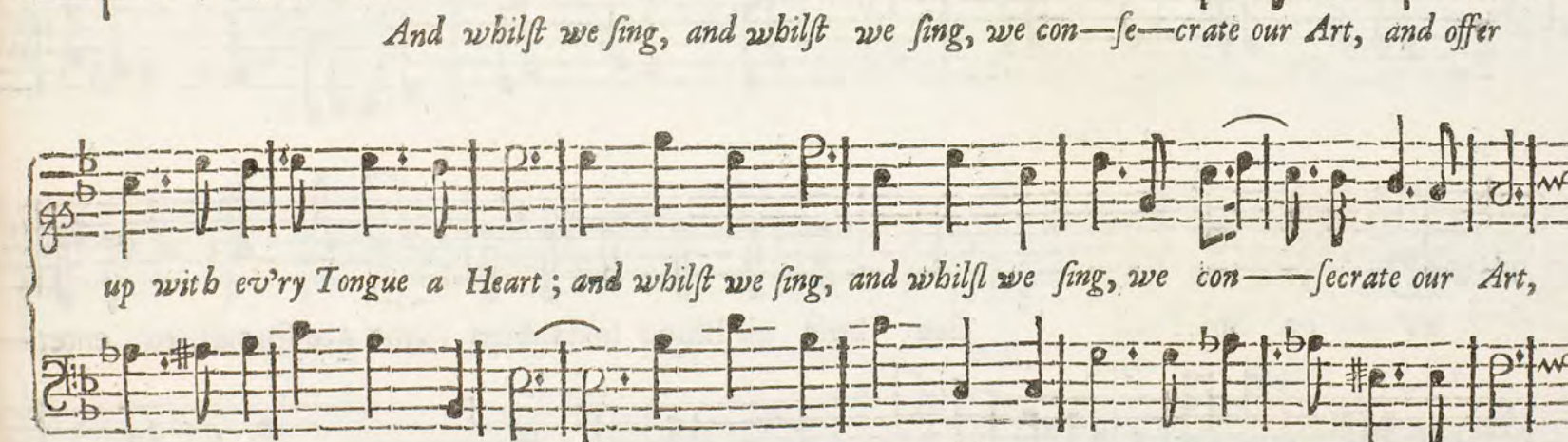


—ny of Heav'n and Earth; our humble Sonnets shall That Praise rehearse, who is the Musick

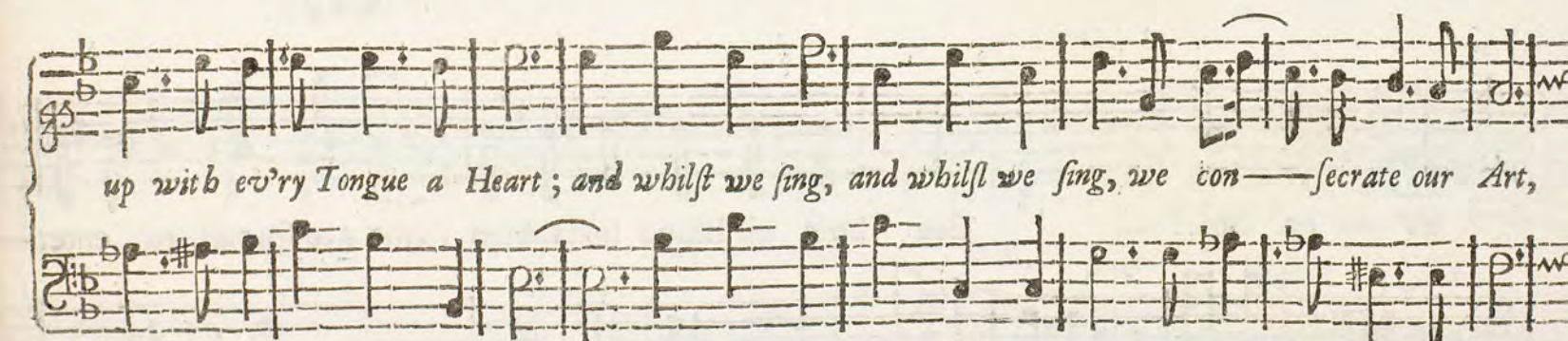
CHORUS.



of the Universe. And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art, and offer



And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—se—crate our Art, and offer



up with ev'ry Tongue a Heart; and whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art,



and offer up, and offer up, with ev'—ry Tongue a Heart.

and offer, and offer up, offer up, with ev'—ry Tongue a Heart.

Set by Dr. John Blow.

Royal
Academy
of Music
Library

H! Oh that mine Eyes would mel—t in-to a flood,

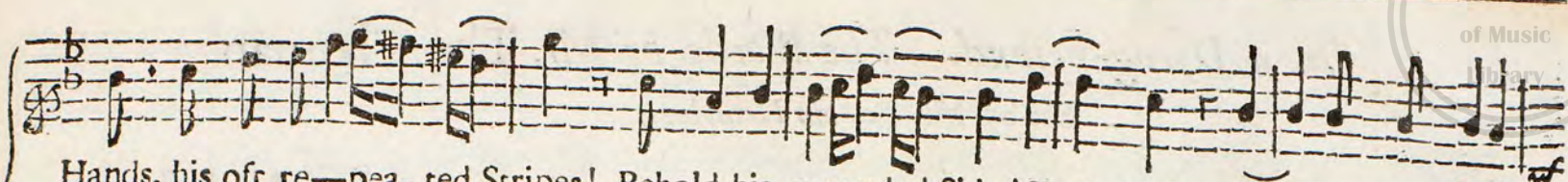
that I might plun—ge in Tears for thee, for thee, as thou did'st swim in Blood, to

ransom me; as thou did'st swim in blood, to ran—som me! Oh! that this flesh—ly

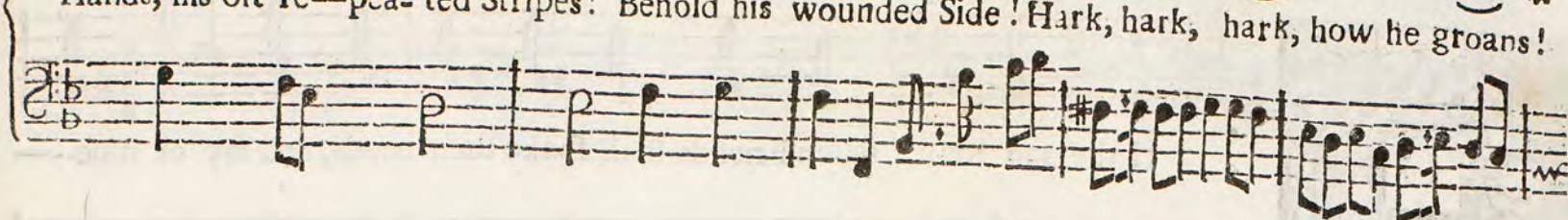
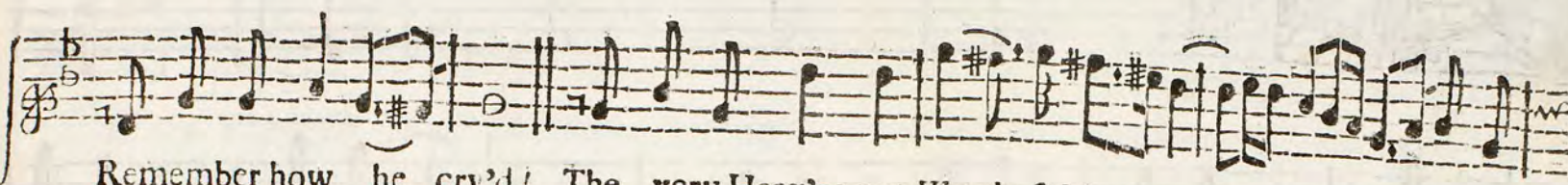
Lymbeck would be—gin to drop, drop a Tear, to drop, drop, drop a Tear for

ev'—ry Sin! See how his Blood bedabbled Arms are spread, to enter—

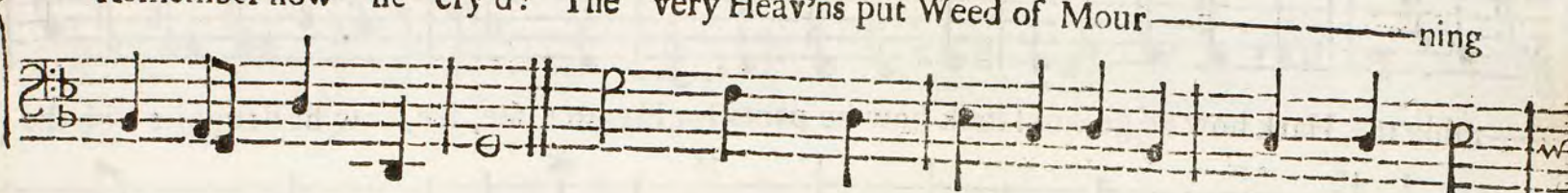
tain Death's wel-com Bands; be—hold, be-hold his bowing Head, his bleeding



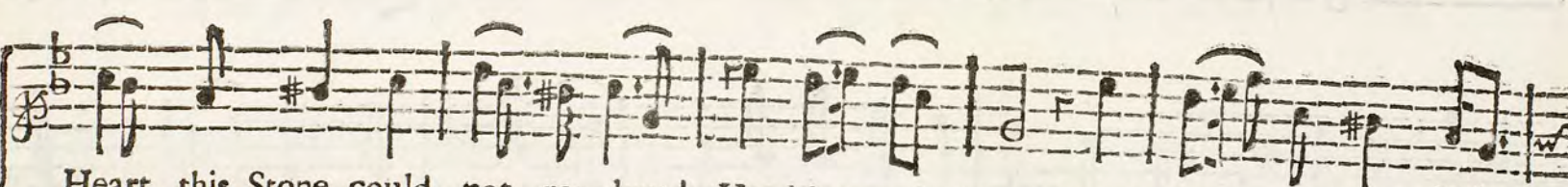
Hands, his oft re—pea—ted Stripes! Behold his wounded Side! Hark, hark, hark, how he groans!

Remember how he cry'd! The very Heav'ns put Weed of Mour—ning



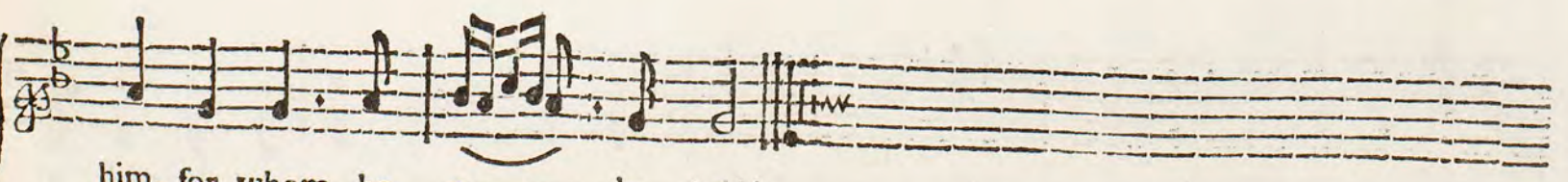

on; the fo—lid Rocks in sun—der rent, and yet this Heart, and yet this

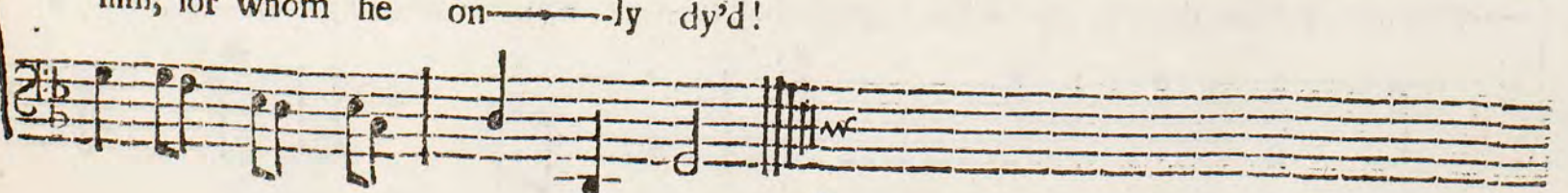
Heart, this Stone, could not re—lent! Hard-hearted Man! Hard—hear—ted Man! And




on—ly Man deny'd to wee—p for him, to weep for

him, for whom he on—ly dy'd!

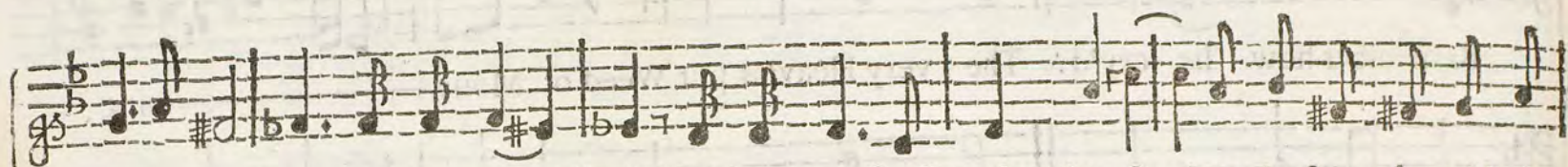
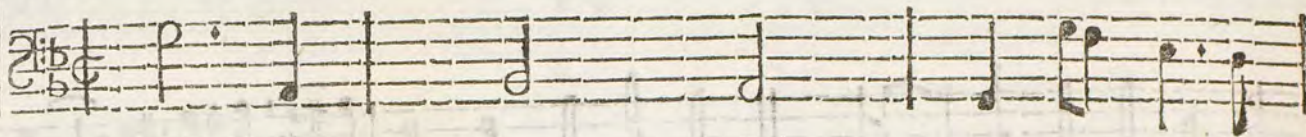


On a Dying-Friend. The Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.

Set by Mr. Pelham Humphreys.



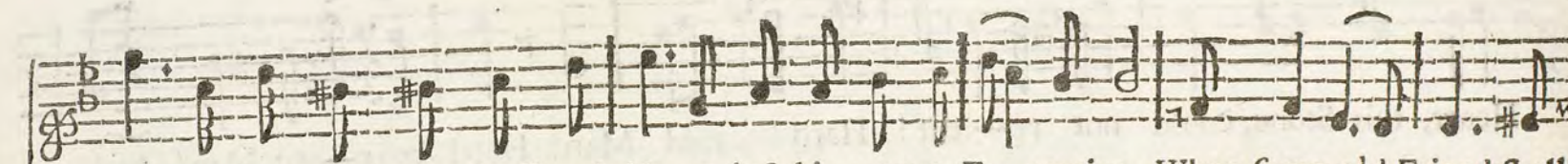
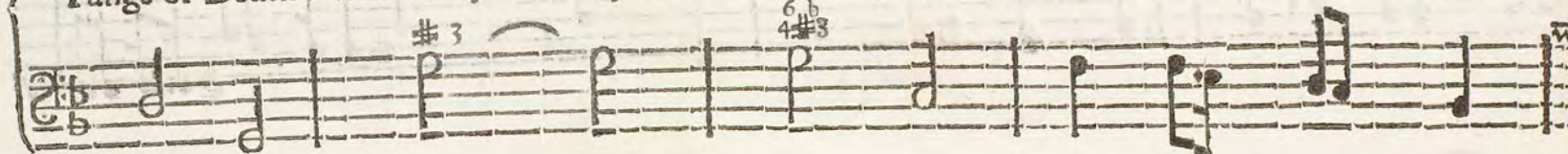
H the sad day ! when Friends shall shake their heads, and say of mise--



—rable me, Hark how he groans ! look how he pants for Breath ! see, see, how he struggles with the



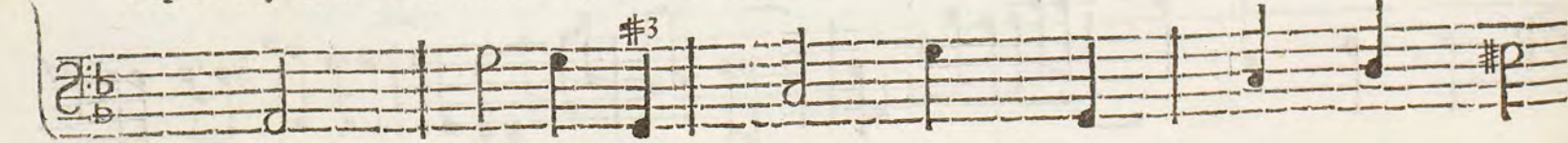
Pangs of Death ! When they shall say of these dear Eyes, How hollow, and how dim they be !



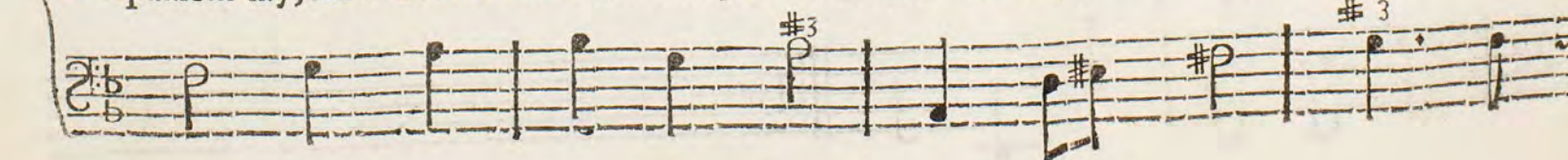
Mark how his Breast does swell and rise, against his potent E—nemies. When some old Friend shall



step to my Bed--side, touch my chill Face, and thence shall gent--ly slide ; and when his next Com-



—panions say, How does he do ? What hopes ? Shall turn a--way, an--swe--ring on--ly with a





lift-up hand, Who, who can his Fate withstand? Then shall a Gasps or two do more, then

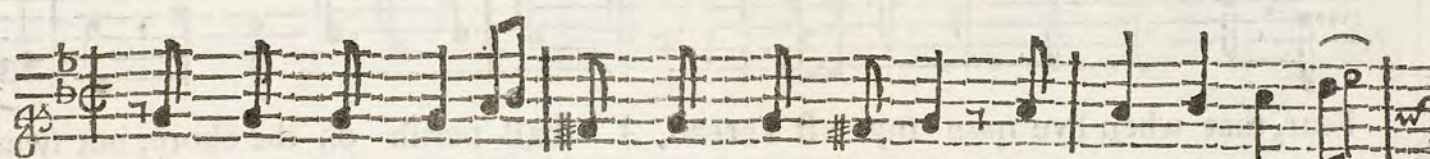


all my Rhet'rick could be—fore; perswade the World to trouble me no, more, no



more; perswade the World to trouble me no more.

The Words by Dr. Dunn. Set by Mr. Pelham Humphryes.

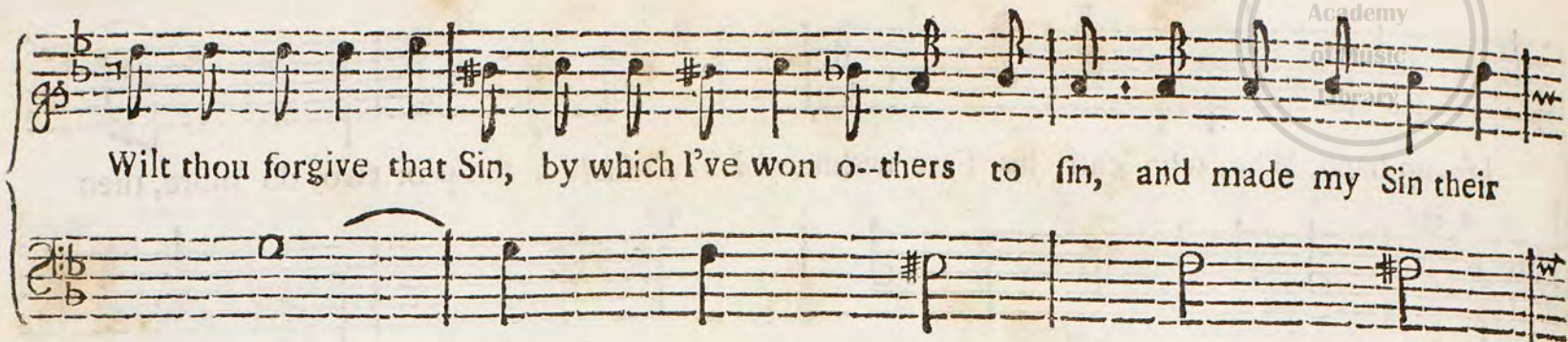
WILT thou forgive that Sin, where I began, which was my Sin tho'



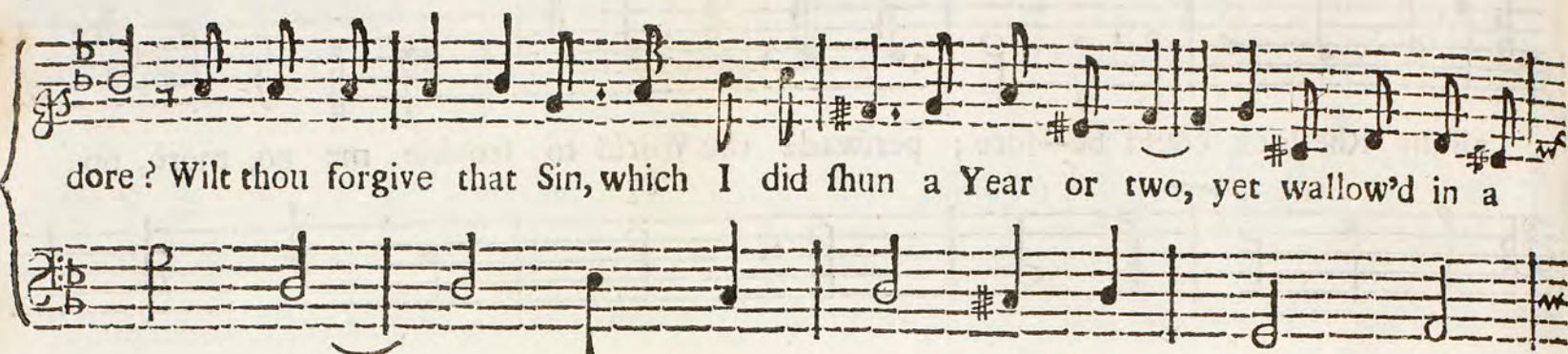
it were done be—fore? Wilt thou for—give that Sin, through which I run, and do run



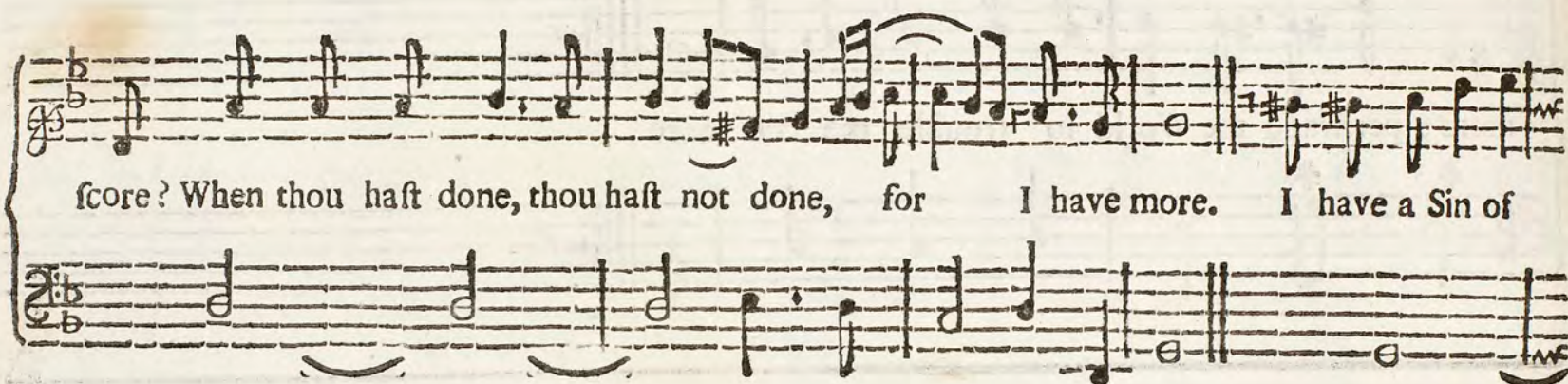
still, tho' still I do deplore? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for—— I have more.



Wilt thou forgive that Sin, by which I've won o--thers to sin, and made my Sin their



dore? Wilt thou forgive that Sin, which I did shun a Year or two, yet wallow'd in a



score? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for I have more. I have a Sin of



Fear, that when I've spun my last Thread, I shall perish on the Shore; but swear by thy



self that art my Death, thy Sun shall shine, as he shines now and heretofore, and having done



that thou hast done, I fear no more.

A Divine HYMN. Sett by Mr. John Church.

God for ever blest in bound — — — — — less peace & rest, whose habi-

—ration is in light refin'd, look from thy bright and glo — — — — —

—rious Throne with pi-ty, with pity and compassion look, look down behold and ea —

—se my troubled mind, pain and distraction from my heart remove, thou God of Consolation, thou

Key alters.

God of Consolation and of Love: And thou who sittest at the right hand of Bliss, the

Spring of all true Jo — — — — — y and hapiness, who when thou had'st resign'd the

glo—rious station to redeem mankind, didst with a

word becalm the ra—ging, ra—ging Sea; and

make the boi—stirous winds, thy gentler, gentler,

gentler breath O—bey.

Oh quickly, quickly Lord al—lay the storms and Tempests of my

Breast, with sin and guilt o'er—la—den, o'er—la—den and de—prest, and

by thy pow'r controul and check the boil-ing waves, that row—

—l and, tofs, and wrack and o—ver-whelm, and tofs, and wrack and

o—verwhelm my sick de—spair-ing, sick de—spair-ing, my sick de—spair-ing soul.

And thou most sweet, most sweet, and sa—cred Dove, thou God of

Peace and e—ver-last-ing Love, visit, O visit ev'ry part of my distressed mind, and

Heart, and that I may prepare for thy Reception and Communion, there all

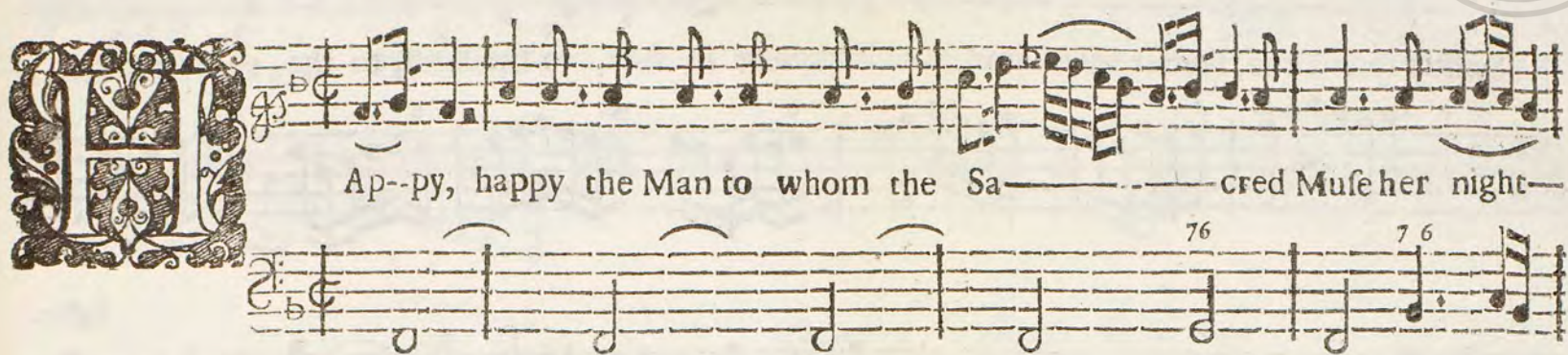
sin and sin-ful thoughts, all sin and sinful thoughts from thence expel, by thy most sov'reign

influence hear, hear O most holy Tri-ni-ty, most ho-ly Tri-ni--ty, Center of all Di-

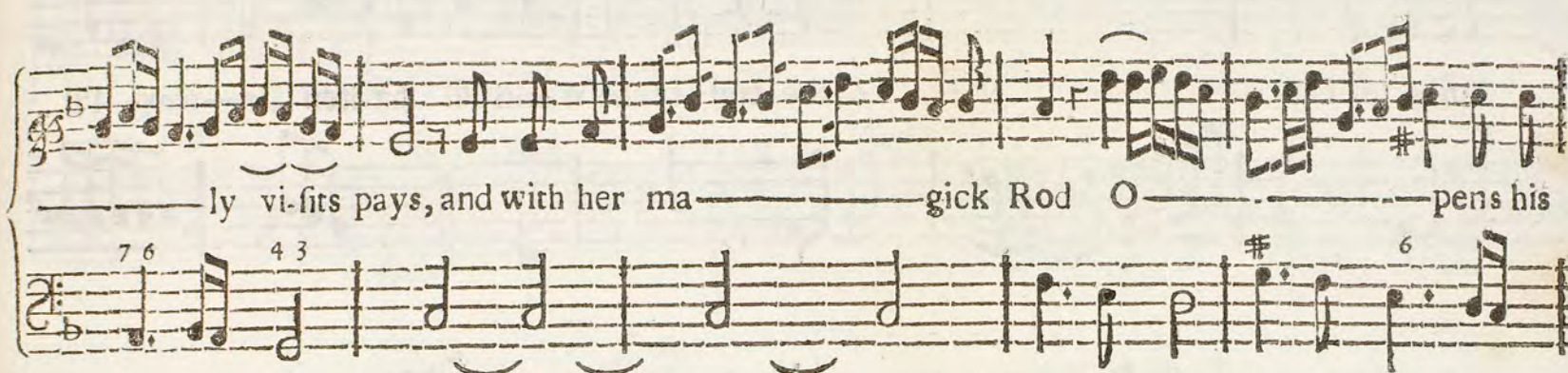
—vi—ni—ty; hear, hear and graciously vouchsafe to grant my pray'r, O con--de-

—scend that mercy to extend, and save me from the gulph, and save me from the

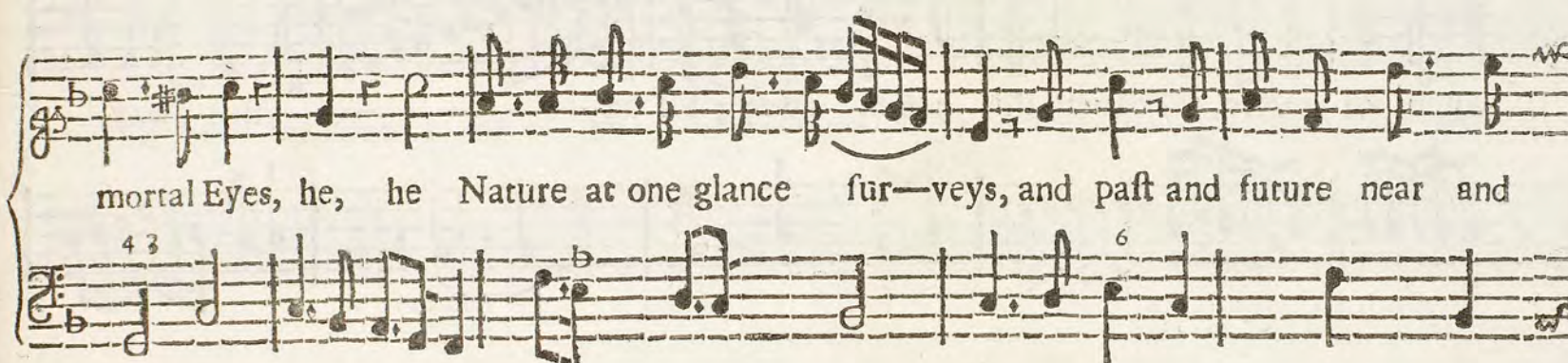
gulph of black de—spair.

The DISSOLUTION. Sett by Mr. John Weldon.


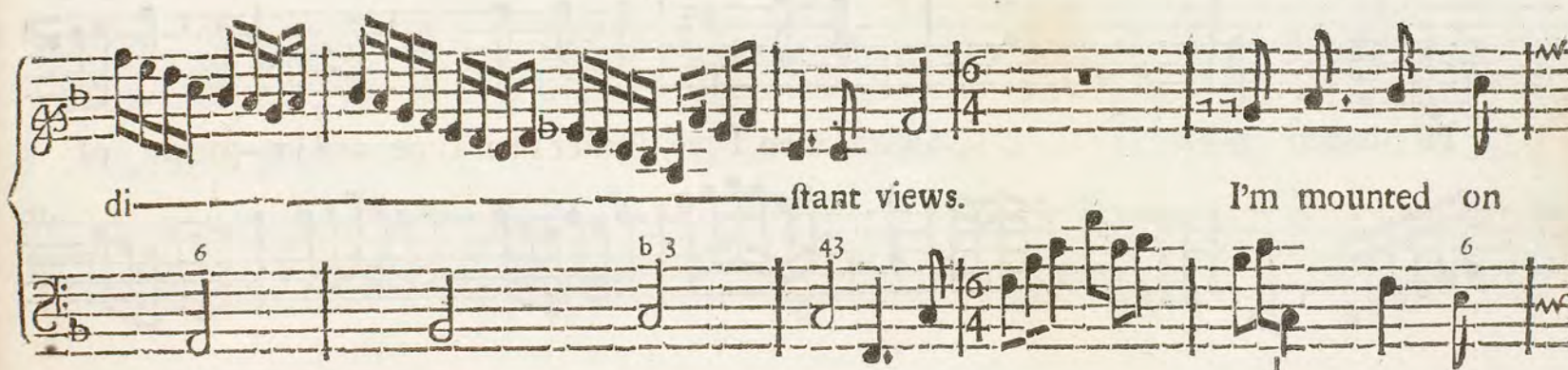
Ap-py, happy the Man to whom the Sa—cred Muse her night—



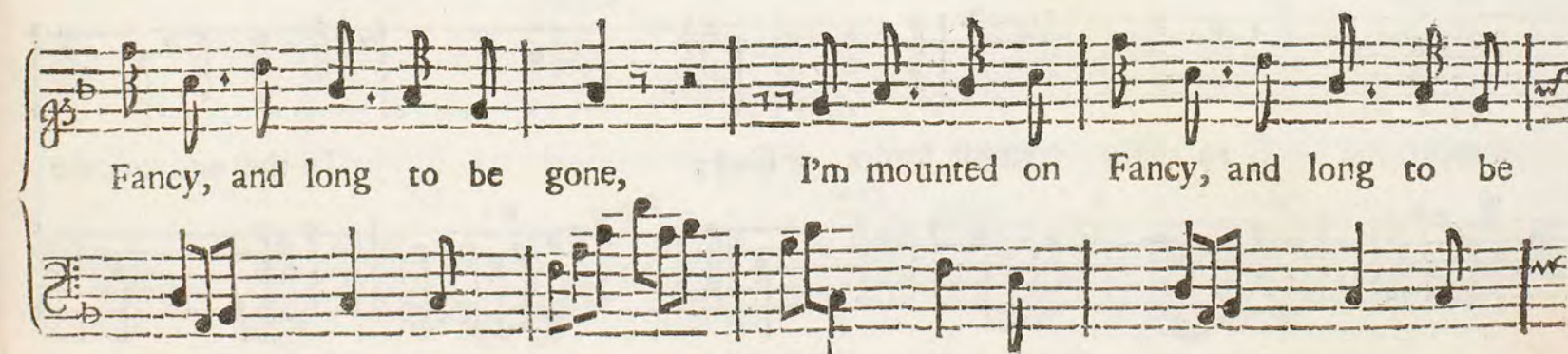
ly vi-sits pays, and with her ma—gick Rod O—pens his



mortal Eyes, he, he Nature at one glance fur—veys, and past and future near and



di—stant views. I'm mounted on



Fancy, and long to be gone, I'm mounted on Fancy, and long to be



gone to some Age, or some World, to some Age or some World unknown.

Swifter then Time, swifter then Time, and impatient of stay, to the West, to the ut-termost

limits of Day ; To the end of the World I'll ha-sten a-way, I'll

hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten away ; I'll ha- — — — — — sten away,

I'll hasten a-way ; Swifter then Time, swifter then Time, and im-patient of

stay, to the West, to the ut-termost limits of Day ; To the end of the

World I'll hasten away, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten away ; I'll ha — — — — —

Slow.

ften away, I'll hasten a way; Where I may see it a ll ex-

—pire and melt a way, in e ver la—sting Fire.

'Tis done! 'tis done I see a fla—ming Se—raph fly, and light his

Flamboy at the Sun; Then ha—sting down to the curst Globe, then ha—sting

down to the curst Glob, his bla—zing Torch ap—ply, See, see the green

Forrests crack—ling burn, see,

fee, fee the green Forrefts crack—ling burn ; The

Oy—ly pa—stures sweat with in—to—le--rable heat. The

Mines to hot, Vul—can's turn their hor-rid Jaws ex—tend—ed wide, the

Sulphurous conta—gion spread. Why, why do the A--ged Moun—tains

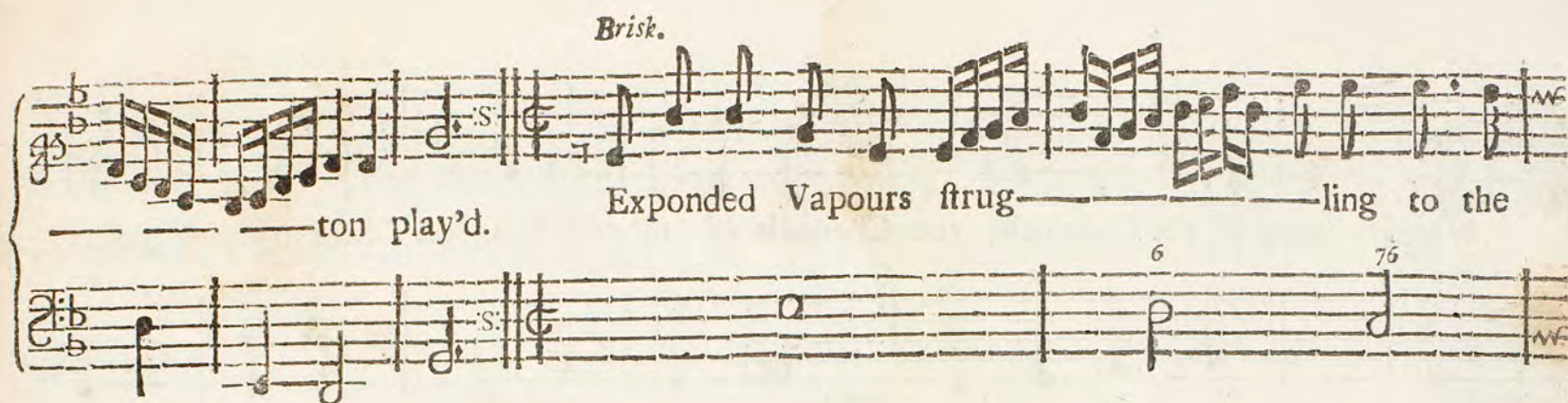
Skip! Why, why do the A--ged Moun—tains Skip, and lit--tle hills, and lit-tle

hills like their own Sheep, like Lambs, which on their gri—zly head, once wanton

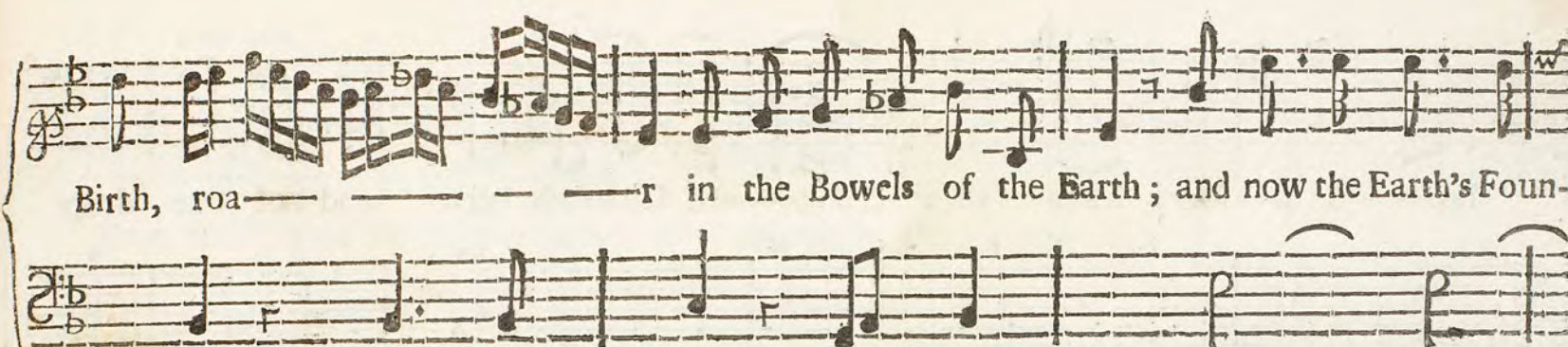


play'd, once Wan—

Brisk.



—ton play'd. Expended Vapours strug—ling to the



Birth, roa—r in the Bowels of the Earth; and now the Earth's Foun—



—dations crack a sunder, Burst, Burst, Burst with subte—ra—nious



Thun—der, dusky Flames, and li-vid Flashes, rend, rend, rend the



trem—bling Globe to Ashes; Fiery

torrents row— — — — — ling down the Naked Valleys down, and with their ruddy

Waves supply the Channels, the Channels of th' exhusted Sea. Seas to thin Vapours

boil—d a—way, leave their crook—ed Channels dry; and not one drop

re—turns a—gain, to cool the thir— — —sty Earth with Rain, not one drop re—

—turns a—gain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain, not one drop re—turns a—

—gain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain.

Slow.

And must all, must all Earth the im— par— tial ru—in share, spair, spair ye re—

—vengeful An— — gels spair, spair, spair ye re—vengeful An— — gels, spair,

Slow.

spair, spair, spair ye re—vengeful An—gels spair; spair the Mu—ser, spair the

Mu—ses blis—ful Seat, let me for Wicham's, let me for Wicham's Peace—

—ful walls in—treat, spair the Mu—ses, spair the Mu—ses blis—ful Seat, let

me for Wicham's, let me for Wic—ham's peace—ful walls in—treat;

spair the Mu—ses, spair the Mu—ses blis—ful Seat, let me for Wicham's, let

me for Wicham's peace— --ful walls in—treat. No, no,

'tis in vain, 'tis in vain, and Bodley's Spi—cy Nest, of learning to must perish, must

perish, must perish with the rest; the Oracles of God alone, an ha—

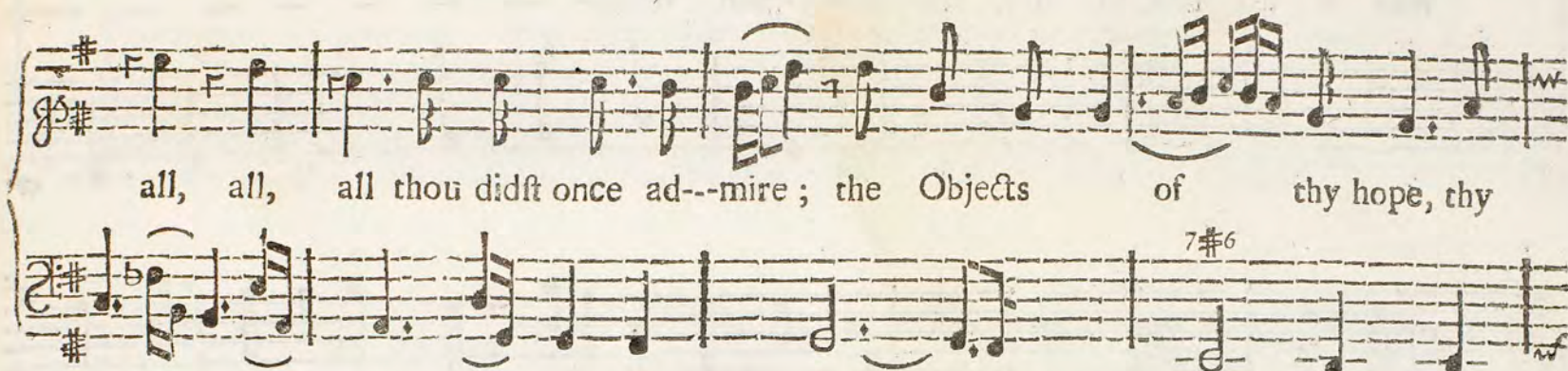
—fly Angel snatch'd, snatch'd away, and bore them high thro' past—ed

Flaims to the E—ter—nal Throne.

565
3443



Behold, behold fond Soul, all, all, all thou didst once admire, be-hold behold fond Soul,



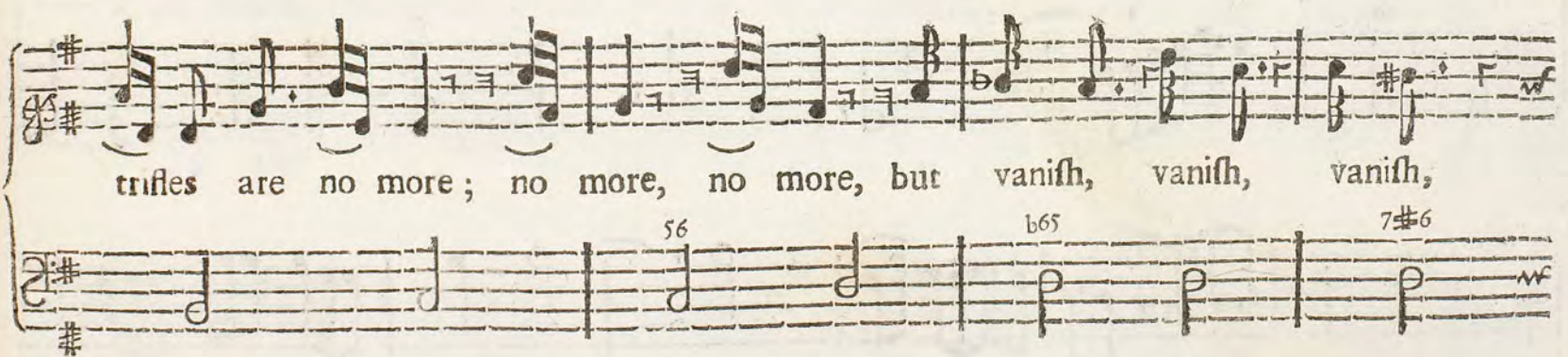
all, all, all thou didst once ad--mire; the Objects of thy hope, thy



hope and thy desire, Houses and Lands and large Estate, the



lit-tle things, the lit-tle things, that makes men Great, the emp--ty



trifles are no more; no more, no more, but vanish, vanish, vanish,



vanish a—ll in smoak, scarce lighter then be—fore. CHO.

CHORUS.

Was it for this, the States-man Wra—

Was it for this, for this, the States-man Wra—

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

—ck'd his thought; was it for this, for this, for this the

—ck'd his thought; was it for this, for this, for this, for this, for this the

6 6 43 6 6 6 6 6 6

Souldier fought? fought.

Souldier fought? fought. While Grum—bling Drums like

76 1 2 6

While Grum—bling Drums like Thu—

Thunder beat, while gru—mbling Drums like

6

—der beat, and clang—ing

Thun— — — —der beat, and clang— — —ing Trumpets, and

Trumpets, and clang— — —ing Trumpets, rai— — —'d

clang— — — —ing Trumpets rai— — — —

the martial Heat ; while

—'d the martial Heat, while grum— — — —bling Drums like Thun—der

grum— — — —bling Drums like Thun— — —

beat, while grum— — — —bling Drums like

—der beat, and clang—ing Triumphets, Trum—

Thun—der beat, and



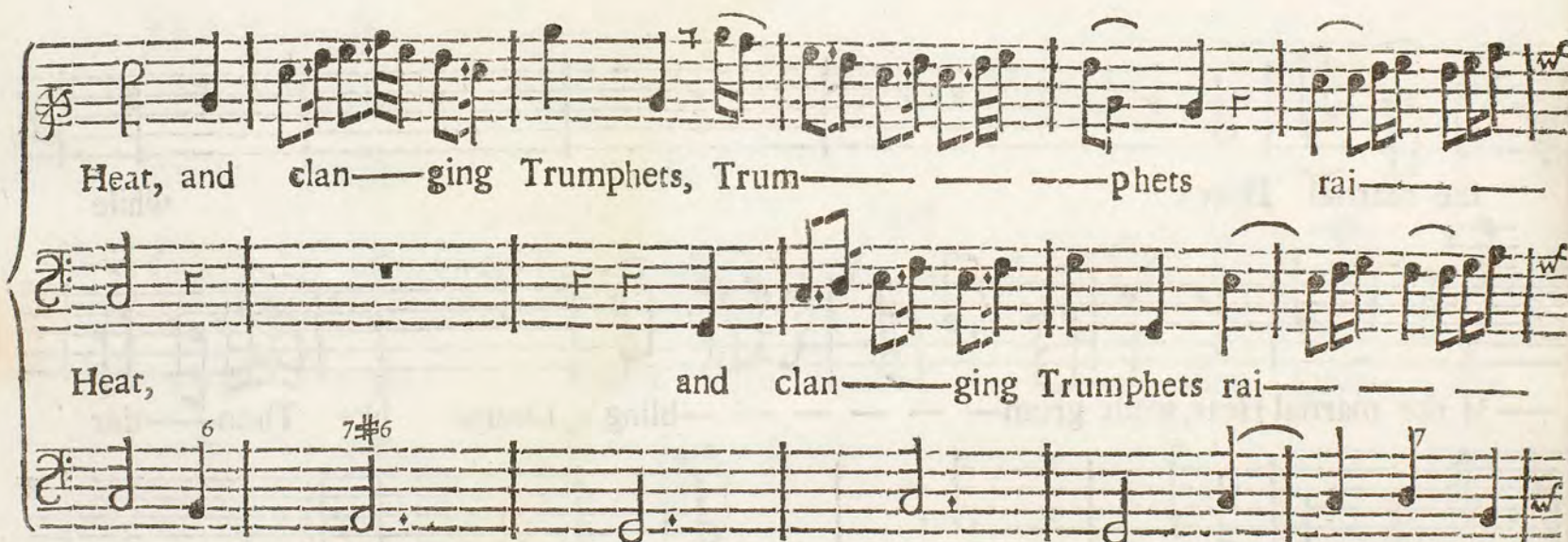
phets rai—s'd the mar—tial

clang—ing Triumphets rai—s'd the martial



Heat, and clan—ging Triumphets, Trum—phets rai—

Heat, and clan—ging Triumphets rai—



—s'd the martial Heat.

—s'd the martial Heat.



I burn,

I

burn,

I burn,

I

burn,

I

burn, my Soul is all, is all, is all, is all, is all on flame ;

my

soul is all, is all, is all, is all, is all, is all on flame ;

the

Ra

ging Image fires my

brain ; the Ra— — — — —

Handwritten musical score for "The Song of the Lark". The score is written on two staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and a few quarter notes. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and a few quarter notes. The lyrics "— — — — — ing Image fires, my brain;" are written below the top staff, aligned with the music. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

Slow.

Cool, Cool it ye Sa—cred Nine, cool, cool it ye fa—cred Nine, in A-ganippes flow—

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It contains a bass line with notes and rests, some of which are marked with a '6' above them, indicating a specific fingering or a sixteenth note. The lyrics are written between the two staves, aligned with the notes.

Theme too long, let frequent rest stop, stop, let frequent rest stop, stop, stop,

stop, stop, stop, stop, stop the bold Song. C H O.

CHORUS.

Royal
Academy
of Music

Now Na--ture is unstrung, the Sphers their Mu—sick lose; now

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their Mufick lose;

Now Nature is un—strung,

Now Nature is unstrung, the

Nature is un—strung, the Spheres their Mu—

Now Nature is unstrung, the Spheres their Mu—

Now Nature is unstrung, the Spheres their

Spheres their Mu—sick lose;

9 8 6 6 7 6 6 6

Royal
Academy

—sick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of

—sick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

Musick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of

the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

43

Ages now ends in a fo

now, now ends in a fo—lemn clofe,

Ages now ends in a fo

now, now end in a fo—lemn clofe,

6 6 6 6 #

—lemn clofe, in a folemn clofe, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of

in a folemn clofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

—lemn clofe, in a folemn clofe, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of

the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

Ages, the Song of Ages now ends,

the Song of Ages, now, now ends,

Ages, the Song of Ages now ends in a fo——lemn clofe, in a

the Song of Ages now, now ends in a fo——lemn clofe, in a fo——



fo ——— lemn close, in a fo ——— lemn close, in a fo — lemn

—— lemn close, in a fo ——— lemn close, in a fo ——— lemn

8 7 6 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 4 3 2 6 5 4 6 8 5 4 3 5 4 3 2 4 6 8 7 6

—e— —e— —e— —e— —e—

now ends in a fo ——— lemn close.

now ends, now ends, now ends in a fo ——— lemn close.

close ; now ends, now ends, now, ends, ends, ends in a solemn close.

close ; in a fo ——— lemn close.

3 6 5 6 5 4 3 4 5 4 3 4 3 2 8 2 3 4 4 3 5 6 5

—e— —e— —e— —e—

The following ANTHEMS, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.

Royal
Academy
of Music



Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-si-dereth the Poor, the Poor—



Blessed is he, Blessed is he, is he that considereth the Poor, the



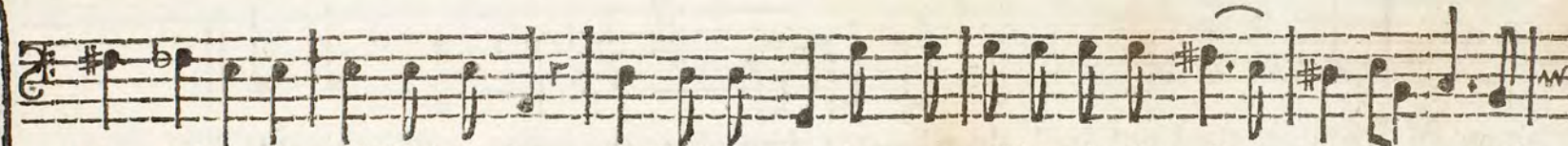
Blessed is he, Blessed is he, is he that considereth the Poor, the



and needy; Blessed is he, blessed is he that con-sidereth the poo—r and



Poor and needy; Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-si-dereth the Poo—r and



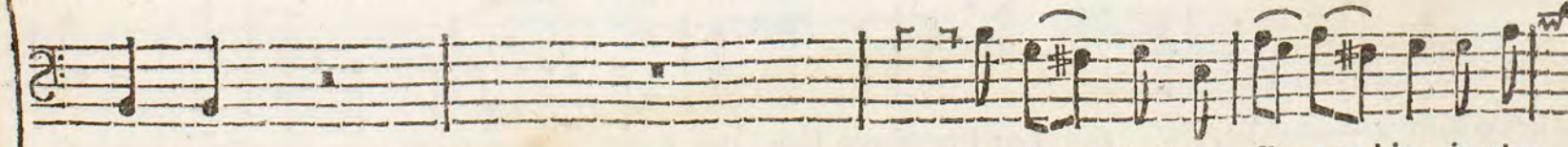
Poor and needy; Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-sidereth the Poo—r and



needy; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time, in the



deedy; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time of trouble, de-li-ver him in the



needy;

the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the



time of trou-ble; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the tim...

time of trouble; the Lord shall de-li-ver him, shall de-li-ver him in the

time of trouble; the Lord shall de-li-ver him, the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the

...e of trouble, the Lord shall de-liver him in the time of trouble.

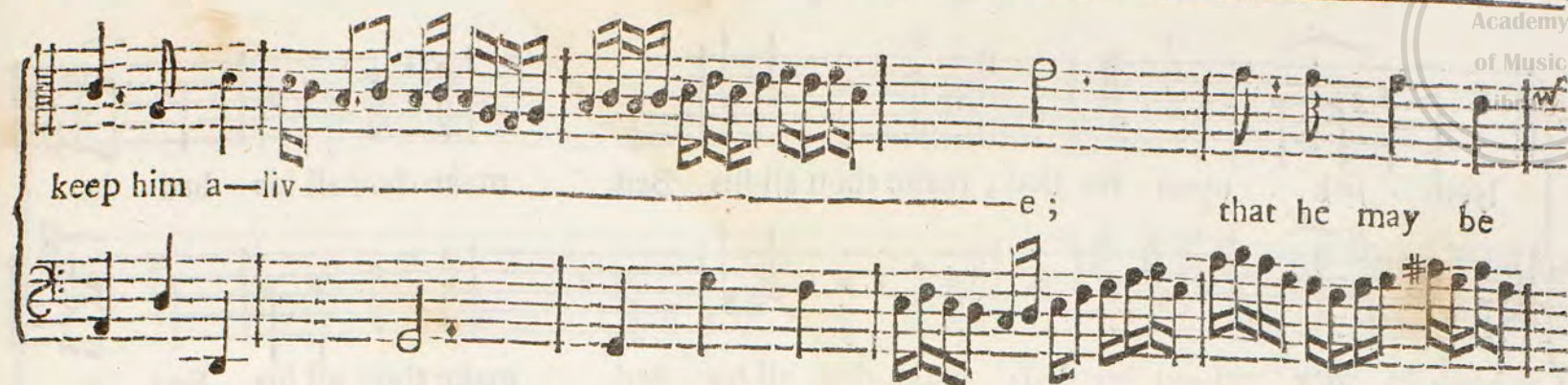
...time of trouble, the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time of trouble.

time of trouble, the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time of trouble.

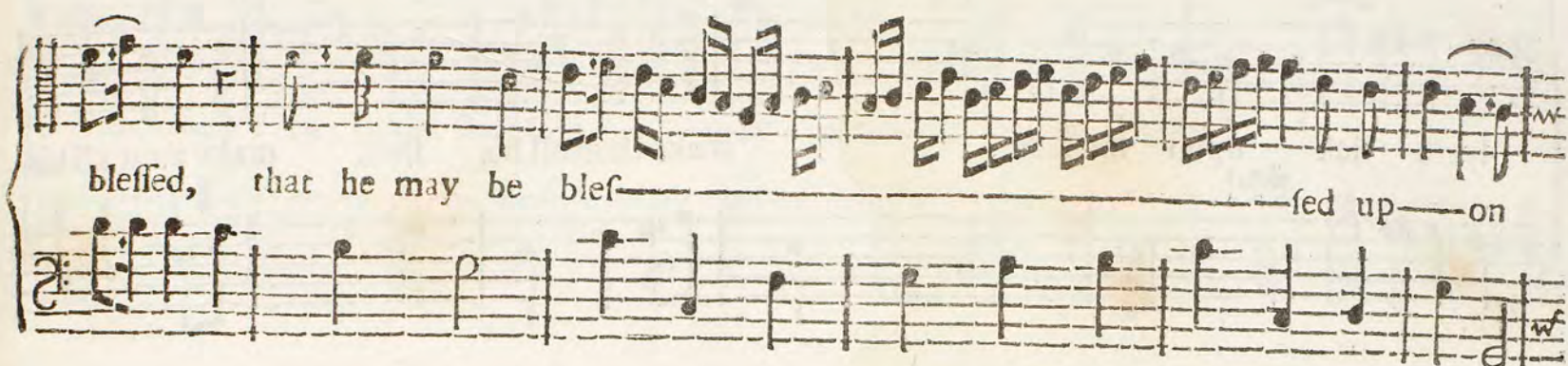
Verse Solus.

The Lord preserve him, preserve him, and keep him a-li-ve, and

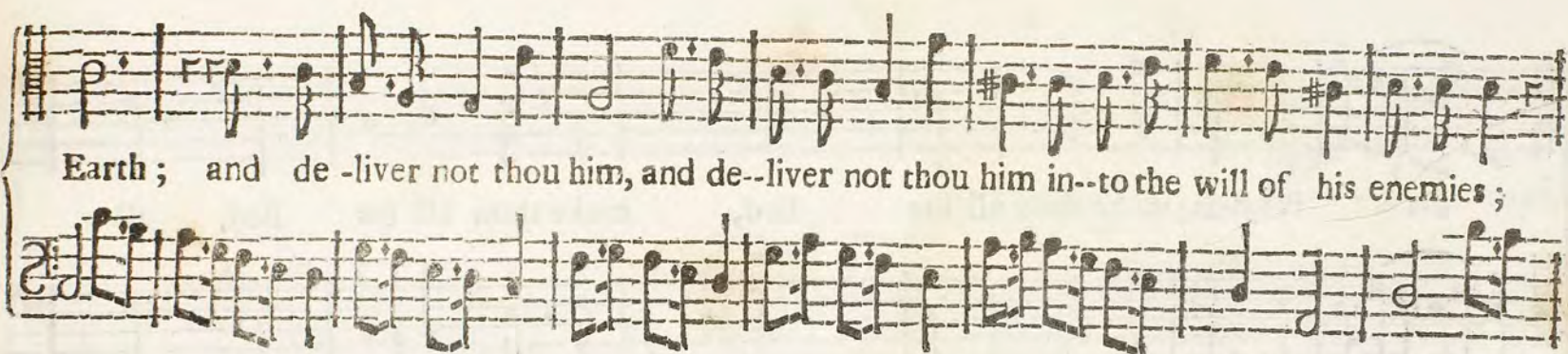
keep him a-live, the Lord preserve him, the Lord pre-serve him, preserve him and



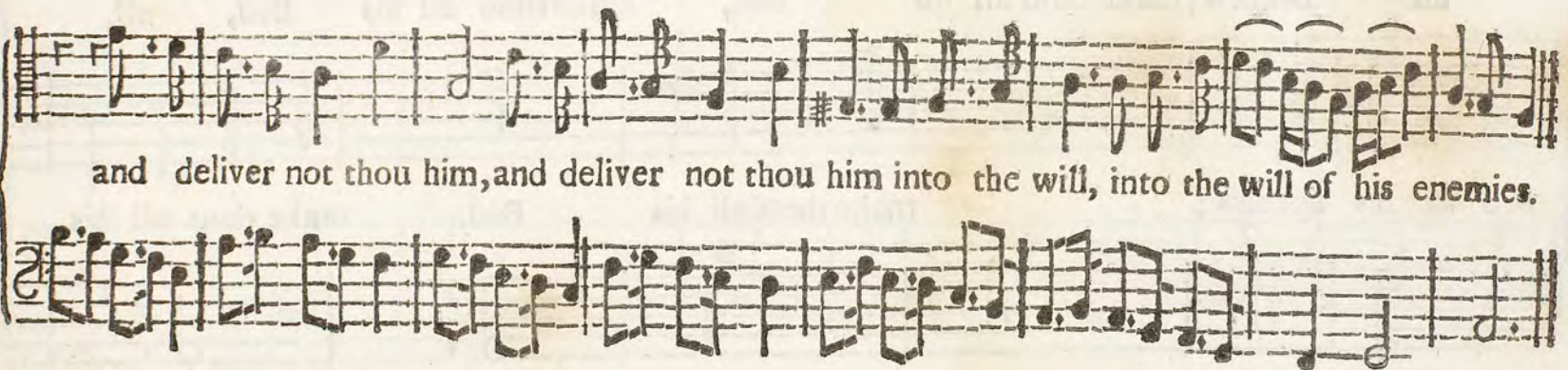
keep him a—liv—e; that he may be



bled, that he may be bles—sed up—on



Earth; and de—liver not thou him, and de—liver not thou him in—to the will of his enemies;



and deliver not thou him, and deliver not thou him into the will, into the will of his enemies.



The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he



The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he



The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he



lyeth sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his bed in

lyeth sick up-on his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed in

lyeth sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his

Chords: 9, #7b3, b6 4, 6 4

his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed, all

his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed, all,

Bed in his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his

Chords: #6

all, all, all, all, all his Bed in his sickness.

all, all, all, all, all his Bed in his sickness.

Bed, all, all, all, all, make thou all his Bed in his sickness. Glo—ry be to the Father, Glo—

Chords: 6 4 6 6

Glo—ry be to the

—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Ho-ly Ghost;

Glo—ry be to the

Father, Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;

Father, Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Ho-ly Ghost;

Glo—ry be to the

Glo—ry be to the Ho—ly Ghost, Glo—ry be to the Father Son and

Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Father Son and

Father, Glory, Glory to the Father Son and

Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning,

Ho—ly Ghost; and e

Ho—ly Ghost; is Now, now, now, now, now, now, now;

Glo—ry to the Father Son and Ho—ly Ghost;

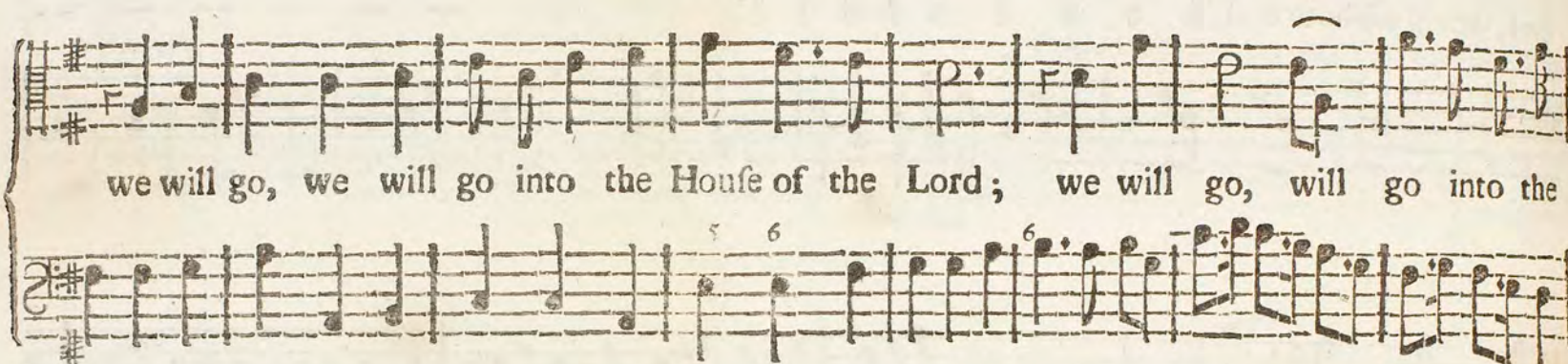
—ver shall be, Glo—ry to the Father Son and Ho—ly Ghost;

Glory, Glory to the Father Son and Holy Ghost, world without

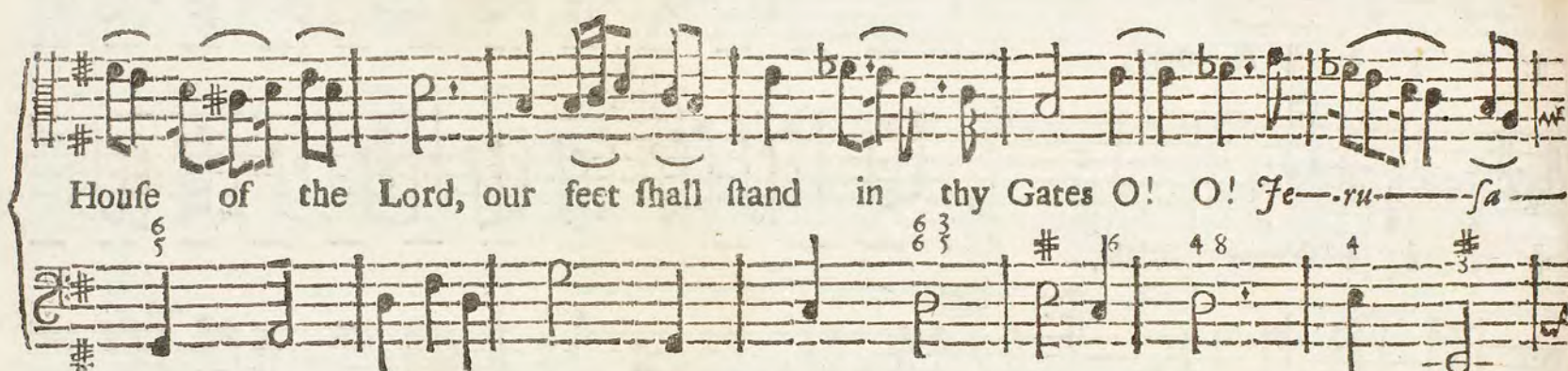
An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.



was glad, I was glad, when they said un-to me,



we will go, we will go into the House of the Lord; we will go, will go into the



House of the Lord, our feet shall stand in thy Gates O! O! Je-ru-sa-

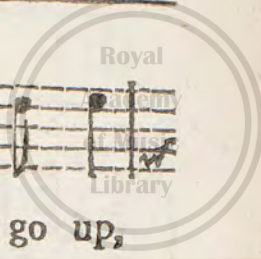


lem; our Feet shall stand, shall, stand in thy Gates O



Je-ru-sa-lam, O! Je-ru-sa-lam.

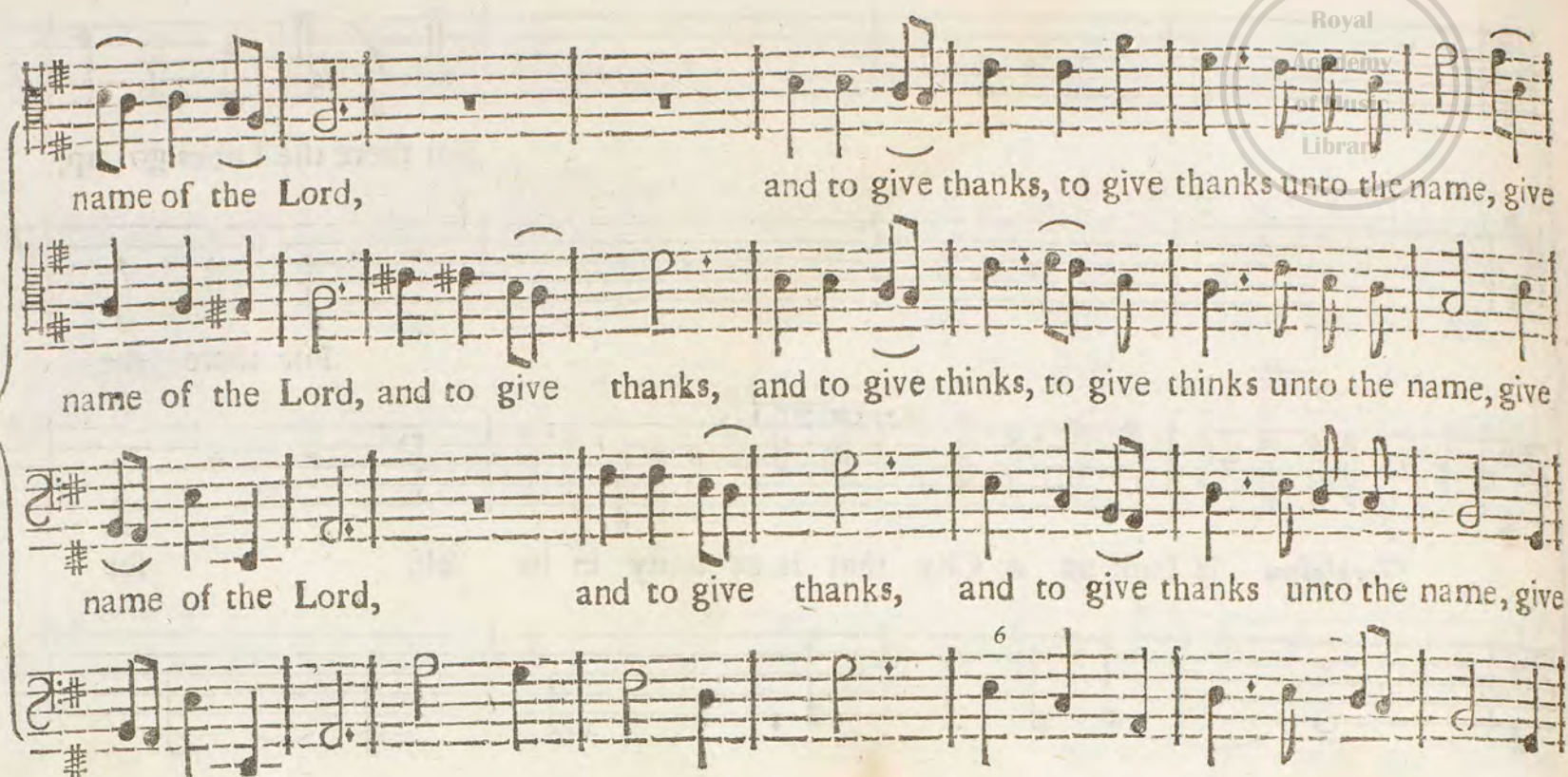




For there the Tribes go up,
For there the
Jerusalem is built as a City that is at unity in its self, for

for there the Tribes go up, for there the Tribes go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the
Tribes go up, for there the Tribes go up, the Tribes go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the
there the Tribes go up, the Tribes go up, go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the

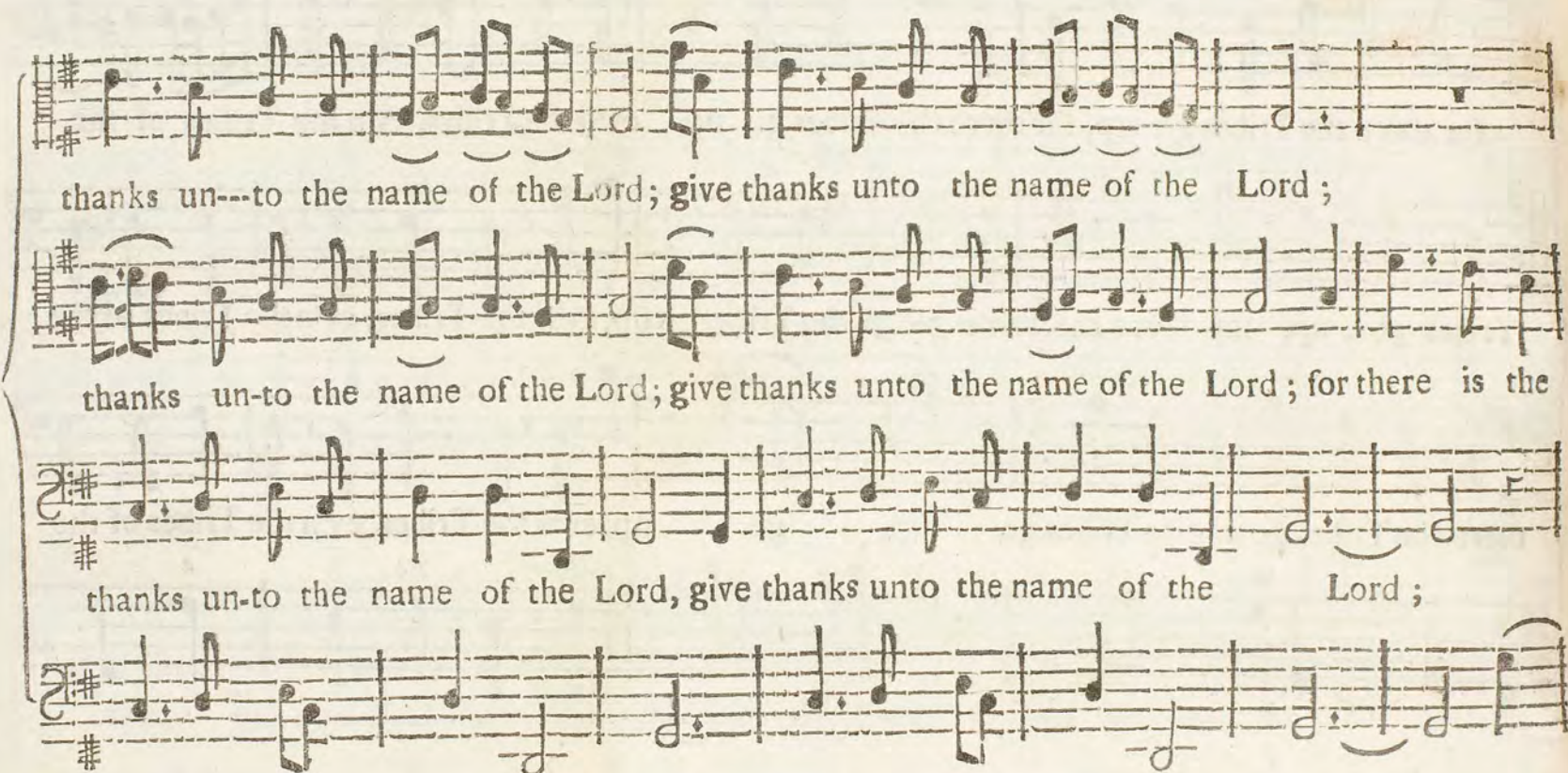
Lord; to testifie unto I--srael, and to give thanks un--to the
Lord; to testifie un--to I--srael, to testifie unto I--srael, and to give thanks un--to the
Lord; to testifie un--to I--srael, to testifie un--to I--srael, and to give thanks unto the



name of the Lord, and to give thanks, to give thanks unto the name, give

name of the Lord, and to give thanks, and to give thanks, to give thanks unto the name, give

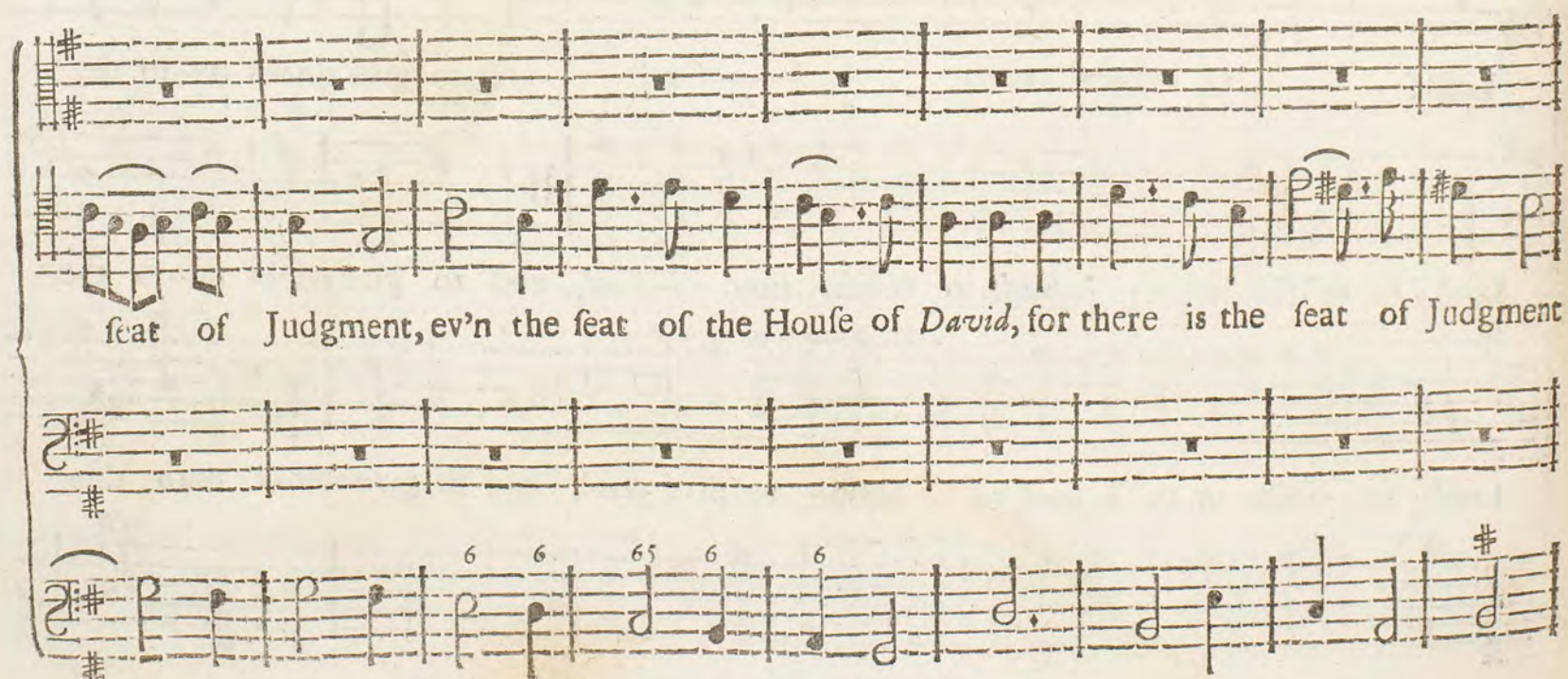
name of the Lord, and to give thanks, and to give thanks unto the name, give



thanks un---to the name of the Lord; give thanks unto the name of the Lord;

thanks un-to the name of the Lord; give thanks unto the name of the Lord; for there is the

thanks un-to the name of the Lord, give thanks unto the name of the Lord;



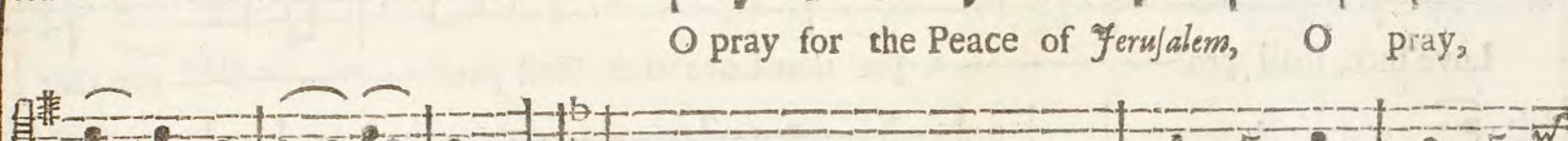
feat of Judgment, ev'n the feat of the House of David, for there is the feat of Judgment



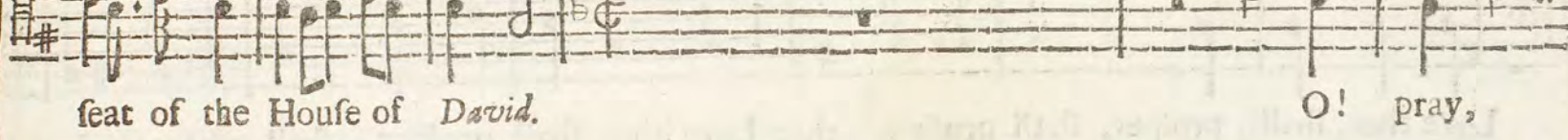
ev'n the feat of the House of *David*, ev'n the feat of the House of *David*, ev'n the




O pray for the Peace of *Jerusalem*, O pray,



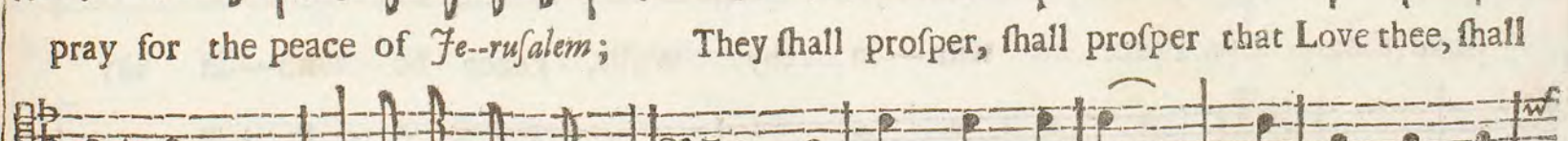
feat of the House of *David*. O! pray,



O! pray,



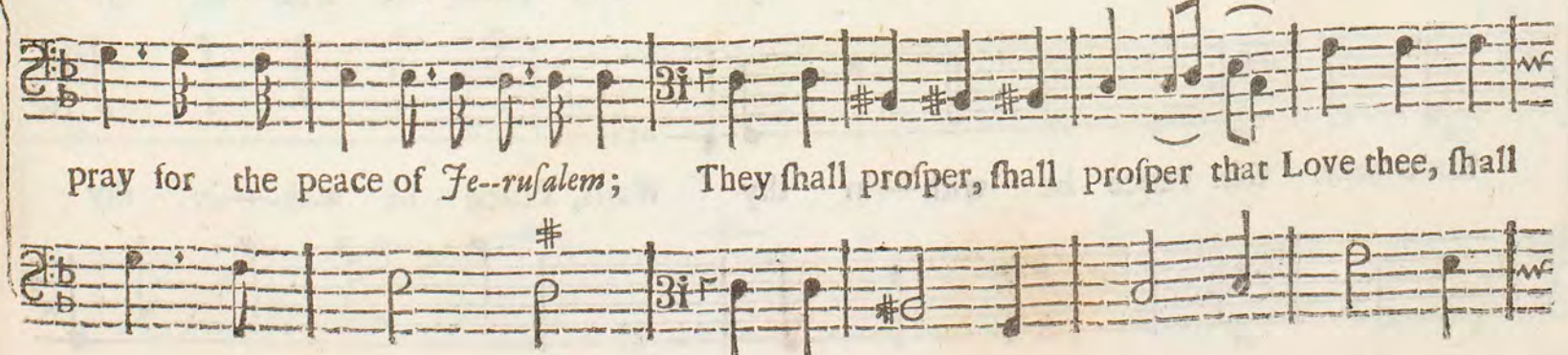

pray for the peace of *Je--ru--salem*; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall



pray for the peace of *Je--ru--salem*; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall



pray for the peace of *Je--ru--salem*; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall



prof—per that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that

prof—per that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that

prosper, shall prosper that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that

Love thee, shall prof—per that Love thee, shall prof—per that

Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that

Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that

Love thee. Cho. Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy

Love thee. Cho. Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy

Love thee. Cho. Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy



Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—



Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—



Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—



—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.



—in with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.



—in with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.—



Vers. For my Brethren and Companions sake, I will wish thee prof—pe—ri—ty,



For my Brethren and Companions sake,



For my Brethren



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For my Brethren and companion's sake, I will wish, will wish thee prof—

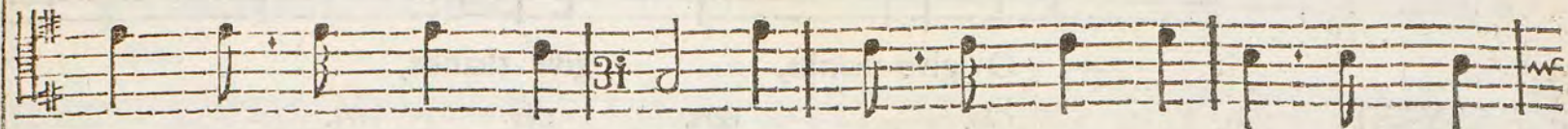
I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity, will wish thee prof—
and Companions sake, I will wish, will wish, will wish thee prof—

Cho. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,
Vers. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,
Cho. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,
Vers. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,

Cho.



Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in



Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in



Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in



thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and



thy Pa—la—ces and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and



thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and



plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.



plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.



plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.



An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.

Royal
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of Music
Library

Cho. Cho.

O give thanks, give thanks,

Vers. Cho. Vers. Cho. Vers.

Give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O! — — —

Vers. Cho. Vers. Cho. Vers.

O give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O — — —

Vers. Cho. Vers. Cho.

O give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks, O! O!

Cho.

O! — — — — — O give thanks,

Cho. Vers.

O give thanks, O! — — — — — O give thanks, give thanks unto the

Cho. Vers.

O give thanks, O! O! O! O give thanks, give thanks, unto the

Cho. Vers.

O! O give thanks, O! O! O! O give thanks, give thanks un-to the

Cho.



give thanks un-to the Lord ;

for he is gracious, is

Cho.

Vers.



Lord, give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious, for he is

gra—

Cho.

Vers.



Lord ; give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious, for he is gracious, is

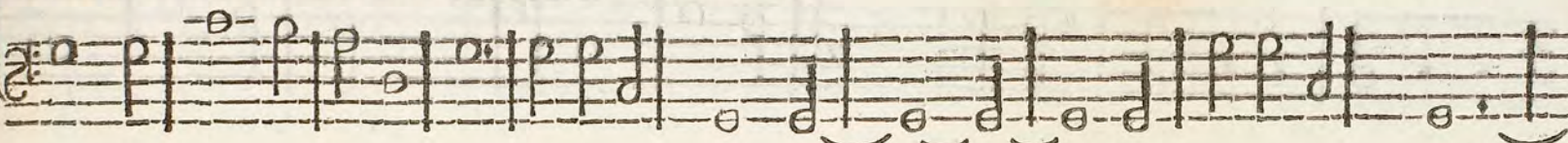
Cho.

Vers.



Lord ; give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is gracious,

is gracious, for he is gracious,



Cho.

Cho.

Cho.



gracious, is gracious,

O give thanks,

give thanks,

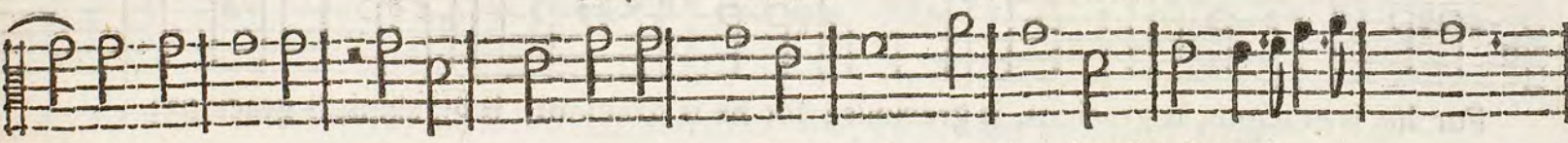
O! —

Cho.

Vers.

Cho.

Vers.



—cious, is gracious, O give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, O! —

Vers.

Cho.

Vers.

Cho.

Vers.



gracious, is gracious, O give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, O! —

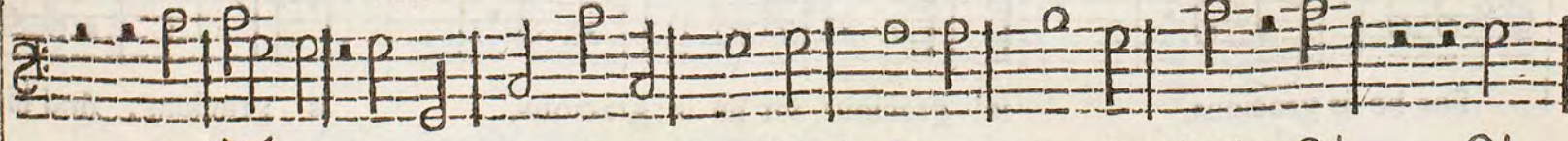
Vers.

Cho.

Vers.

Cho.

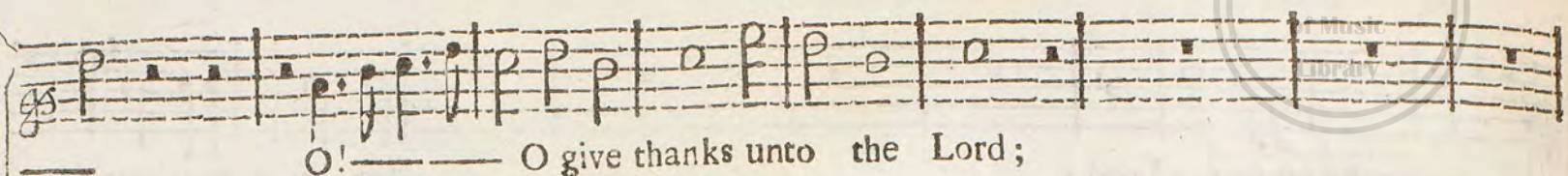
Cho.



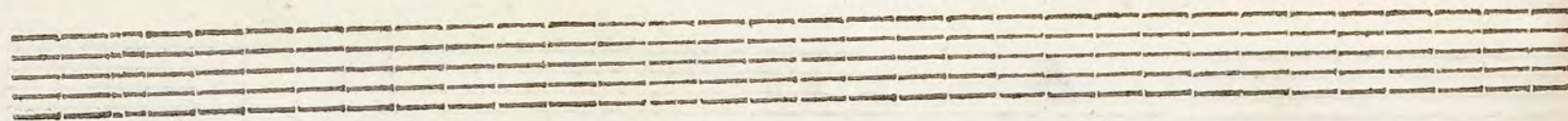
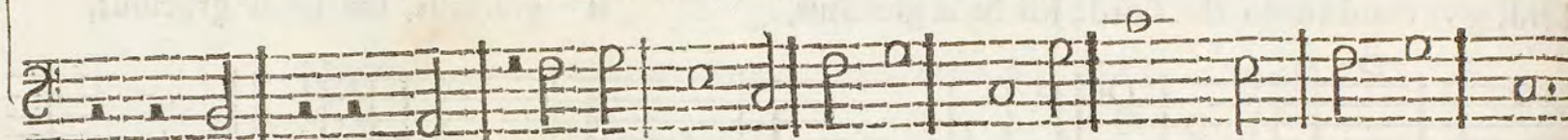
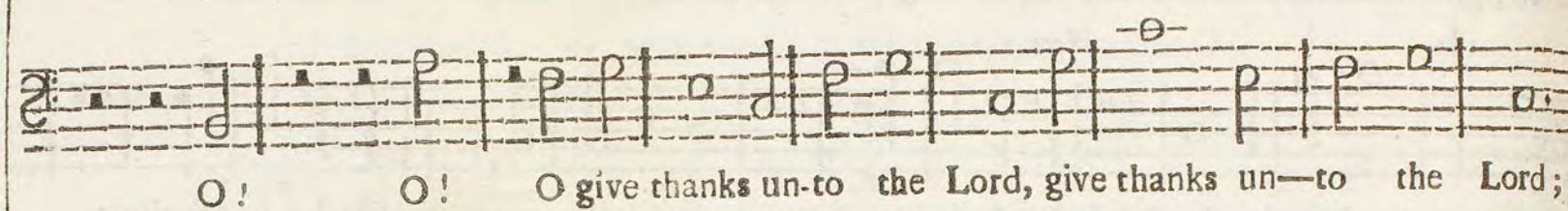
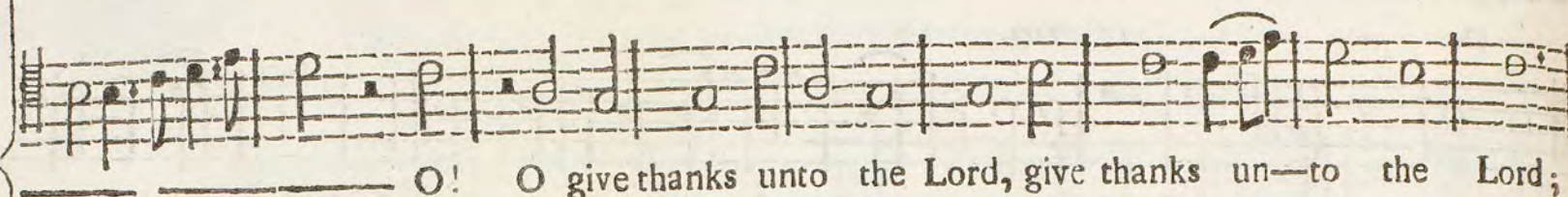
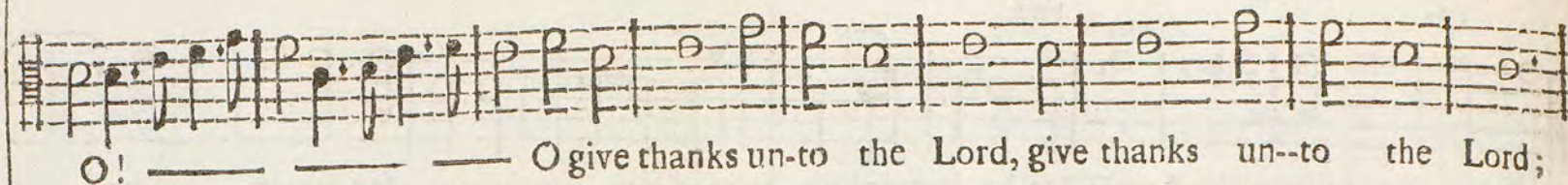
is gracious, O give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, O! —

O!

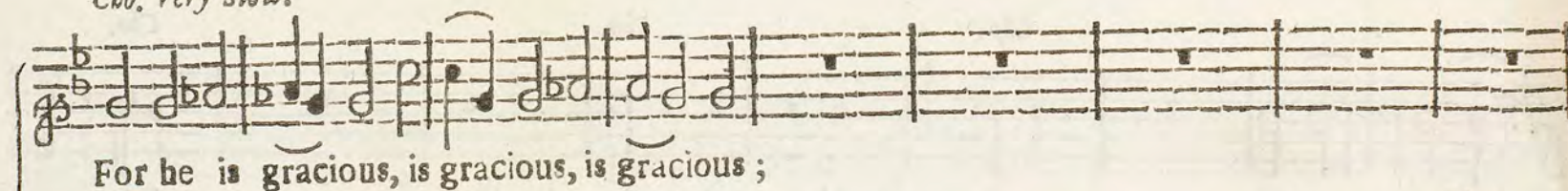


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Academy

Vers.

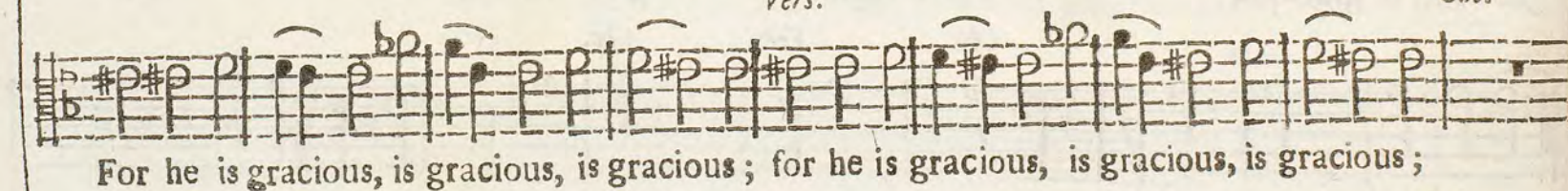


Cho. Very Slow.

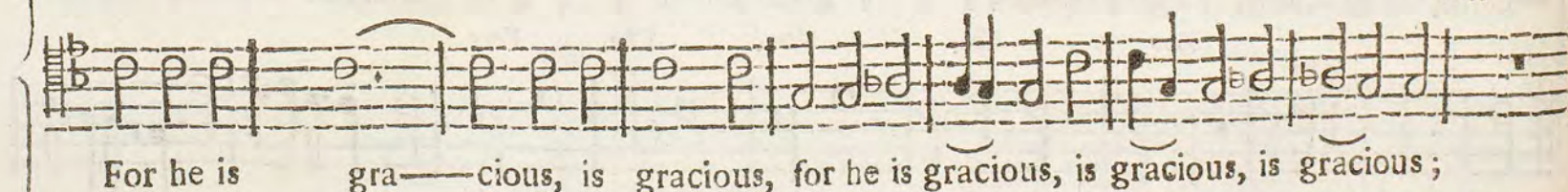


Vers.

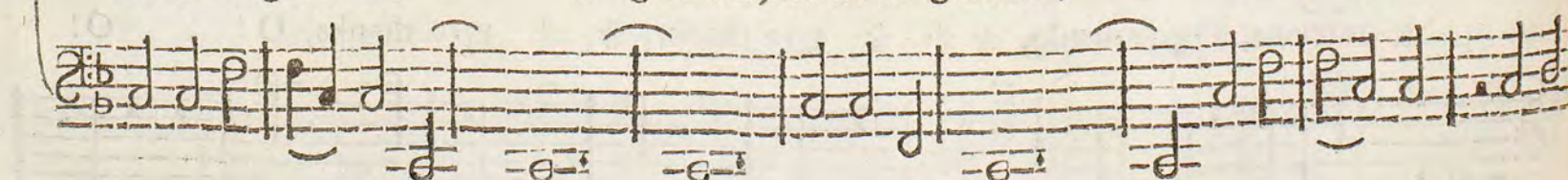
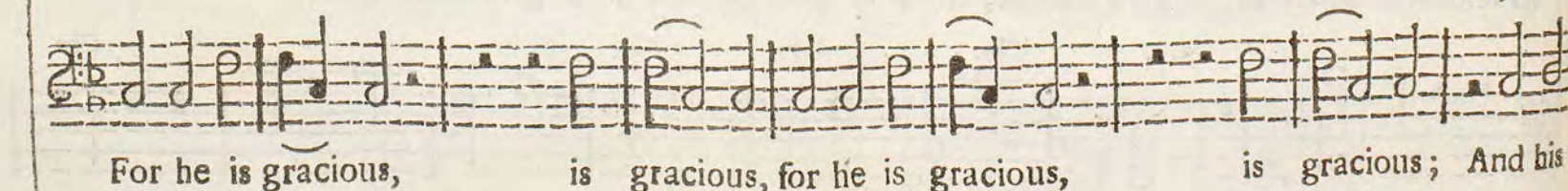
Cho.



Cho.



Cho.



Cho.



his mercy en-dureth, his mercy en—dureth for

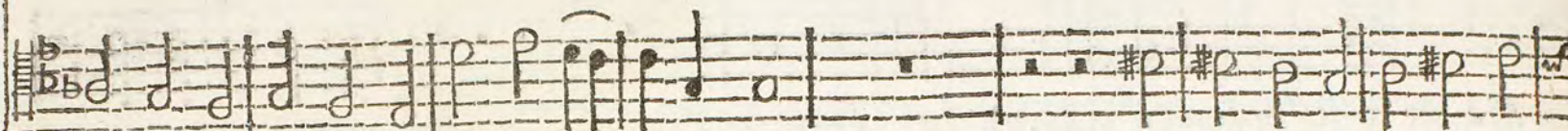
e— — —

Cho.



his mercy en--dureth for ever, his mercy en--dureth for

e— — — ver, for



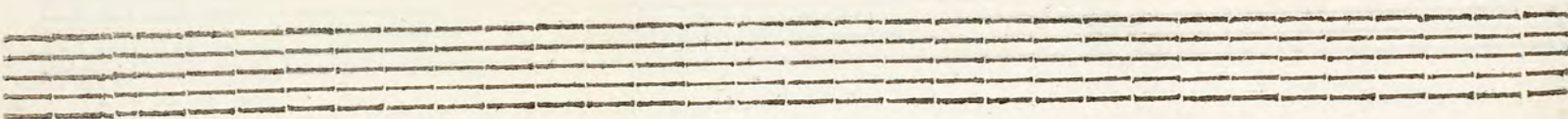
mercy endureth, en--dureth for e—ver,

his mercy endureth for

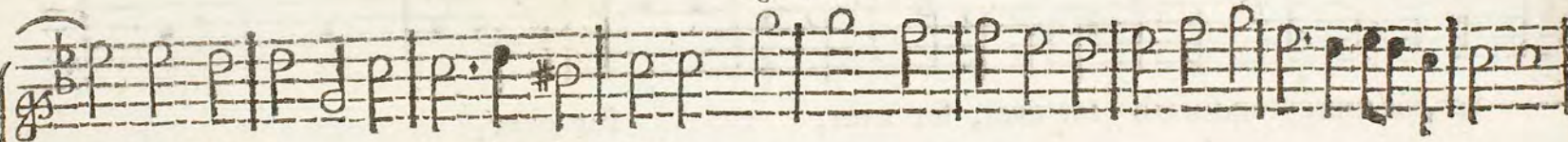


—dureth for, mercy en--dureth for

e— — — ver, his mercy en--dureth for

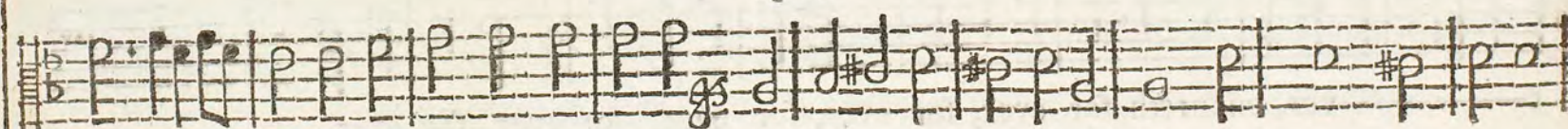


Ritor.



—ver, his mercy endureth for ever.

Ritor.



e— — — ver, endureth for ever.

Ritor.

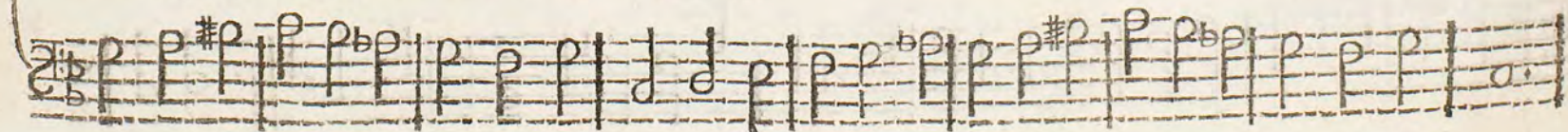


ever, his mercy endureth for e—ver.

Ritor.



ever, his mercy endureth for e—ver.



Who, who can express the no—ble acts of the

7 6 43 76

ble acts of the Lord? Who, who can express the no—ble

Lord? Who, who can express the no—ble

1 7#6 43 2

no—ble, no—ble acts of the

acts; the no—ble, no—ble acts of the

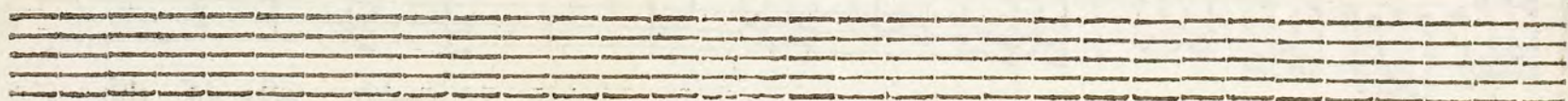
Lord? Or shew forth all, a—ll, his Praise?

Lord? Or shew forth all, a—ll his Praise, or shew forth

4#3

Or shew forth all, shew forth all, all, all, or shew forth all, or shew forth all, all, all,

—or shew forth all his praise. —his praise.



Ac-cording to the favour that thou

Remember, re-member, remem-ber

Remember, remember, remember me O Lord,

According to the favour that thou bear'st un—to thy

2 7#6

bear'st un-to thy people; remember, re-mem-ber, remem-ber me O Lord; ac—
me O Lord, according to the favour, that thou bear'st un—to thy people; re—
according to the favour that thou bear'st un-to thy

people, remember, remember, re-member me O Lord, according to the
—cording to the favour, that thou bear'd un—to thy people, remember me O
—member, remember, re-mem-ber me O Lord, remember me O
peo—ple; ac—cording to the favour, that thou bear'st un—to thy
favour, that thou bear'st unto thy people; re—

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Lord, remember, remember, remember me O Lord; O vi--sit me, O



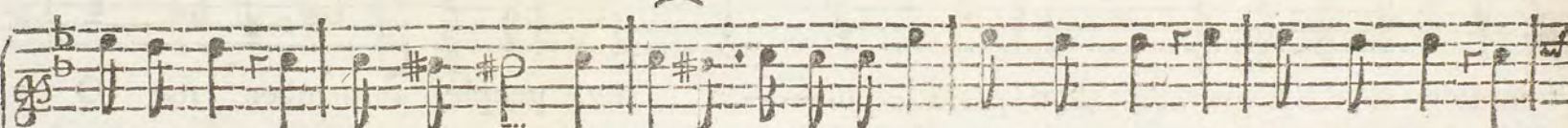
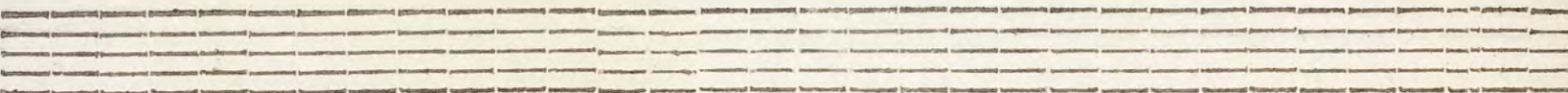
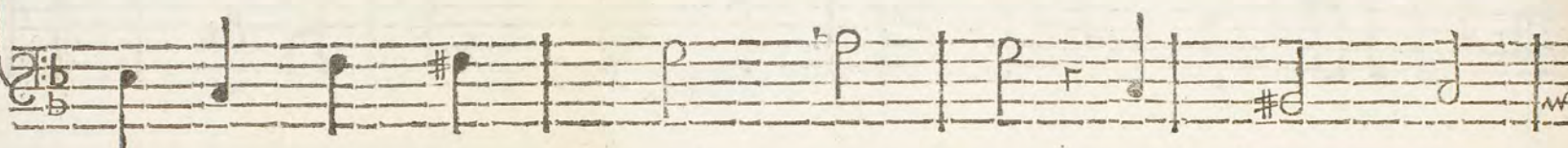
Lord, according to the favour that thou bear'st unto thy people; O vi-sit me,



people; re-member, re-mem-ber me O Lord; O vi-sit me,



-member, remember, re-mem-ber me O Lord; O vi-sit me, O



vi-sit me, O vi-sit me with thy Salvation, O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me, O



O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me with thy Salvation, O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me,



O vi sit me, O vi-sit me with thy Salvation, O vi-sit me, O vi-sit me,



visit me, O vi-sit me with thy Salvation, O vi--sit me, O vi-sit me, O



Cho.

vifit me with thy Salvation; O vifit, O vifit me with thy Salvation.

Cho.

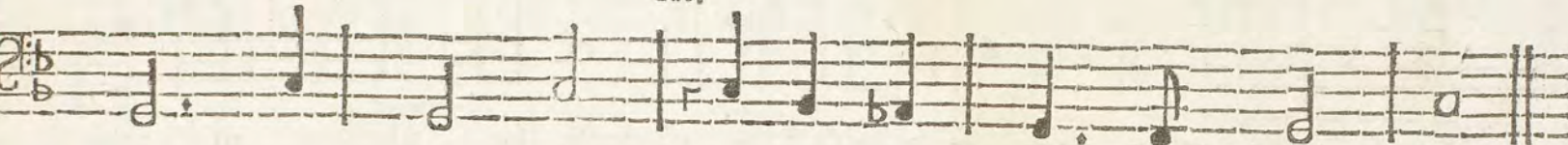
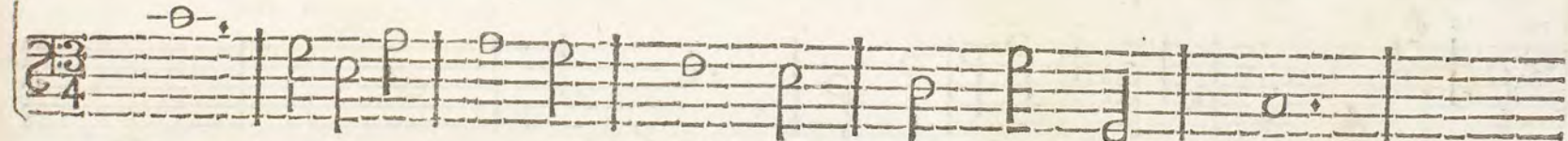
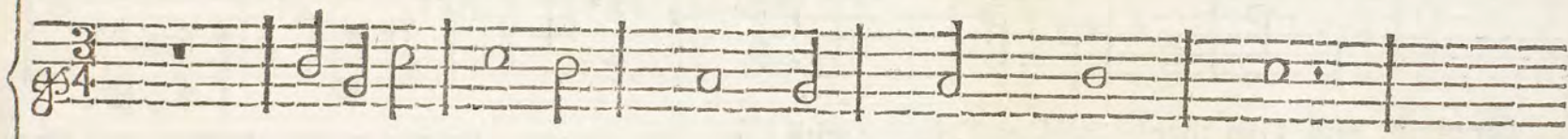
O vifit me with thy Salvation; O vi-fit, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation.

Cho.

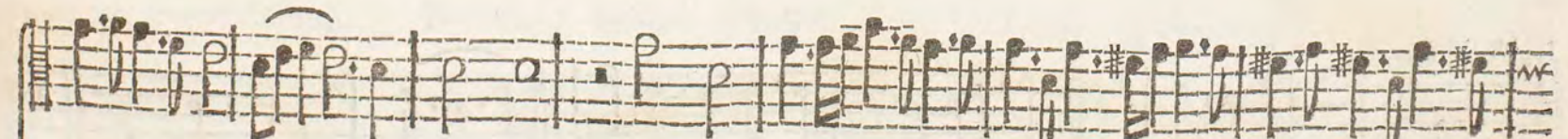
O vi-fit me with thy Salvation; O vi-fit me, vi-fit me with thy Salvation.

Cho.

vi-fit me with thy Salvation; O vi-fit, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation.

Cho.*Ritor,*

That I may see, that I may see the feli—



—city of thy chosen; And re-joy—



—ce with the gladness, the glad— —ness of thy people; that I may see,

that I may see the fel—li—ci—ty of thy chosen; and re—joy— — — — —

—ce with the gladness, the gladness of thy

people ; and give thanks, and give thanks with thin— — — — — e in—

Handwritten musical score for "The Lord's Prayer". The score is written on two staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written between the staves: "he—ri—tance, and give thanks; and give thanks give thank—". The music is written in a simple, handwritten style, with notes and rests clearly visible. The paper is aged and slightly discolored.

Handwritten musical score for the song "The Old Folks at Home". The score is written on two staves. The top staff contains a melody with various notes, rests, and a fermata. The bottom staff contains a bass line with notes and rests. The lyrics "s with shine in—he—ri—tance." are written below the top staff, aligned with the melody. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

Ritor.

Vers of 4 Voices.

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*;

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever la—

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever la—

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*;

Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever

—sing, e-ver-lasting, Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*,

—sing, e---verlasting, Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*,

Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever—

la — — — — — sting, everlasting, from ever-la — — — — —

from ever-la — — — — — sting,

from ever-la — — — — — sting,

la — — — — — sting, everlasting, from ever-la — — — — —

sting, e—ver—lasting; and world without end, and

from ever—la — — — — — sting; and world without end, and world with—

from ever—la — — — — — sting; and world without

sting, e — — — — — ver—lasting; and world without end, and world without

world without end, and world without end, and world without end, and world with—
—out end, and world without end, and world without end, world with
end, and world without end, and world without end, world
end, and world without end, and world without end, with—out—

—out end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—
—out end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—
—without end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—
end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—

Vers. *Cho.* *Vers.*

—men, Amen; let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

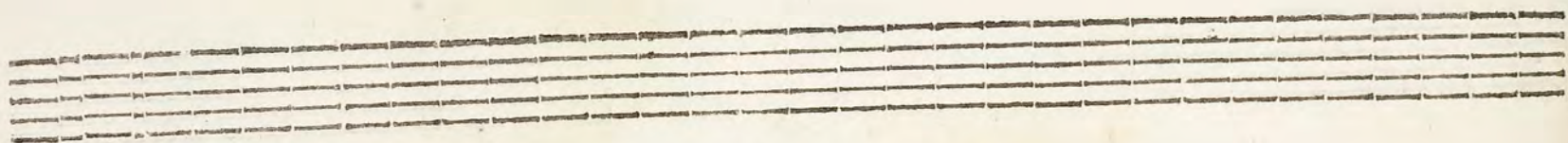
Cho.

—men, Amen; let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

—men, Amen, let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

Cho.

—man, Amen, let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people



Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men:

Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

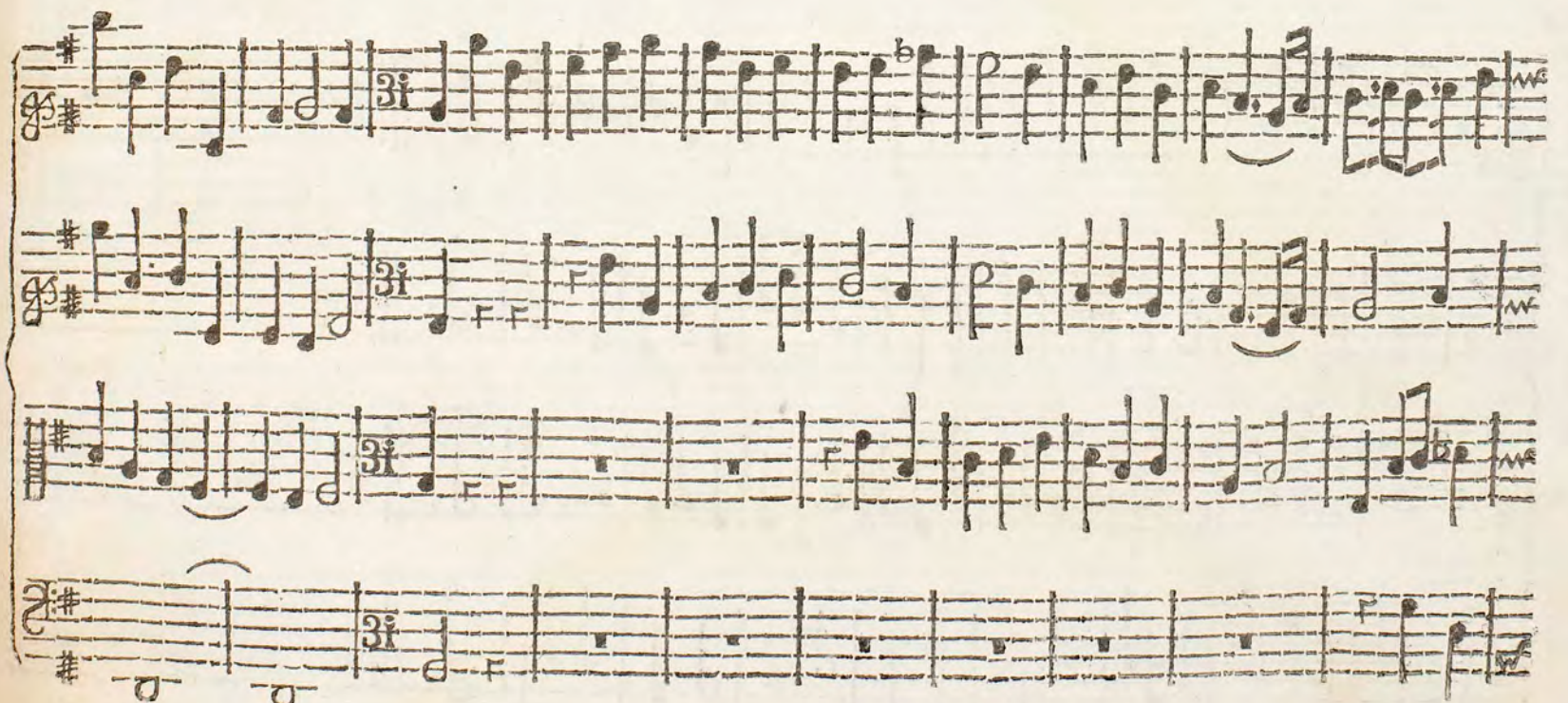
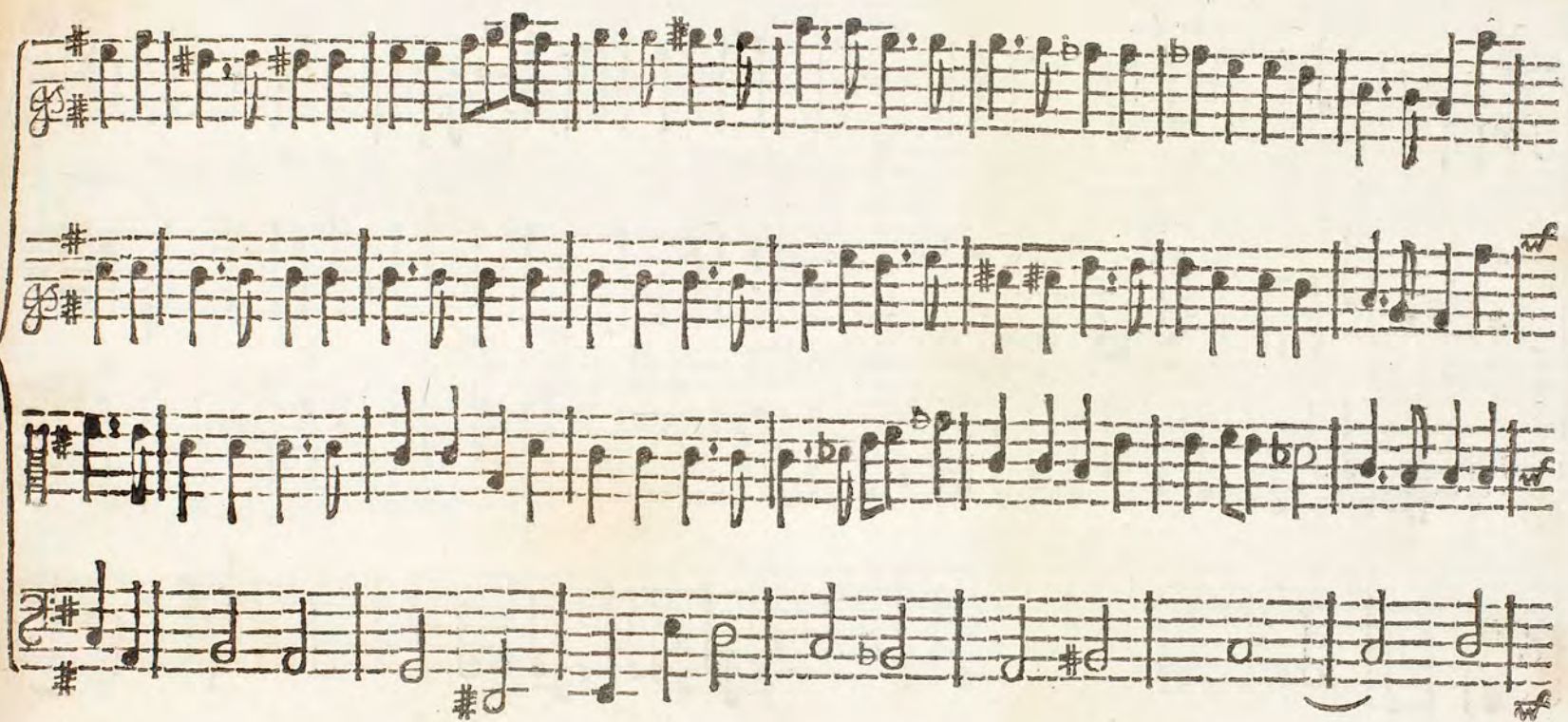
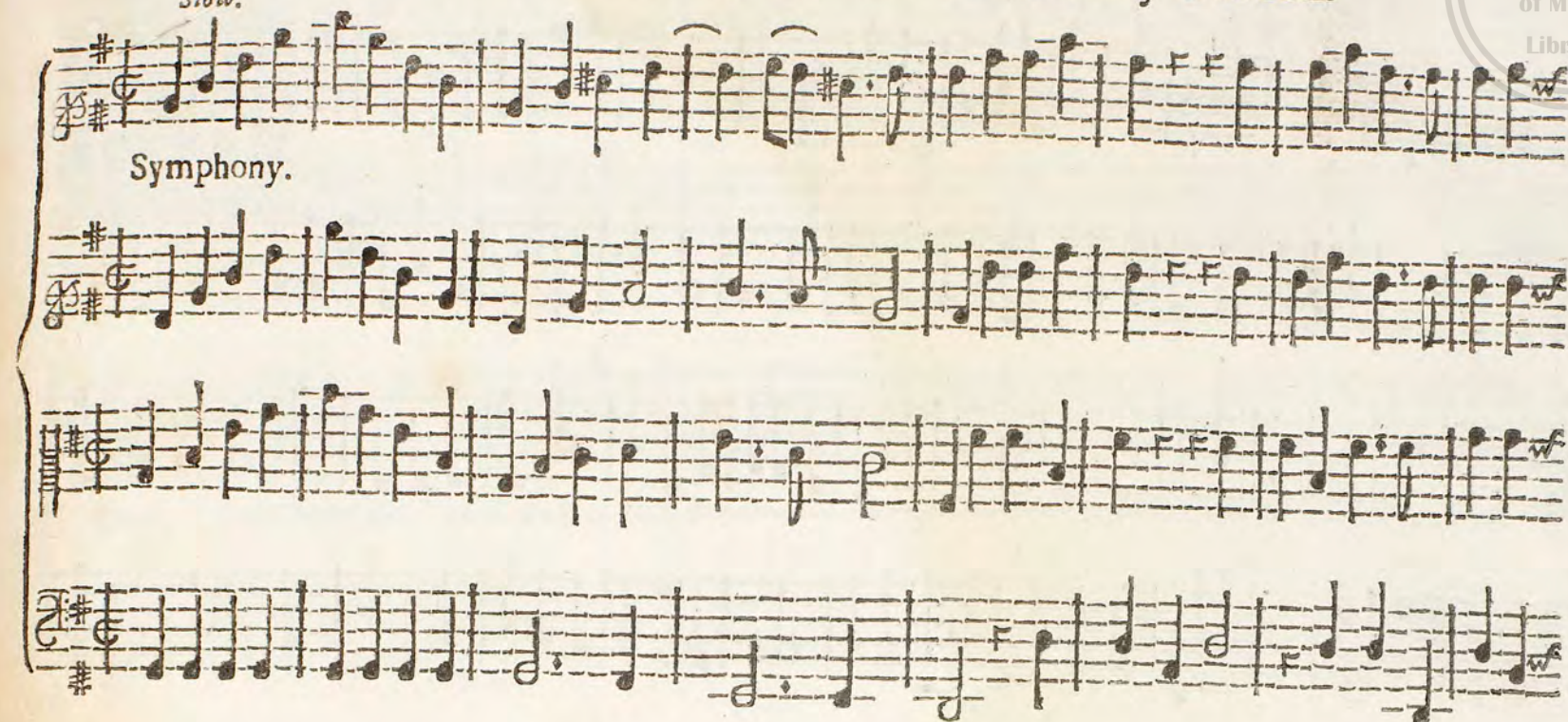
say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

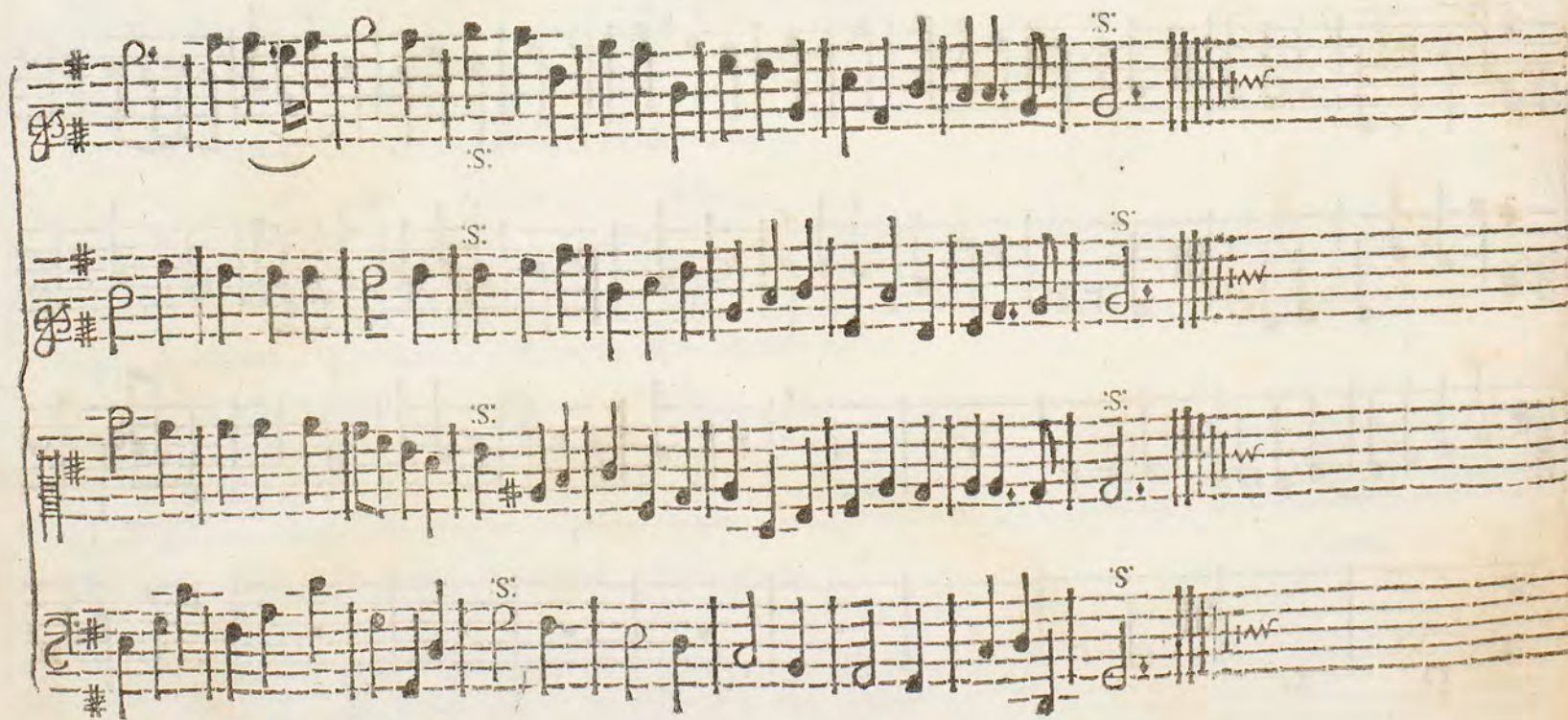
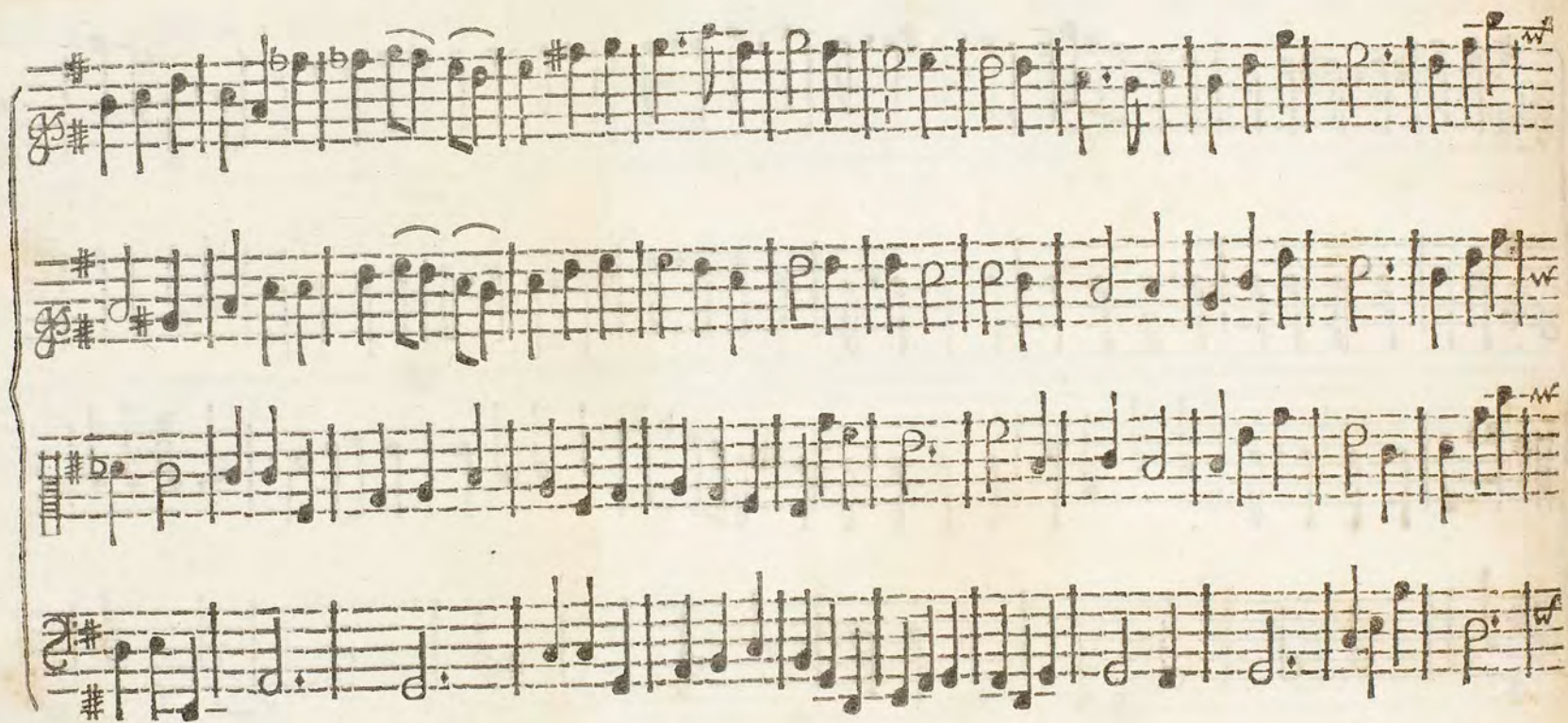
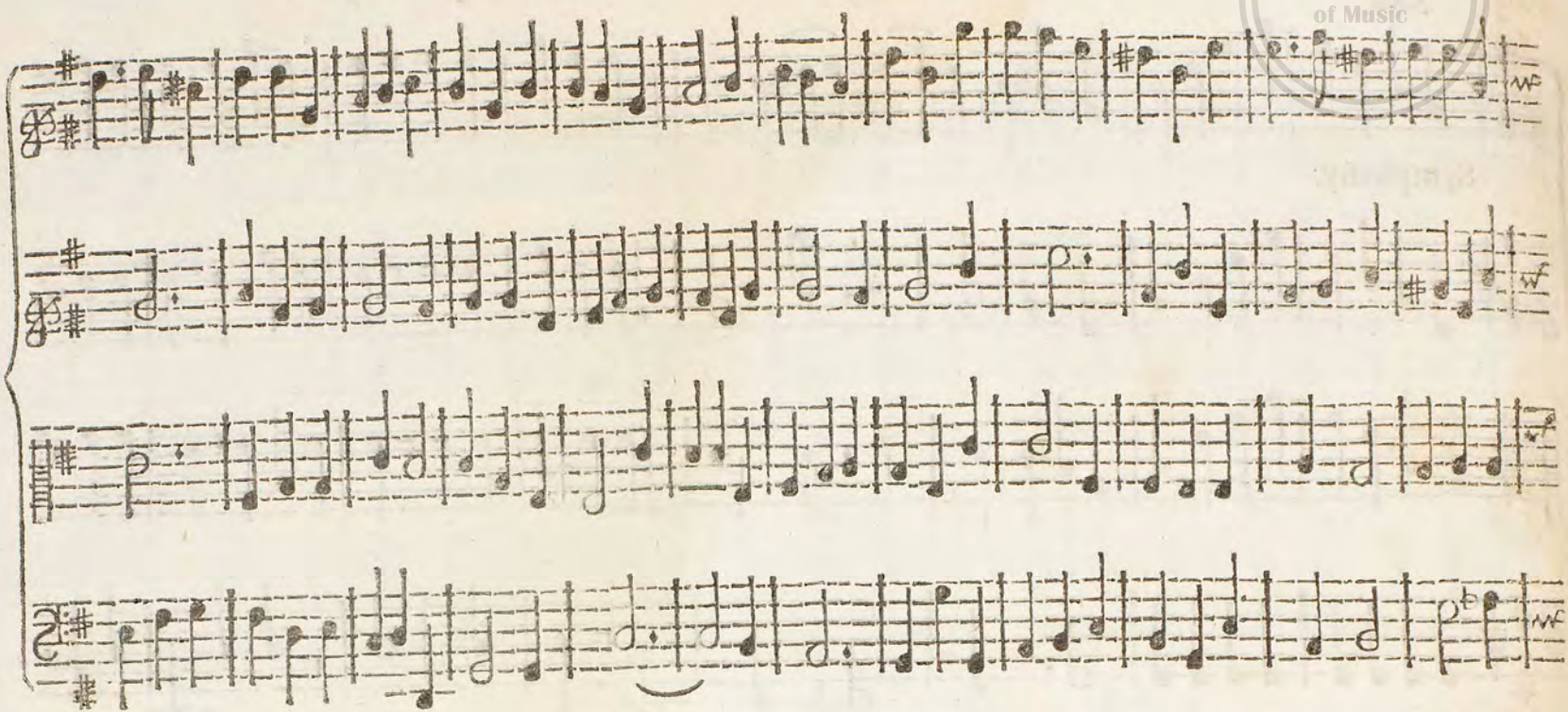
Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

*An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.**Slow.*

Symphony.







Y Song shall be alway of the lo—ving kindness of the

Lord, my Song shall be alway of the lo—ving kindness of the Lord; with my

mouth will I ever be shewing forth thy truth, with my mouth will I ever be shewing forth thy

truth, from one ge-ne--ra—tion to—

a—no—ther. O Lord, O Lord the very Heav'ns shall praise thy

won—drous works, O Lord the very Heav'ns shall praise thy won—

drous works, and thy truth in the Congregation of the Saints; and thy

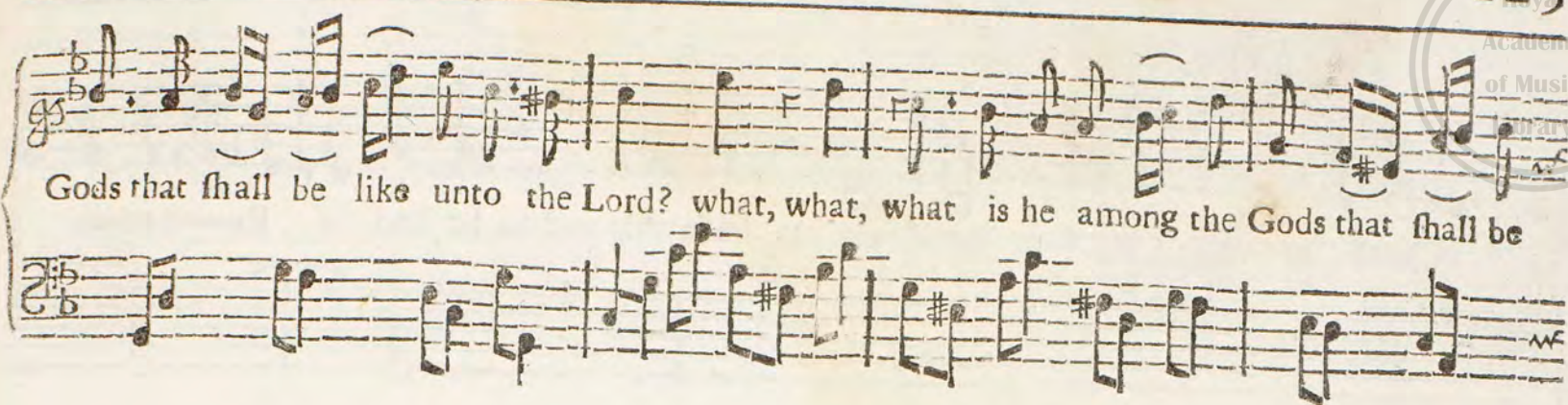
truth in the Congregation of the Saints; For who is

he among the Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? For who is he among the

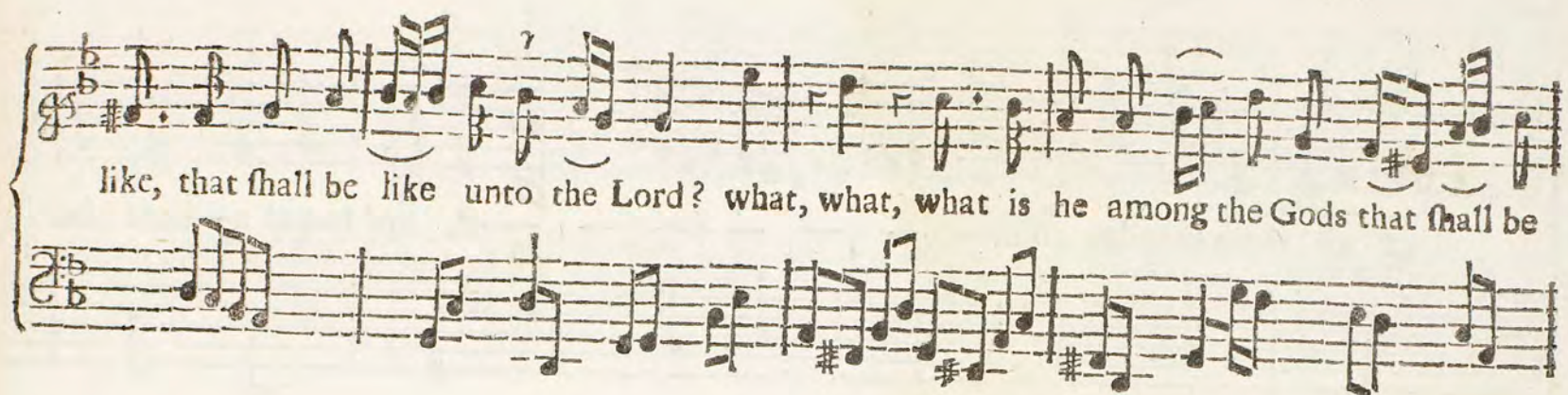
Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? For who is he, for who is he among the

Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? And what is he, what, what is he, is he among the

Gods that shall be like unto the Lord? and what is he, what, what is he among the

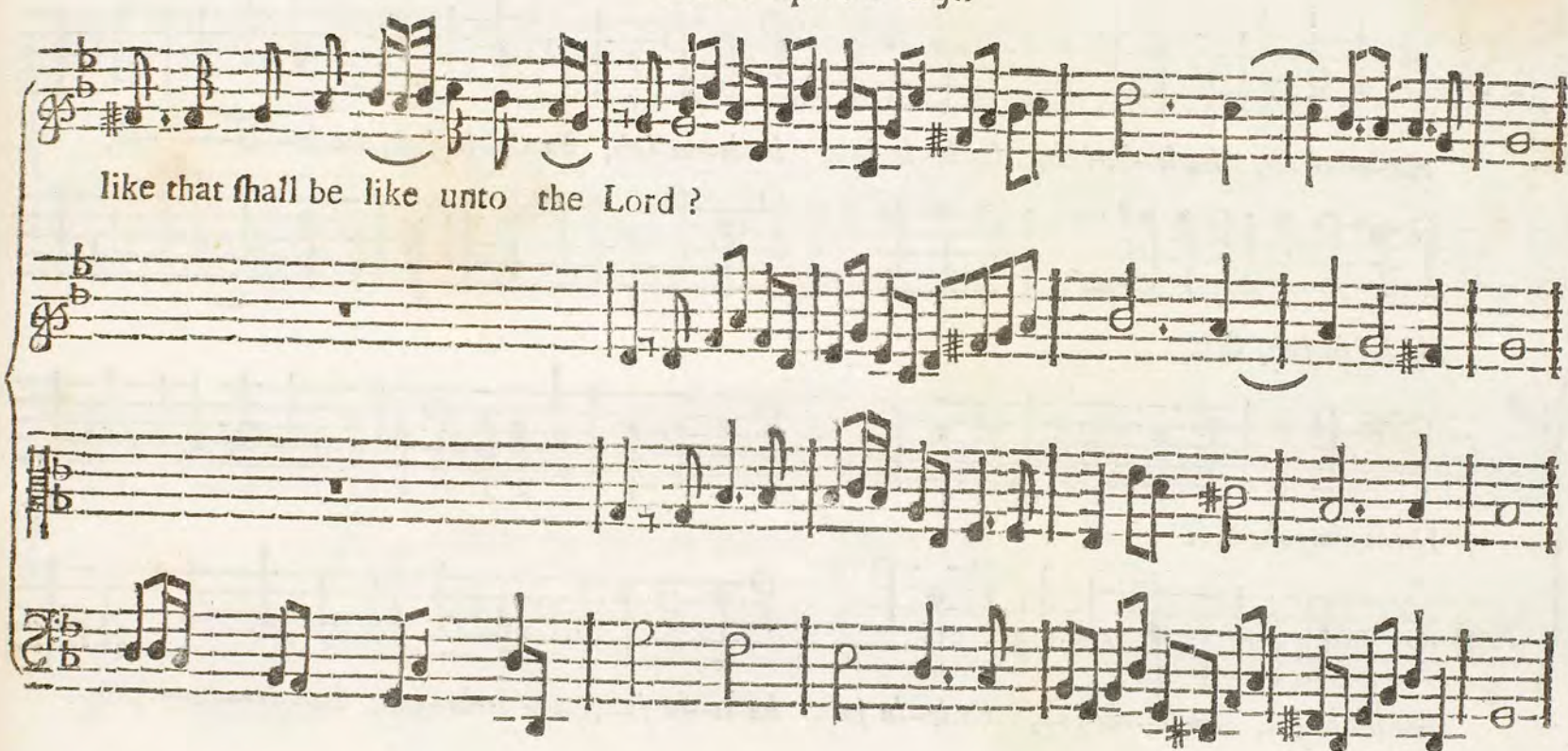


Gods that shall be like unto the Lord? what, what, what is he among the Gods that shall be



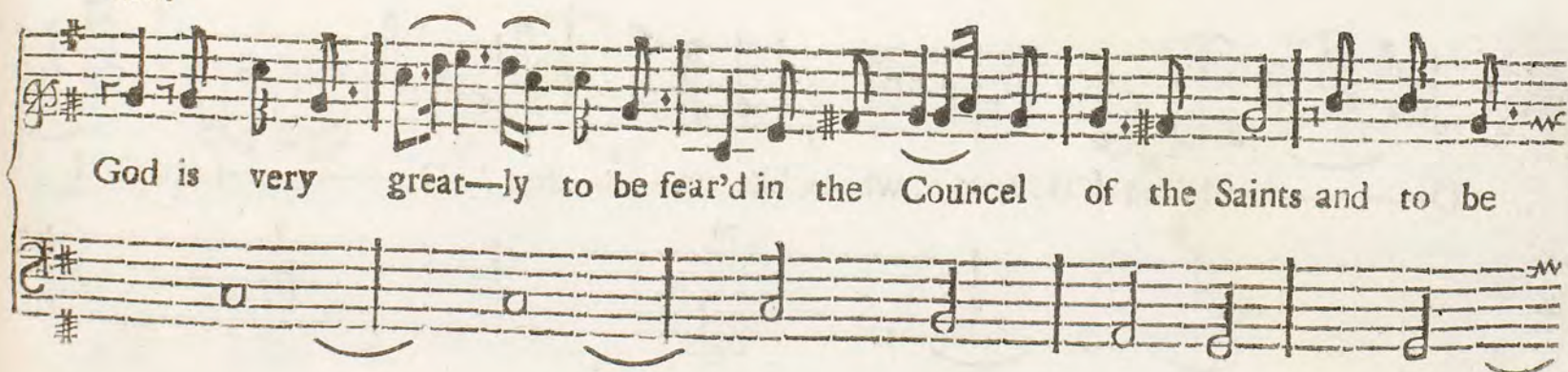
like, that shall be like unto the Lord? what, what, what is he among the Gods that shall be

Retornel upon the Close.

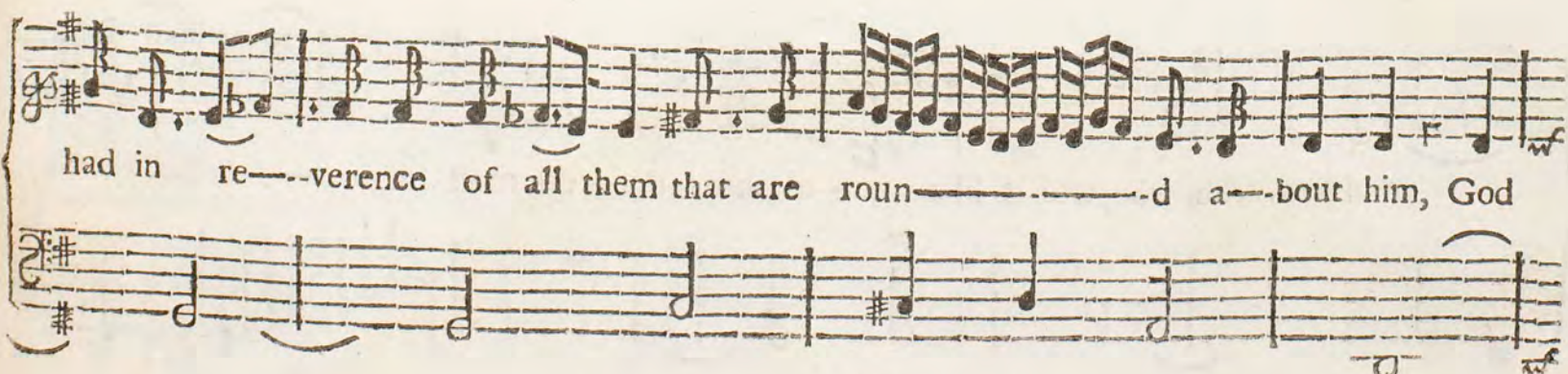


like that shall be like unto the Lord?

Slow.



God is very great—ly to be fear'd in the Council of the Saints and to be



had in re—verence of all them that are roun—d a—bout him, God

is very greatly, is very great—ly to be fear'd; and to be had in Re—verence

of all them that are roun— — — — —d, are round a—bout him.

Ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ha-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu—ab.

Ha-le-lu-jah, &c.

Ha-le-lu-jah, &c.

Hu-le-lu-jai, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu—jah.

O — — — Lord God of Host, who, who is like un—to thee? O — — — Lord God

of host, who, who, who is like un—to thee? thy truth most migh— — — ty Lord is on

ev'ry fide; thy truth most migh--ty Lord, most migh--ty Lord is on ev'ry

fide. Thou rulest the rage--ing of the Sea, thou stillest the rage--

ing of the Sea;

Thou stillest the Waves thereof when they a--

--rise, thou stillest the Waves thereof, thou stillest the Waves thereof when they a--

--rise, thou stillest the Waves thereof, thou stillest the waves thereof, the Waves,

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RITOR. upon the Close.

thereof, when they a-rise.

Thou hast a migh-ty

migh-ty, mighty, arm; thou hast a migh-ty, mighty, mighty arm;

strong is thy hand, strong is thy hand, and high, and high—— is thy

right hand; thou hast a mighty, mighty

hand, strong is thy hand, strong is thy hand, and high, and high

is thy right hand; righteousness and E-qui-ty are the Ha-bi-ta-ti-on of thy

feat, righteousness and E-qui-ty are the Ha-bi-ta-

-tion of thy feat; mercy and truth shall go before thy

face, mercy and truth, mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah,

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah,

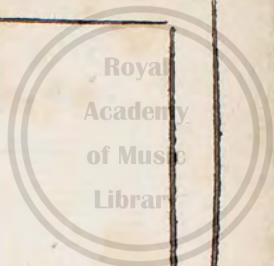
Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-

le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-

le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah.

Cho. as before.
So conclude.

F I N I S.



Harmonia Sacra :
 OR,
 DIVINE HYMNS
 AND
 DIALOGUES.

WITH
 A THOROW-BASS for the *Theorbo-Lute*,
Bass-Viol, *Harpsichord*, or *Organ*.

Composed by the Best MASTERS.

The WORDS by several Learned and Pious Persons.

THE SECOND BOOK.

*Angels and Men assisted by this Art,
 May Sing together, though they Dwell apart.*

Mr. Waller of Divine Poesie.

IMPRIMATUR,

Julii 1^o. 1693.

GUIL. LANCASTER.

In the SAVOY:

Printed by **Edward Jones**, for **Henry Playford** at his Shop near the *Temple Church*,
 and at his House over-against the *Blue-Ball* in *Arundel-Street* in the *Strand*:
 Where also the *First Book* may be had. MDCXCIII.



To the Reverend

HENRY ALDRICH, D.D.

Dean of *Christ-Church*, and Vice-Chancellor of the
University of O X F O R D.

S I R,

THIS is the Greatest Thing that I can do, for the Excellent Musick,
Poetry, and Piety of these Papers; it has been my Care indeed to
save them from Oblivion, but they are Indebted to me now much
more, for the Defence and Ornament of Your Name.

In Addresses of this kind, Men are usually so far from suiting the
Subject of their Treatises to the Qualifications of the Persons they Apply
to, that we may shortly expect to see Musick Dedicated to the Deaf, as well
as Poetry to Aldermen, and Prayer-Books to Atheists; and though generally
it is a difficult matter to find a Worthy Patron for any One of these
Excellencies, yet we happily find them all lodg'd in your self. It has indeed
been very seldom known since the Royal Prophet's Time, that any Single
Man has been thus Qualified, but they All meet so Eminently in You, (not
to mention those other Great Advantages, which distinguish You from the rest
of the World,) that had it been possible for me to have been at a Loss to
whom I should have Addressed my self, Thousands would have named You in
the same Instant.

To make this Collection Compleat, and that it might consist of some of
the best Foreign Hands as well as our own, I have at the End inserted some
of Gratiano's and Carissime's Compositions, which you, with the rest of the
just Judges of Musick, so much Esteem.

Pardon me then, Sir, if I presume to beg Your Protection for these Papers,
'tis the utmost of my Fidelity and Love to my Charge; and I shall now have
the Glory of Providing Better for other Men's Works, than ever the Fondest
Author could do for His Own. I am,

S I R,

Your most Humble Servant,

Henry Playford.

Royal
Academy
of Music
Library

To Dr. John Blow, and Mr. Henry Purcell, upon the First and Second
Books of H A R M O N I A S A C R A.

When Sacred Numbers, and Immortal Lays,
Joyn'd to Record the Great Almighty's Praise,
Indulgent Heav'n the Poet did inspire
With Lofty Song to fill the Tuneful Lyre.

Thus when of Old, from *Egypt's* fruitful Land
God brought forth *Moses* by a mighty Hand,
His joyful Tongue with untaught Numbers flow'd,
Th' unusual *Harmony* its Author show'd.
The Sea divided as he pass'd along,
Retreating back at his Triumphant Song.
When *David's* Hand upon his Harp was found,
Heav'n soon Repenting, listen'd to the Sound.
And struggling Nature chang'd her wonted Course,
Unable to resist his *Musick's* Sacred Force.
His Prince's Rage this taught him to Controul,
And Tune the Discords of his Troubled Soul.
Not Fabled *Orpheus*, or *Amphion's* Verse,
Can such amazing Prodigies rehearse.
We here the Mystic Art may learn unfold,
And feel the Wonders which we there are told.
No Cloudy Passions can our Breasts invade,
When *Sacred Harmony* dispels the Shade.
Here sprightly Numbers raise our heighten'd Zeal,
And Charming Sounds Seraphic Joys reveal.
Each Skilful Hand and Tongue at once conspire
With Strings and Voice to make a Tuneful Choir:
Whilst mighty Joys the Ravish'd Senses wound,
And the Soul labours with th' Inspiring Sound.
Whither aloft it Tow'rs *Isaiab's* Flight,
Wing'd by Devotion to the greatest Height;
Or Mourning with the *Royal Prophet* lies,
And Weeps *Jerusalem's* just Miseries;
Or loves sweet *Sion's* beauteous Joys to tell,
"Where God himself chiefly delights to dwell;
Such lofty Measures, Notes so sweet, so strong,
Exalt the Numbers, and Improve the Song.
Hail mighty Pair! Of *Jubal's* Sacred Art,
The greatest Glory! —————
Not skilful *Asaph* understood so well,
And *Heman* vainly labour'd to Excel.
Where e'er the Gospel's Sacred Page is sung,
Where e'er great *David's* Tuneful Harp is strung,
Each Sacred Verse shall your Just Glories raise,
Each dancing String shall Eccho forth your Praise.
The Church as yet could never boast but Two
Of all the Tuneful Race, from *Jubal* down to You.

Dr. John Blow,
and Mr. Henry
Purcell.

H. SACHEVERELL, of Magd. Coll. Oxon.

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*To his unknown Friend, Mr. Henry Purcell, upon his Excellent Compositions
in the First and Second Books of HARMONIA SACRA.*

Long had Dark Ignorance our Isle o'erspread,
Our *Musick* and our *Poetry* lay dead:
But the dull Malice of a Barb'rous Age,
Fell most severe on *David's* Sacred Page; (Fire,
To wound his Sense, and quench his Heav'n-born
Three dull Translators lewdly did conspire.
In holy Dogg'rel, and low-chiming Prose,
The King and Poet they at once Depose.
Vainly he did th' unrighteous Change bemoan,
And languish'd in vile Numbers not his own:
Nor stop'd his Usage here ———
For what escap'd in *Wisdom's* ancient Rhimes,
Was murder'd o'er and o'er by the *Composer's* Chimes.
What Praises, *Purcell*, to thy Skill are due;
Who hast to *Judah's* Monarch been so True?
By thee he moves our Hearts, by thee he Reigns,
By thee shakes off his old Inglorious Chains,
And sees new Honours done to his Immortal }
(Strains.)

Not *Italy*, the Mother of each Art,
Did e'er a Juster, Happier Son impart.
In thy Performance we with Wonder find
Bassani's Genius to *Corelli's* joyn'd.
Sweetness combin'd with Majesty, prepares
To raise Devotion with Inspiring Airs.
Thus I unknown my Gratitude express,
And conscious Gratitude could pay no less.
This Tribute from each *British Muse* is due,
Our whole Poetic Tribe's oblig'd to you.
For where the Author's scanty Words have fail'd,
Your happier Graces, *Purcell*, have prevail'd.
And surely none but you with equal Ease
Could add to *David*, and make *Durfy* please.

T. BROWN.

To my Worthy Friend Mr. Henry Playford, upon his HARMONIA SACRA.

Musick and *Verse* have been abus'd too long,
Idly to furnish out some Wanton Song;
To varnish Vice, to make loose Folly shine,
And gild the vain Delights of Love, or Wine:
Both Heav'nly-born, but both constrain'd to fall
So far below their great Original,
The Erring World, not knowing how to trace }
Through Vile Employments their Celestial Race. }
Suppos'd their Birth was, as their Office, Base. }
Rescu'd by you, they have again put on
Those Glorious Rays with which at first they shone;
Assert their Native Honour; and excite,
With awful Pleasure, Rev'rence, and Delight:

Here no loud Rant, no wild ungovern'd Strain,
Invokes plump *Bacchus*, and his sordid Train;
Here no fond Couplet kindles am'rous Fires,
No melting Note gives Birth to loose Desires:
Each Air, each Line, which in this Work appear,
Angels may fitly Sing, and Saints may hear.
Go on, my Friend; let Sacred *Musick* free
From Scandal, and more Sacred *Poetry*:
Publish'd by You, with double Grace they shine,
Lovely and Grave, Harmonious and Divine.

By an Unknown Hand.

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A T A B L E of the *Divine Hymns* and *Dialogues*
contain'd in this Second Book.

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*A Catalogue of Vocal and Instrumental M U S I C K, most of which are newly
Reprinted for Henry Playford at his Shop near the Temple Church.*

HARMONIA SACRA, the first Book, being a Collection of *Divine Hymns* and *Dialogues*; Set to Musick by Dr. John Blow, Mr. Henry Purcell, and other Eminent Masters. *Cantica Sacra*, the first and second Books, being Anthems in three and four Parts in *Latin* and *English*. The *Psalms* to Musick in four Parts, in Folio. The four Choice Books of *Ayres* and *Dialogues*. The four Books of the *Theatre of Musick*. The six Books of the *Banquet of Musick*. The first and second Books of *Catches*.

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A DIVINE HYMN.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, formerly Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Ord, what is Man, loft Man, that thou should'st be so mindful of him!



Lord, what is Man, loft Man, that thou should'st be so mind-ful of him!



that the Son of God forlook his Glo-ry, his A-bode, to be-come a



poor tor-ment-ed Man! Lord, what is Man, loft, loft Man, that thou should'st.



be so mindful of him! that the Son of God for-look his Glo-ry, his A-





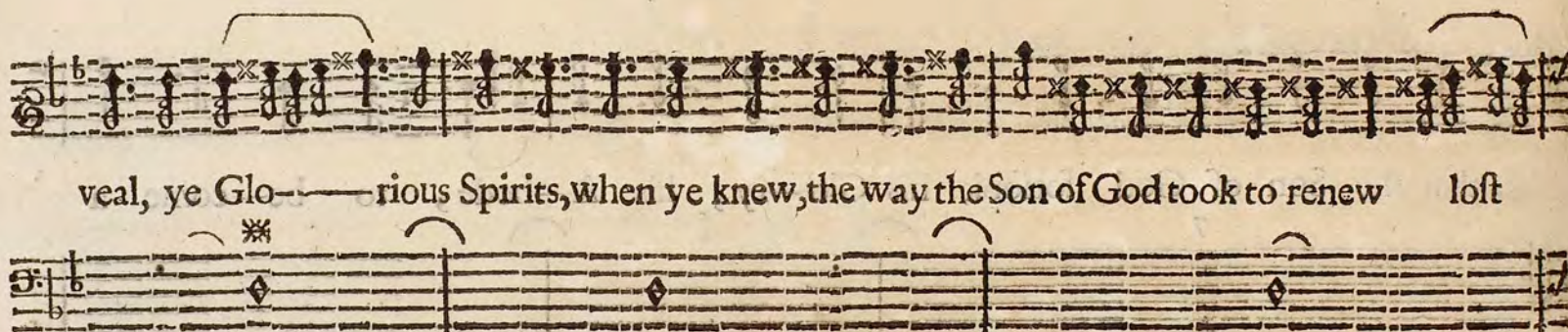
bode, to be—come a poor tor—ment—ed Man! the De—i—ty was



shrunken in—to a Span, and that for me, for me, O wond'rous Love! for



me, and that for me, for me, O wond'rous Love! for me. Reveal, re-



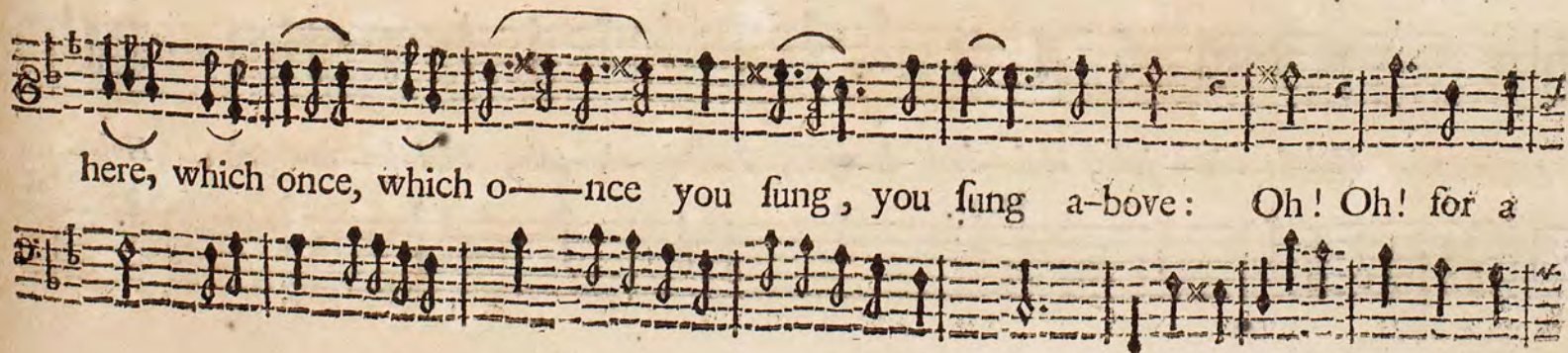
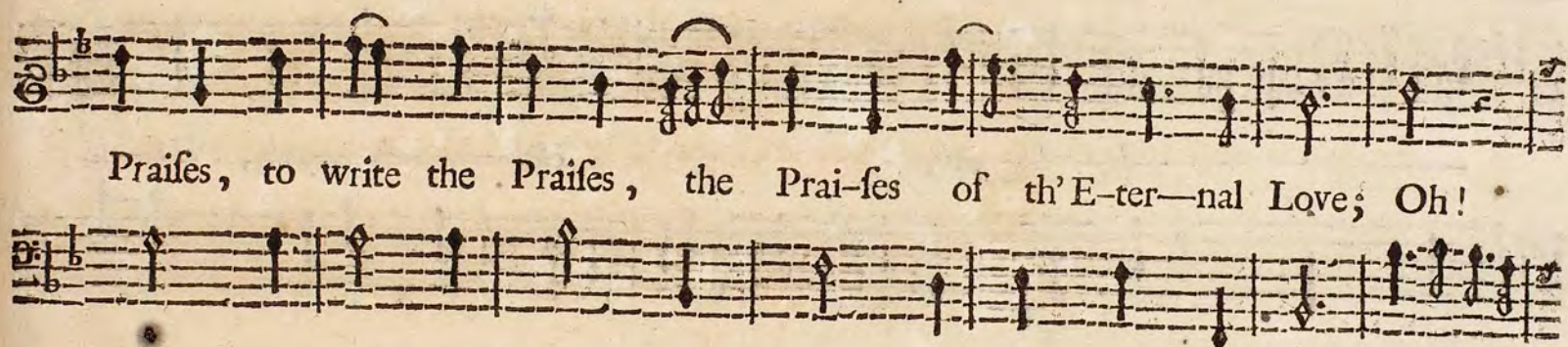
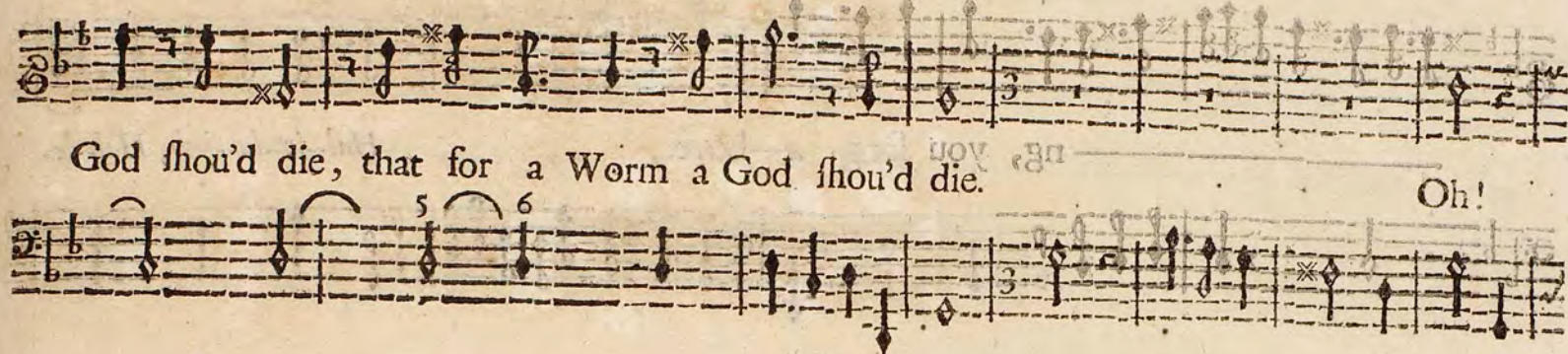
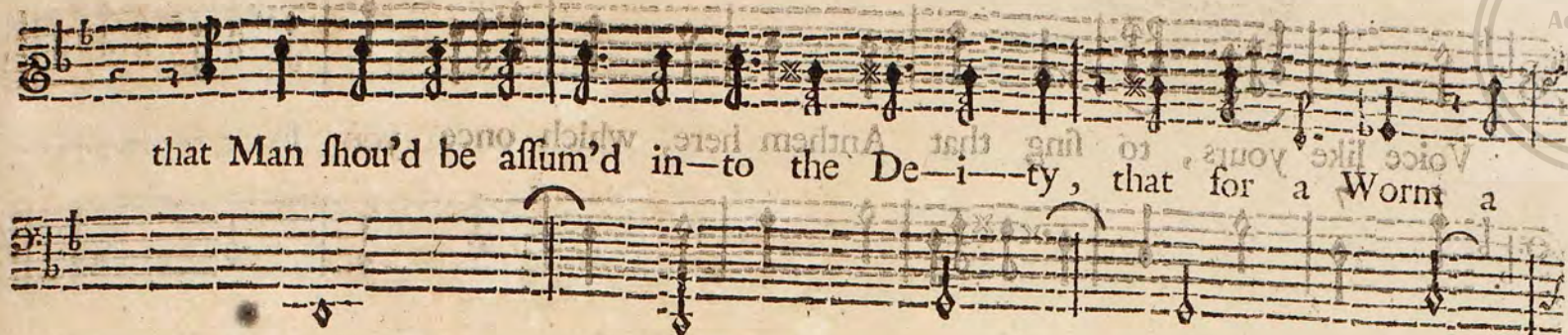
veal, ye Glo—rious Spirits, when ye knew, the way the Son of God took to renew lost



. Man, your vacant Places to supply; blest Spirits tell, tell, which, which did Excel, which was more



prevalent, your Joy—, or your Astonishment;





Voice like yours, to sing that Anthem here, which once you fu



ng, you sung a—bove.

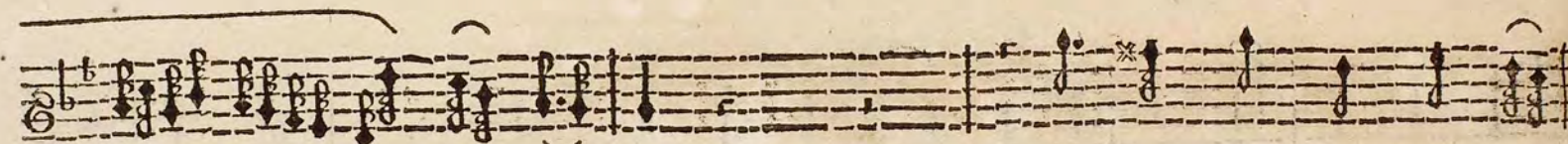
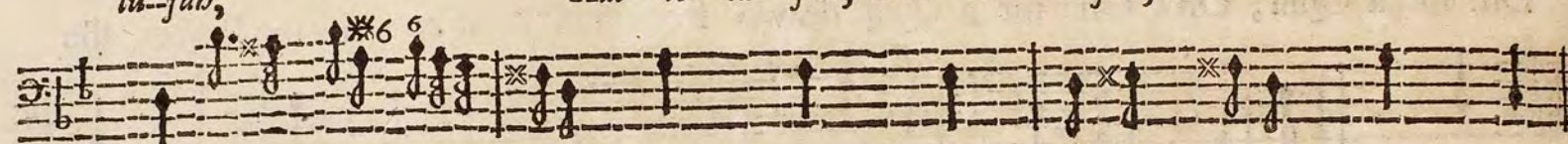
Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—



lu—jab,

Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab,

Hal—

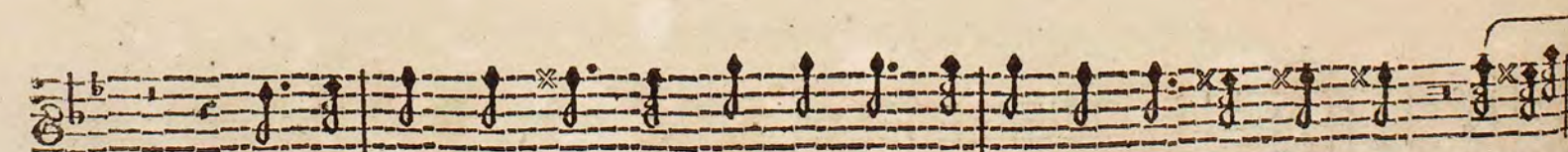


le—lu—jab,

Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—



lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab,

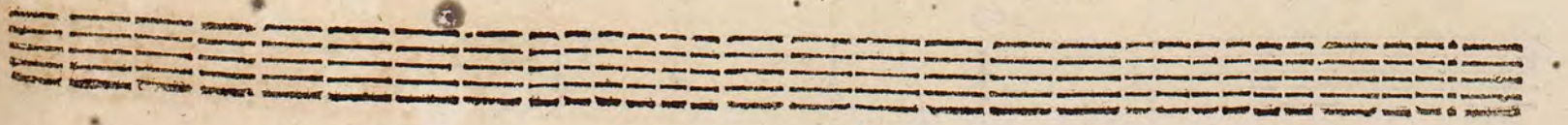
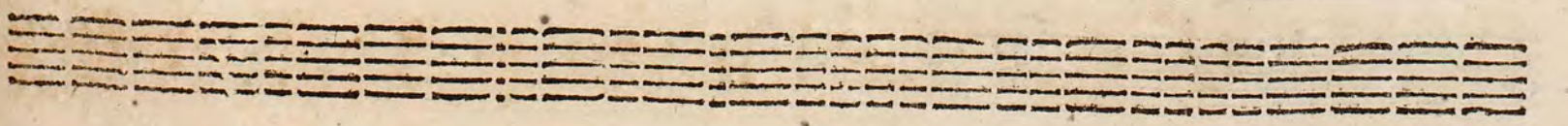
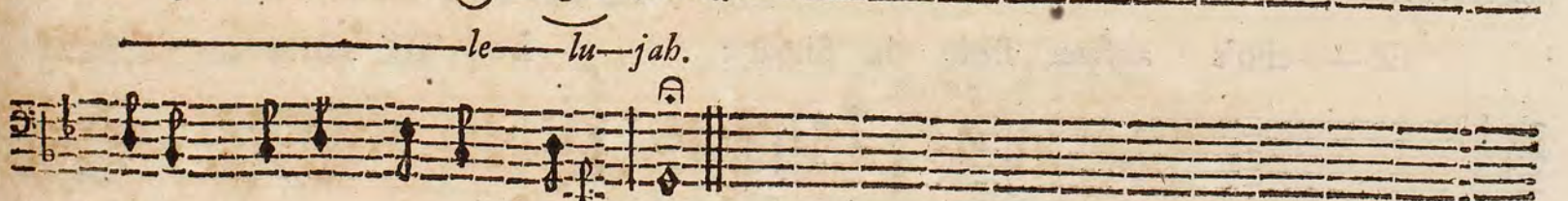
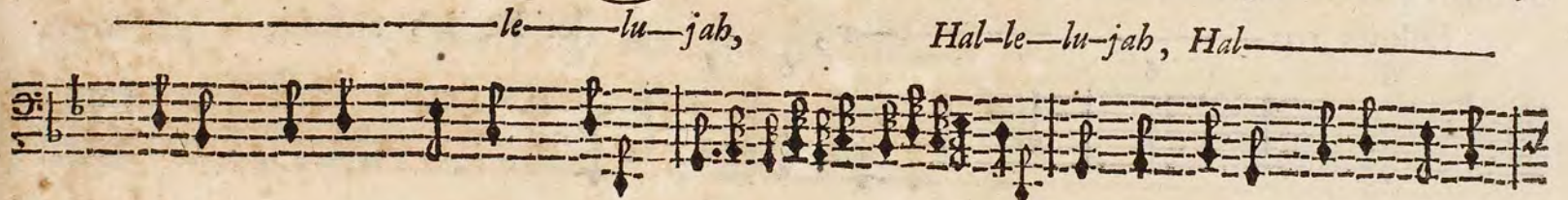
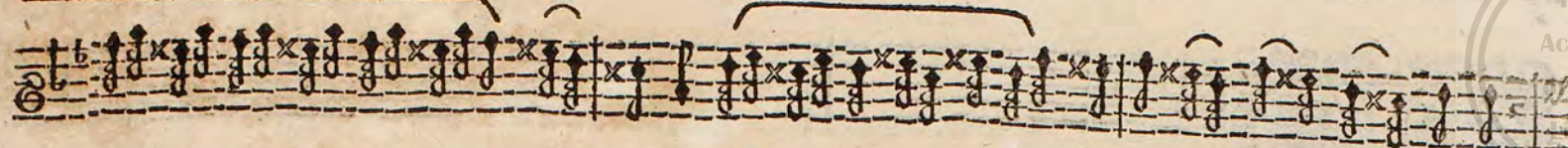


Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—



[3]

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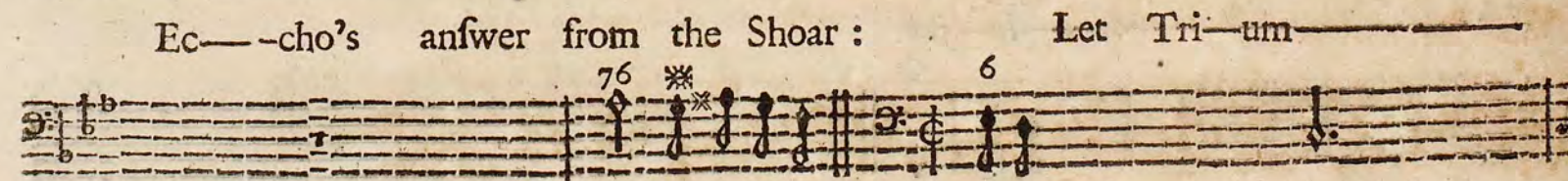


A Divine HYMN.

Set by Mr. Barrinloc.



E-bo-vab





[4]

phant Joys go rou—nd, He

comes, he comes with Glo-ry crown'd, he comes, he comes with Glo-ry crown'd, with

Glo—ry

crown'd ; To Judge the Earth, the World to Sway, and his Truth, and his

Truth to Me—n Display.

The Notes with this Mark * over them are to be sung Demisemiquavers.

Empty musical staves for practice or continuation.



The Blessed Virgin's EXPOSTULATION;
When our Saviour (at Twelve Years of Age) had with-
drawn himself, &c. Luke 2. v. 42.

Words by Nat. Tate Esq;

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



ELL me, tell me, some, some Pi—ty—ing An—gel,

tell quickly, quickly, quickly say, Where, where does my Soul's swee—t Darling

Stray, in Tygers, or more cru-el, more cru—el, cruel Herod's

way? Ah! Ah—! ra-ther, ra-ther let his lit-tle, lit-tle Foot-steps

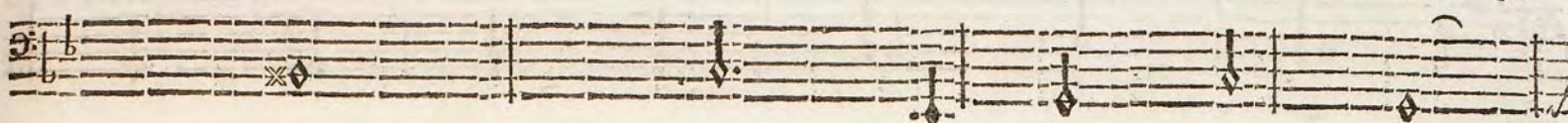
press un—re-gar-ded throu—gh the Wilderness, where mild-er,



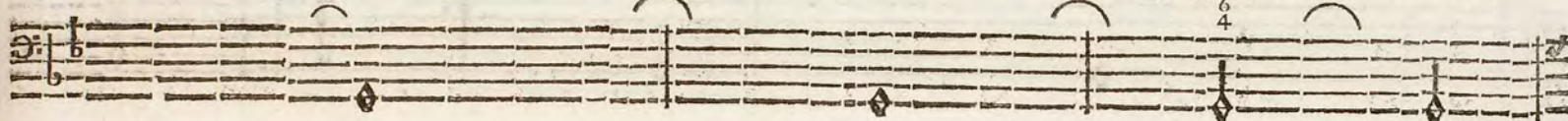
milder, where milder Sal-va-ges resort, the Defart's safer, the Defart's safer than a



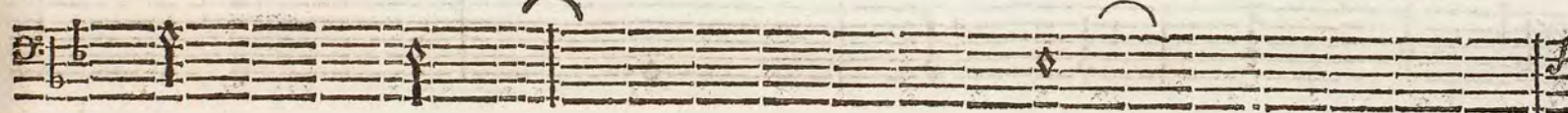
Ty ————— rant's Court. Why, why,



fairest Object of my Love, why, why dost thou from my longing Eyes re—move?



Was it, was it a Waking Dream, that did fore-tell thy Wondrous

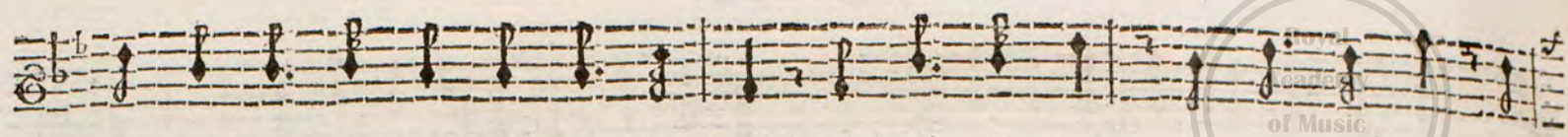


Birth, thy Wondrous, Wond—rous, Wondrous Birth? No Vi—sion, no,

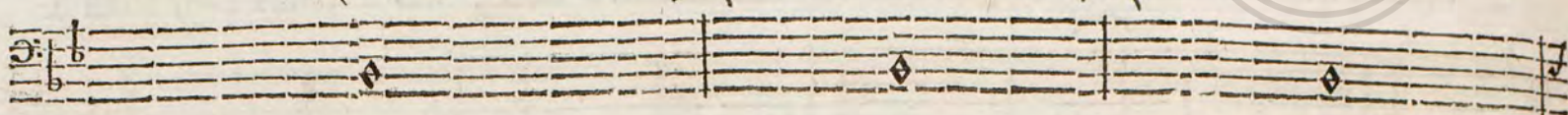


no, no, no, no Vi—sion from a—bove? Where's Ga—briel, where's





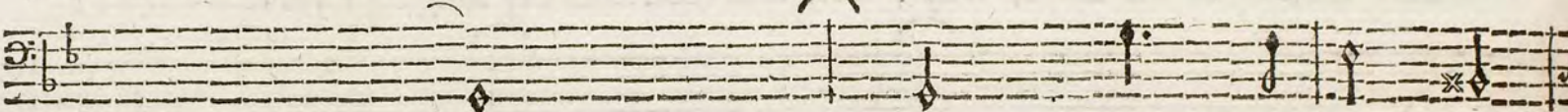
Gabriel now, that vi—sit—ed my Cell? I call, I call, I call, I call, I



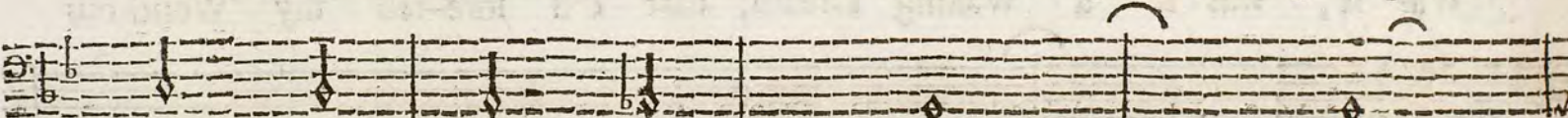

call Ga—briel! Ga—briel! Ga—briel! Ga—briel! he comes not: Where's




Ga—briel now, that vi—sit—ed my Cell? I call, I call, I call Ga—briel!




Gabriel! Gabriel! Gabriel! he comes not; flatt'ring, flatt'ring Hopes, fare—

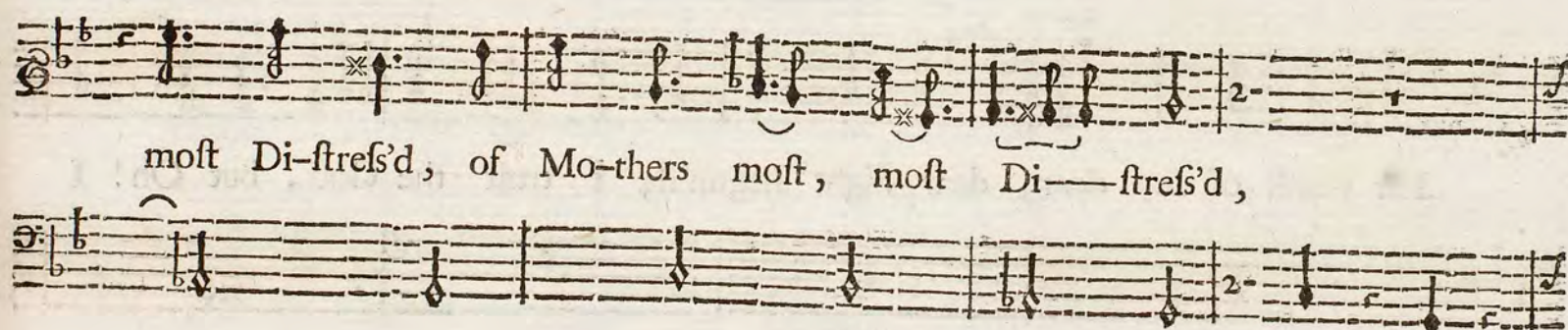
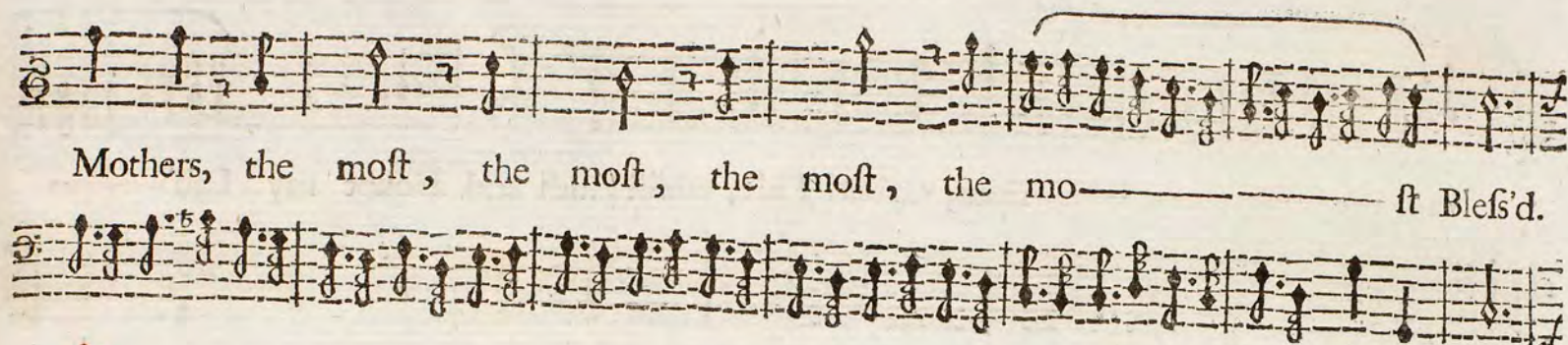


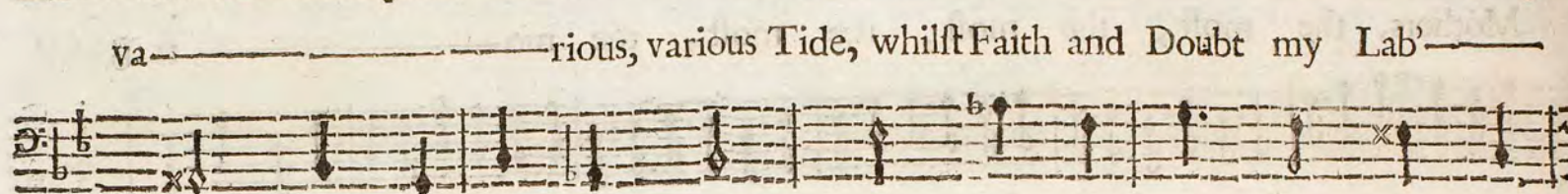
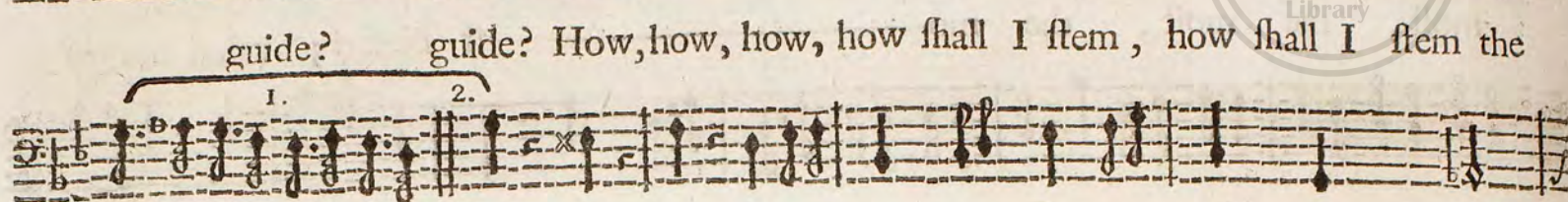

wel, fare—wel, fare—wel, flatt'ring Hopes, fare—wel. Me Ju—dab's




Daughters on—ce Carefs'd, Call'd me of Mo—thers, the







A Divine HYMN.

[7]

A. 2. Voc.

Set by Mr. Robert King.



—wake, awake, awake, my Drowsie Soul, a-



—wake, a—wake, awake, my Drowsie Soul, a-



6 6 76

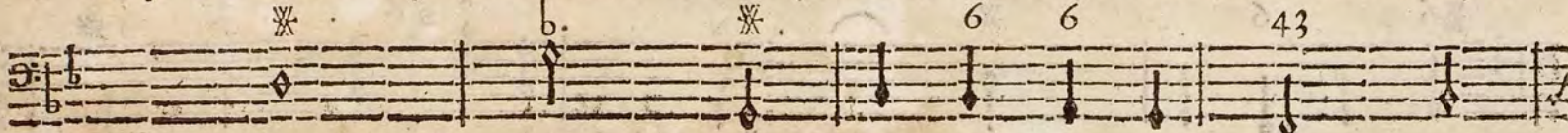


rife,

and hear thy Great, thy Great Cre—a—tor's Voice;



rife, and hear thy Great, and hear thy Great, thy Great Cre—a—tor's Voice; A-



✱

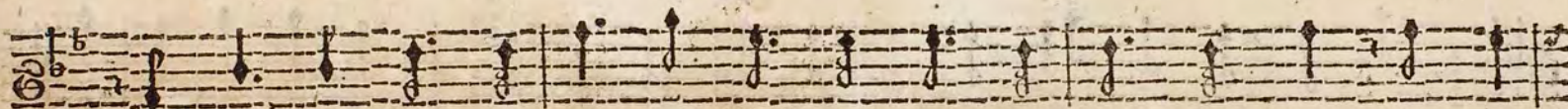
b.

✱

6

6

43



A—wake, a—wake, a—wake, my Drowsie Soul, a—rise, and hear, and hear,



wake, a—wake, a—wake, my Drowsie Soul, a—rise, and hear, and



4

5

65



and hear thy Great, thy Great Cre—a—tor's Voice;

Loud as the



hear,

and hear thy Great Cre—a—tor's Voice; Loud as the Last Great Trümpe



6

6

✱6

✱

4✱3

✱

✱

D

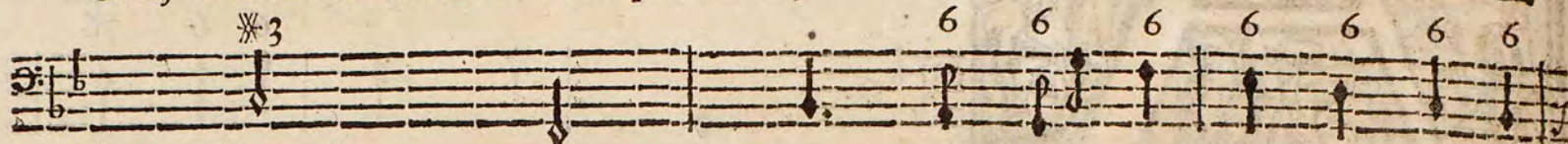


Laft Great Trump he cries, loud as the Laft Great Trump, the La



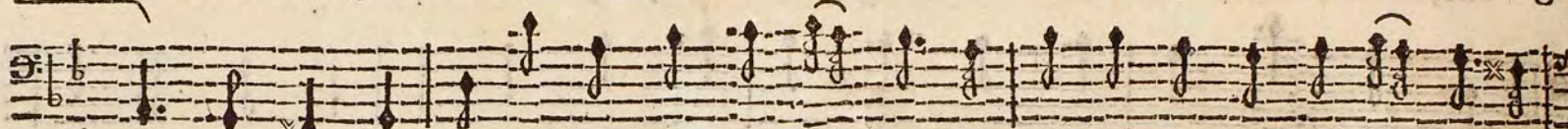
cries, loud as the Laft Great Trump he cries,

the La

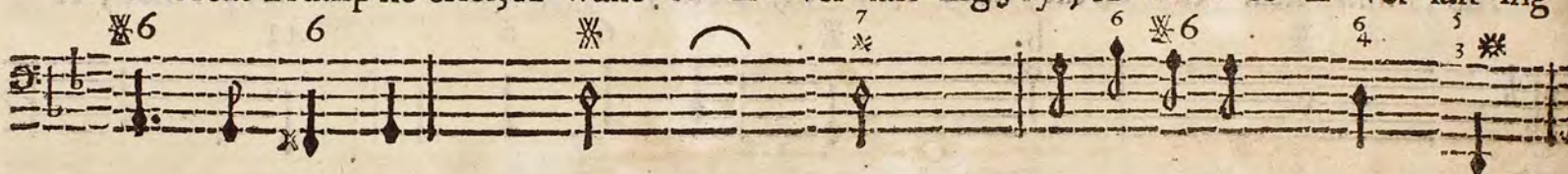


—ft Great Trump he cries,

Awake to E-ver-laft-ing



—ft Great Trump he cries, A-wake to E-ver-laft-ing Joys, A-wake to E-ver-laft-ing



Joys, A-wake to E-ver-laft-ing, E-ver-laft-ing Joys, to E-ver-laft-ing Joys.



Joys,

A-wake to E-ver-laft-ing Joys, to E-ver-laft-ing Joys.



Prepare for long Tri-um-phant Blifs, Tri ————— um-phant



Prepare for long Triumphant Blifs, for long Tri ————— um-phant

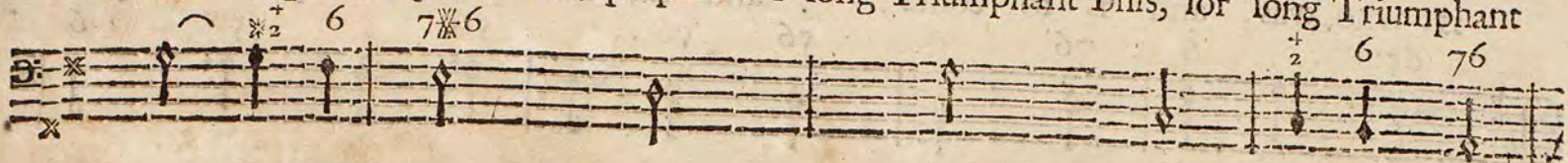




Blifs, for long Tri-um-phant Blifs, prepare for long Tri-um-phant



Blifs, for long Triumphant Blifs, prepare for long Triumphant Blifs, for long Triumphant



Blifs, pre-pare for long Tri-um-phant



Blifs, prepare for long Tri-um-phant



Blifs, pre-pare for long Tri-um-phant Blifs;



Blifs, pre-pare for long Tri-um-phant Blifs;



To Reign with him who chang'd thy Doom, to Reign with him, who was, and



To Reign with him who chang'd thy Doom, to Reign with him, who was, and





is, who was, and is to come; who was, who was, who was, who was, and



is, who was, and is to come; and is, and is, and is, who was, and

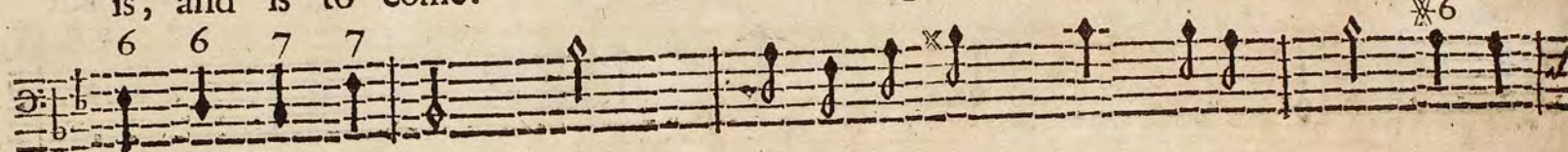


is, and is to come: To Reign with him, who was, and is, who was, and is, and is to



is, and is to come:

To Reign with him, who was, and is, and is to



come; who was, who was, who was, and is, and is to come; who was, who was,



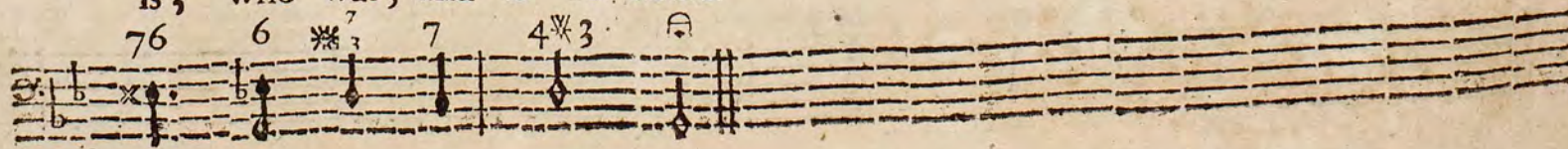
come; and is, and is, and is, and is to come; and is, and



who was, and is, and is to come.



is, who was, and is to come.



A Divine Song on the PASSION of our SAVIOUR.

Slow



My op'ning Eyes are purg'd, and lo! a dismal Scene of mighty



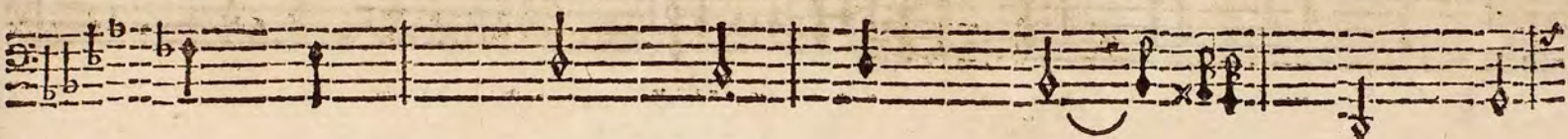
 The Notes with this Mark * over them are to be sung Demisemiquavers.



Woe! a dismal Scene of mighty Woe! What is't I see? Mankind's Re-



deemer fire ———— tch'd up — on the Curfed Tree, up — on the Curfed Tree;

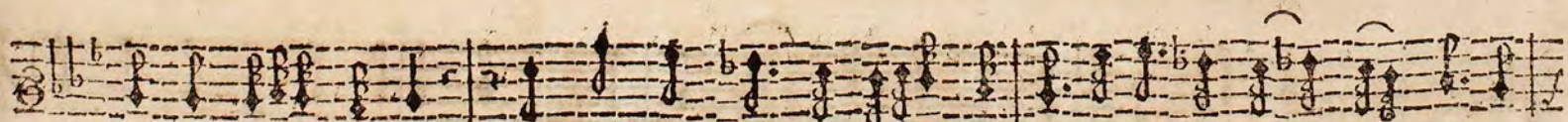


with ghastly Wounds his Bo-dy torn, his Limbs with ruder Scour-ges worn; no room for



Doubt; A-las! A-las! 'tis He!

See, my Soul, the Purple Pride, that a-



dorns his Thorny Crown; see, see the Streams that haste to meet another head-long bloody





Tide, from his Hands, and from his Side, to his no less wounded Feet, trickling down, trickling



down;

See, see the Streams trick—ling down, trick—ling



down; see, see the Streams, see the Streams trickling down. Look, look how the meriting Drops gush



out from their wide Wound; Myſterious Drops of mighty Price, Myſterious Drops of mighty

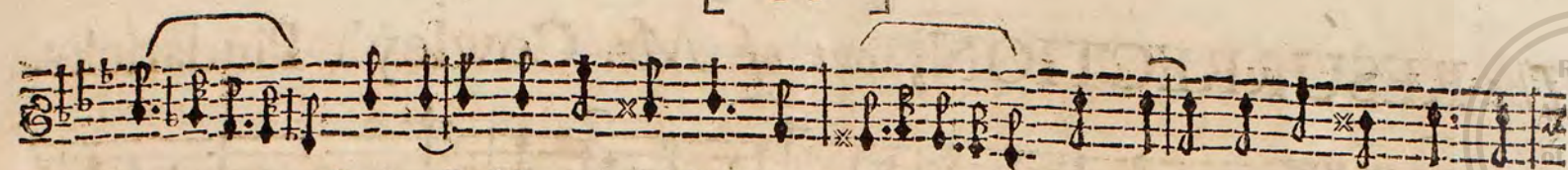


Price, Myſterious Drops of mighty Price, each, each an offending World's ſufficient Sacrifice;



Like common Gore they ſtain the bluſhing Earth around, from all his empti'd Veins they





flo — w, from all his empti'd Veins they flo — w, from all his empti'd Veins they



flo — w: Profuse, and Pro-di-gal, as worthless Streams; Ah see 'em how they fall!



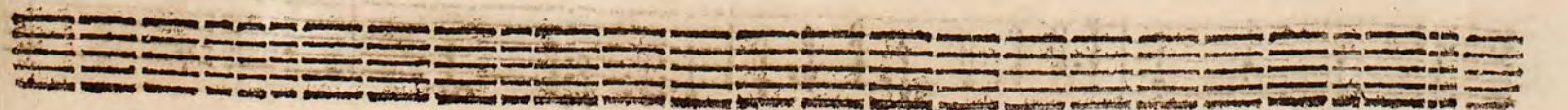
Ah see 'em how they fall! Ah see 'em how they fall! Profuse, and



Pro-di-gal, as worthless Streams; Ah see 'em how they fall! Ah see 'em how they



fa — ll! Ah see 'em, see 'em how they fa — ll! Ah see 'em how they fall!



The RESURRECTION, *out of* Mr. Cowley's Pindaricks.



BEGIN the Song, and Strike the Li-ving Lyre,

Lo,



how the Year's to come, a nu-me-rous and well fit-ted Quire; all Hand in Hand do



de-cent-ly advance, do de-cent-ly, do de-cent-ly advance, and to my



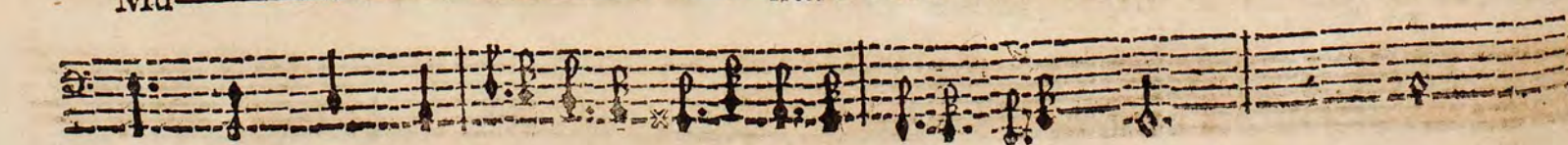
Song with smoo—th and e—qual Measures dance:



Whilst the dance lasts, how lo—ng so-e'er it be, my Musick's Voice, my



Mu—sick's Voice shall bear it com-pa—ny, till



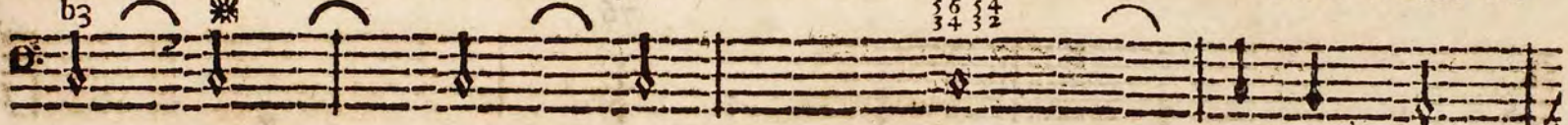
all gen—tle Notes be drown'd, in the Last Trum—pet's dreadful



Sound; that to the Sphears themselves shall Si—lence bring, un—tune the U—ni-ver-sal



String: Then all the wide extended Sky, and all th'Har-mo—nious World on



high, and *Virgil's* Sa—cred Work shall die: And he himself shall see in one Fi—re



shine, rich Nature's ancient *Troy*, though bui—lt by Hands Divine; whom Thu—



n—der's dismal Noise, and all the



Prophets and A—po—stles lou—der spake, and all the

Creatures plain con—spi—ring Voice could not, whilst they liv'd, awake: This mightier Sou—

—nd shall make when Dead to a—rise, and o—pen Tombs,

and open Eyes, to the long Sluggards of Five thousand Years; this mightier Sou—

—nd, this mightier Sou—nd shall make its Hearers Ears.

Then shall the scat—ter'd Atoms crowding, come back to their ancient Home; Some from

Birds, from Filhes some, some from Earth, and some from Seas, some from Beasts, and some from

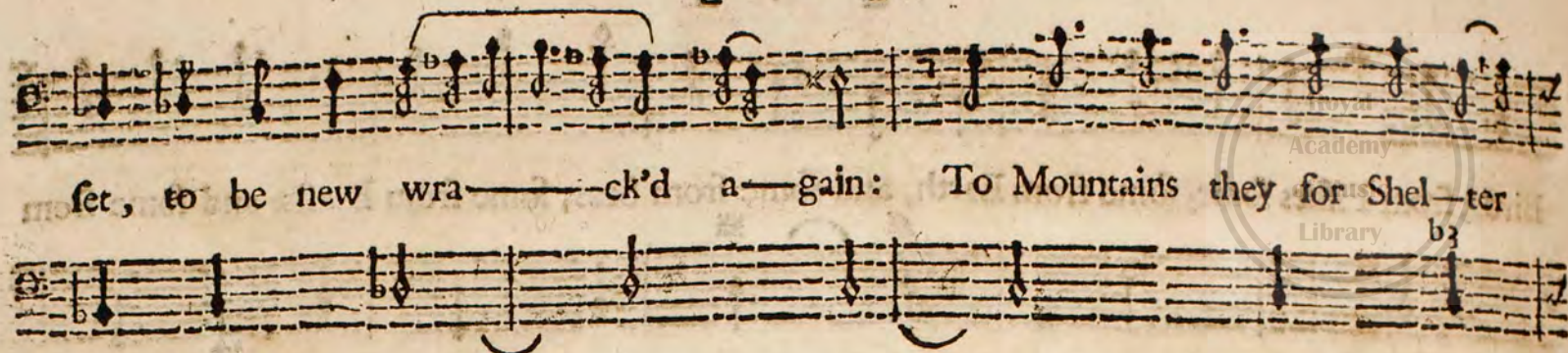
Trees; some de-scend from Clouds on high, some from Me-tals upward.

fly; some de—scend from Clouds on high, some from Metals up—

-ward fly. And where th'at-ten-ding Soul naked and shi-ve-ring stands, meet, salute,

and joyn their Hands; as di-spers'd Soldiers at the Trum—————pets

Call, ha — ft to their Colours all; un-hap-py, moft like tor—tur'd Men, their Joynts new



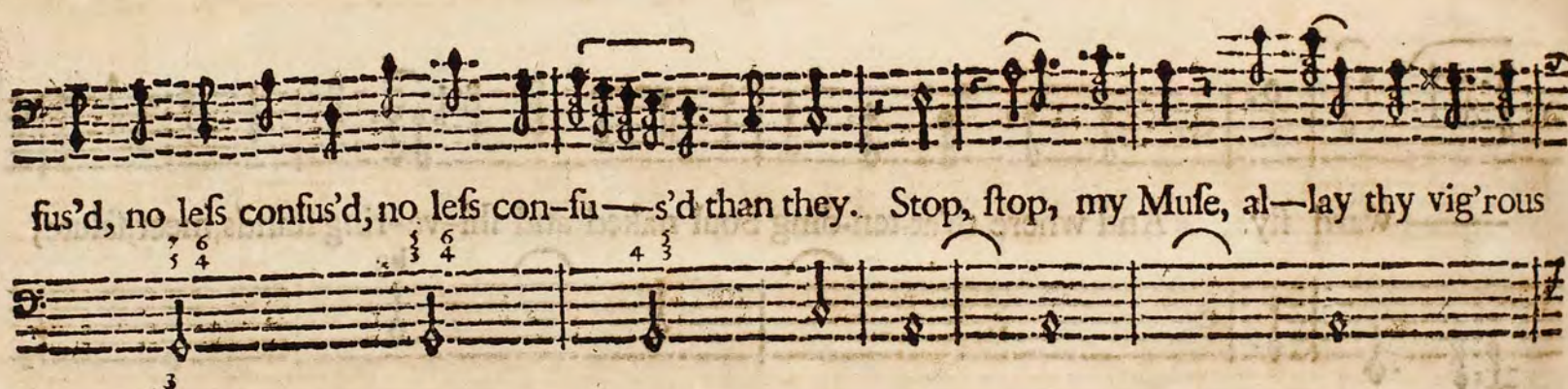
set, to be new wra—ck'd a—gain: To Mountains they for Shel—ter



pray, the Mountains shake, and ru—n a—bout no less con—fu—s'd than



they; the Mountains shake, and ru—n a—bout no less confus'd, no less con—



fus'd, no less confus'd, no less con—fu—s'd than they. Stop, stop, my Muse, al—lay thy vig'rous



Heat, kindled at a hint, so great; hold thy Pindarique Pe—ga—sus close—ly in, which does to



Ra—ge be—gin; and this steep Hill wou'd gal—lop up with vi—o—lent



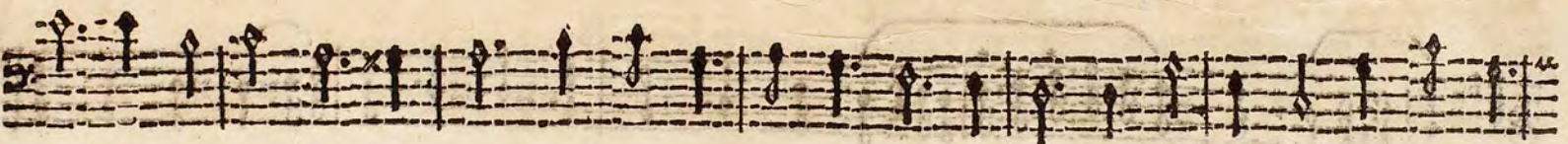
course, 'tis an un—ru—ly and hard-mouth'd Horſe; fier—ce, and un—bro—ken



yet, im—pa—tient of the Spur, or Bit: now Prances ſtate—ly, and a—non ſi—



—es o'er the place, diſ—dains the ſervile Law of a—ny fet—led Pace; conſcious and



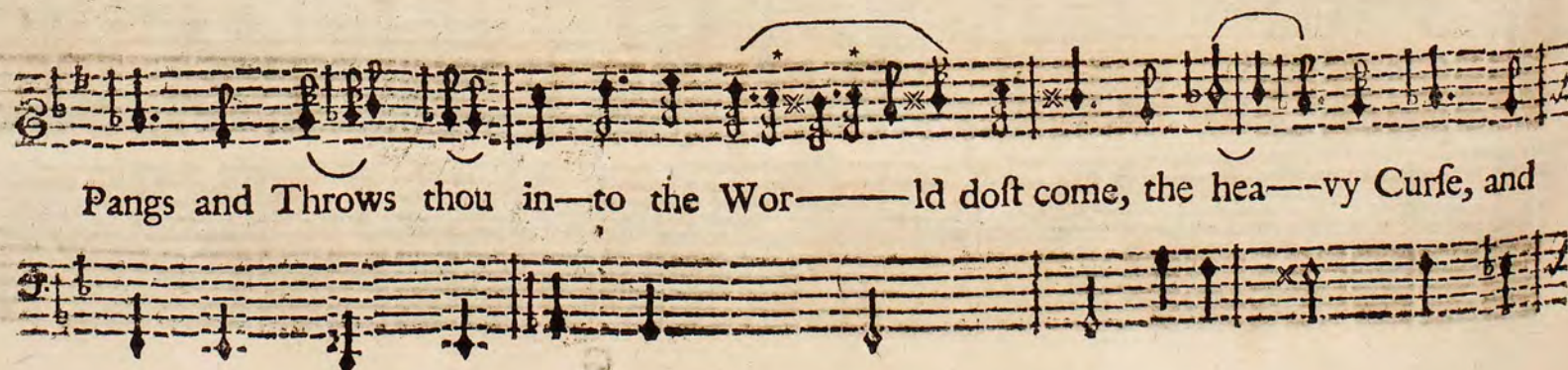
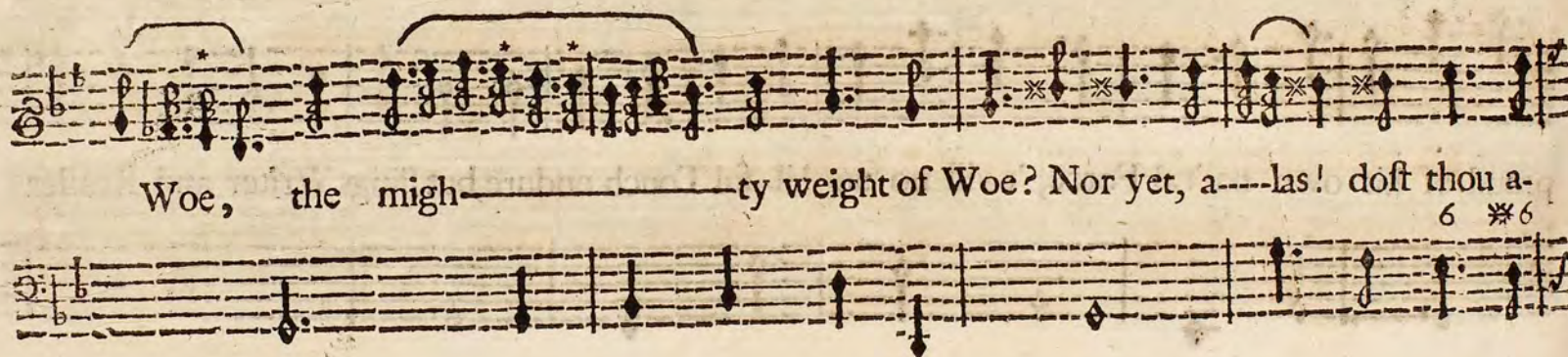
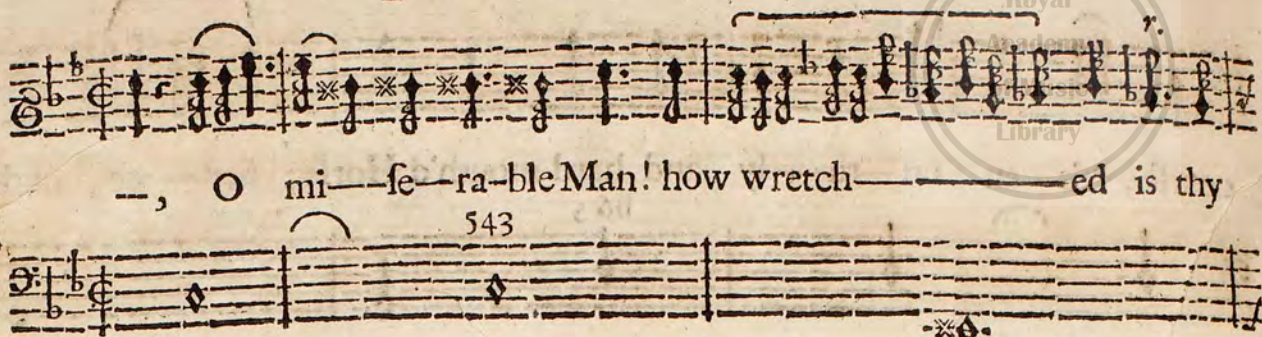
proud of his own nat'ral Force, 'twill no un—ſkil—ful Touch endure, but flings Writer and Reader



too, tha—t ſits not ſure.

Mr. Henry Purcell.







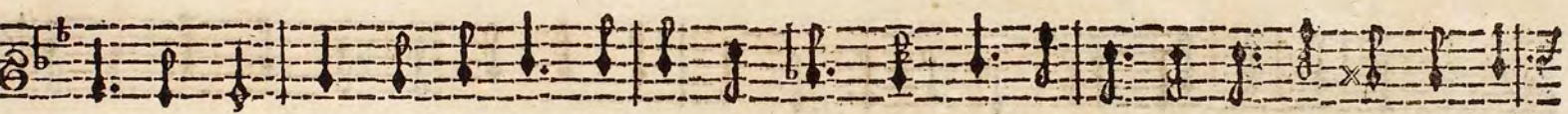
Bur—then of thy Mo—ther's Womb; the Dawn of Life, its part of Torments



Shares, 'tis Usher'd in with Cries, and all, and all be—dew'd with Tears.



How short is Life! we scarcely draw our Breath, but we must strait sur—ren—der't



up to Death; Time on its Wings our Substance does convey, unknown to us it steals us from

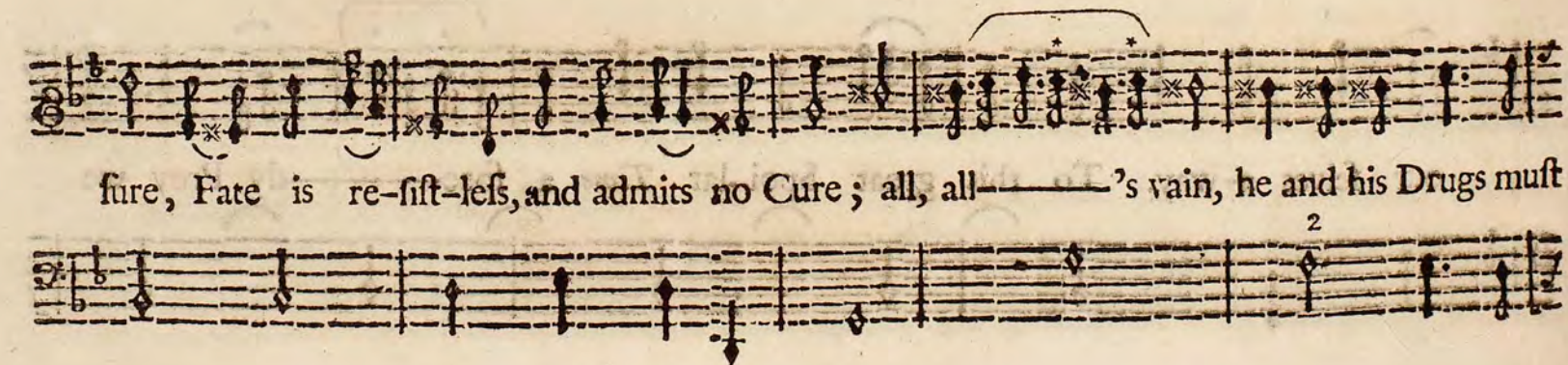
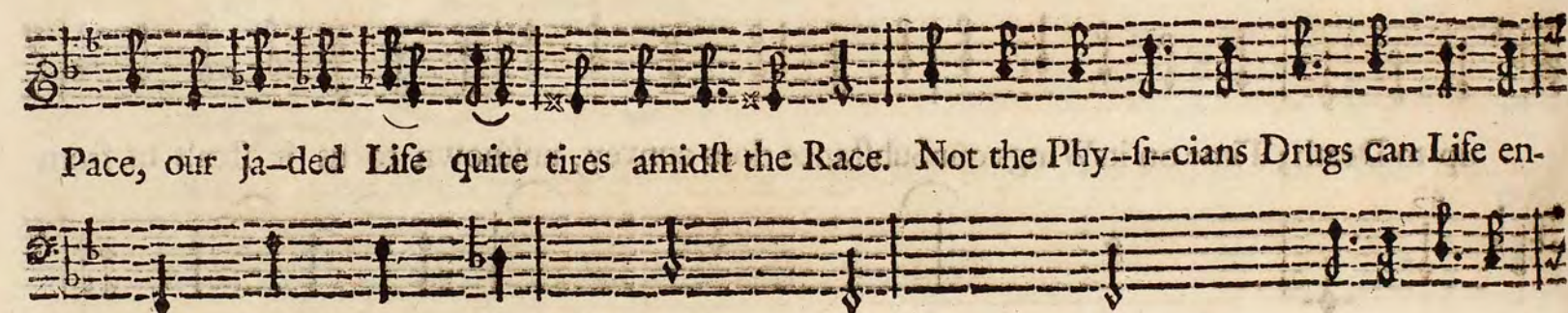
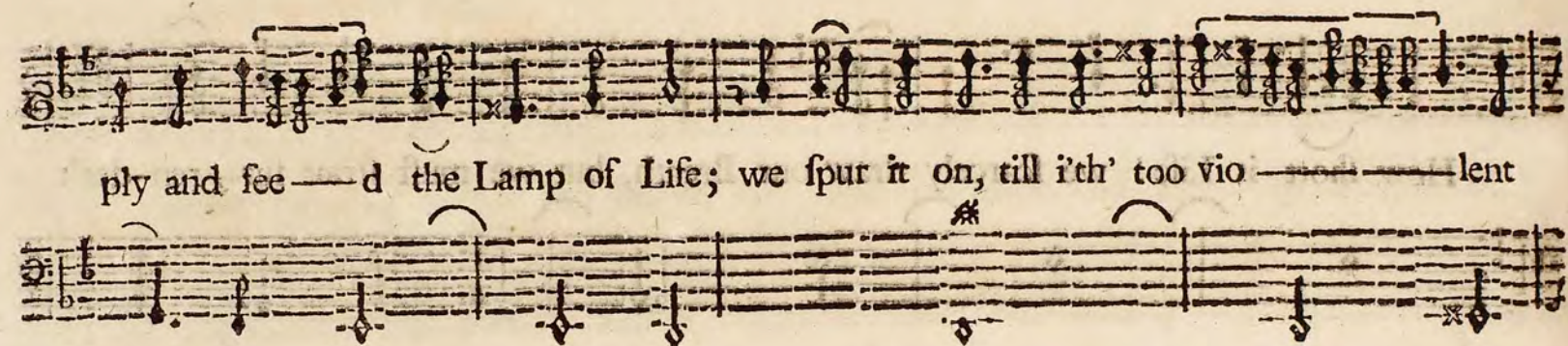
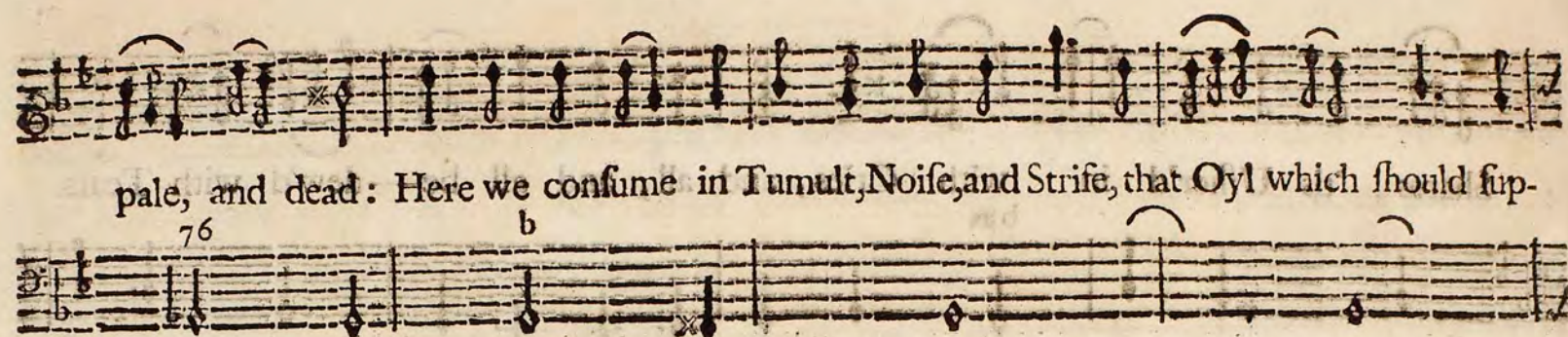
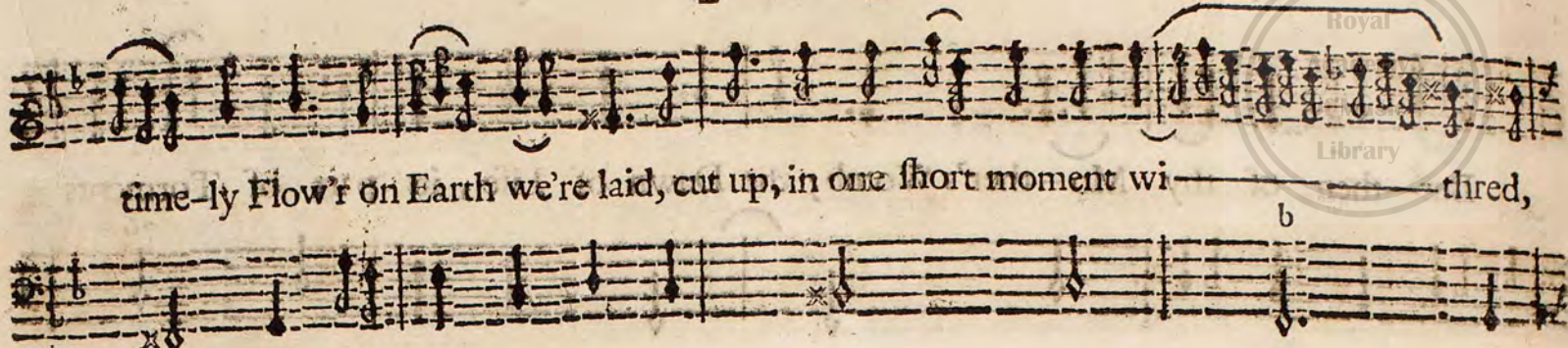


our selves a-way. To this great Spoi-lar Time a spee—dy Prey we



fa—ll, with his im-par-tial Scythe he mow—s us all; like an un-





I. O, O whither then for Succour shall we flee! O, O whither, dear—est God, O

whither, but to thee! One gra-cious Look from thee can give us Ease, and

make the A—go—nies of Death it self to please; thy Wounds can make us

whole, thy Blood wash off our Stains, and pu—ri—fie our Soul, loaded with all our

Sins: Pres'd dow—n we fall, while Hell its black Jaws stretch—es to de-

vour us all, stretch—es to de-vour us all.

(CHORUS over Leaf.)

CHORUS.



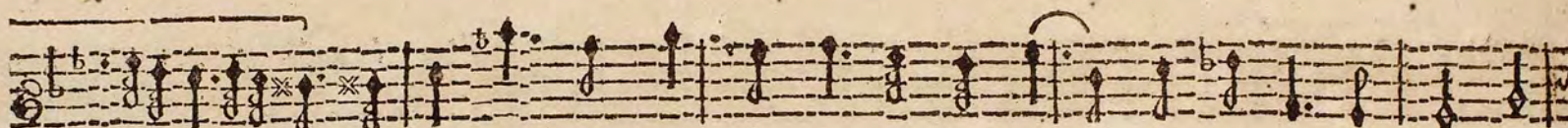
O Blessed Je—su! O blessed, blessed Je—su! Help, help, help, we sink—



O Blessed Je—su! O blessed, blessed Je—su! Help, help, we sink—



O Blessed Je—su! O blessed, blessed Je—su! Help, help, we sink—



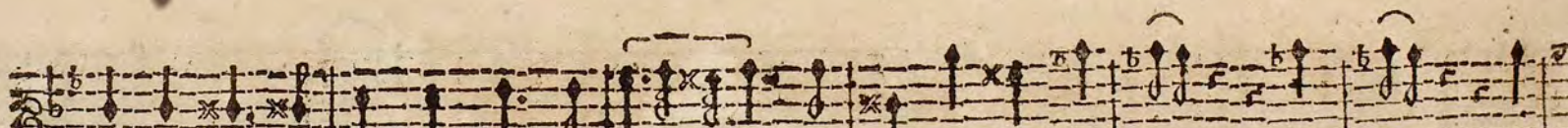
—ing are! O, we're swallow'd up in the vast Gulph of black Despair! O,



—ing are! O, we're swallow'd up in the vast Gulph of black Despair! O,



—ing are! O, we're swallow'd up in the vast Gulph of black Despair! O,



Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, O help, help, help, help,



Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, or we're lost, or we're lost,



Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, or we're lost, or we're lost,



help, we're lo ———— ft to all ———— E—ter—ni—ty!

or we're lost, we're lo ———— ft to all ———— E—ter—ni—ty!

or we're lost, we're lo ———— ft to all E—ter—ni—ty!

Mr. Daniel Purcell.

An EVENING HYMN.

HE Night is come, the Night is come, the Night is co ————

——— me, like to the Day, de—part not thou, de—part not

thou, Grea ——— t God, a—way; on thee, O Lor—d, I do ——— Repose, pro ———

 The Notes with this Mark * over them are to be sung Demisemiquavers.



test me, pro—test me fro—m my Watchful Foes: So shall—



I se—cure—ly lay, and sweet—ly, and sweet—



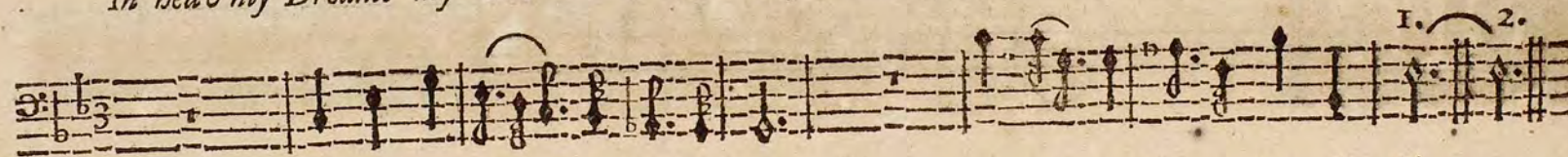
—ly pass the Hours away, and sweet—ly pass the Hours away.



CHORUS. *A 2. Voc.*



In heav'nly Dreams my Sou—l advance, O make, O make my Sleep a Ho—ly Trance:



In heav'nly Dreams my Soul advance, O make my Sleep a Ho—ly Trance:



Sleep is a Death, O let me try, by Slee—ping, how it is to Die.



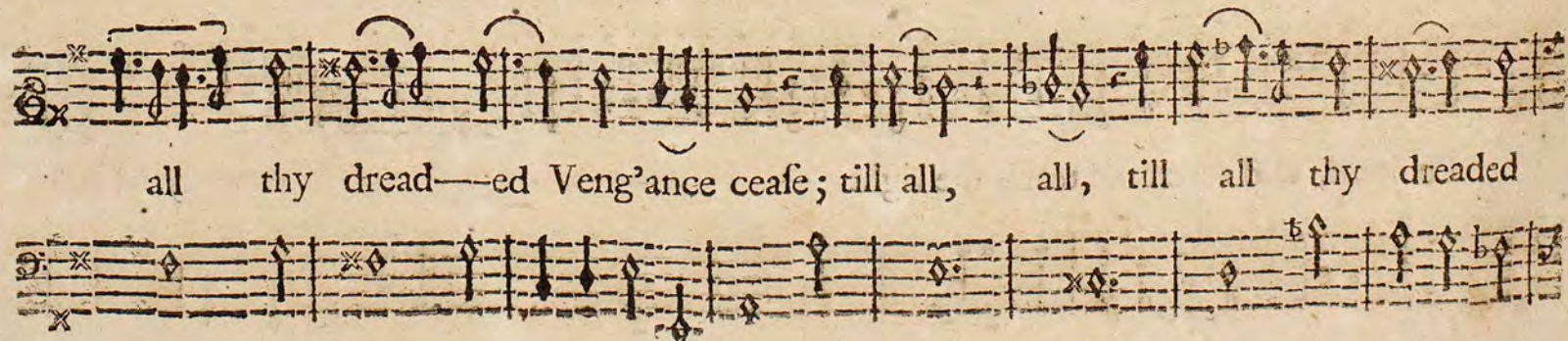
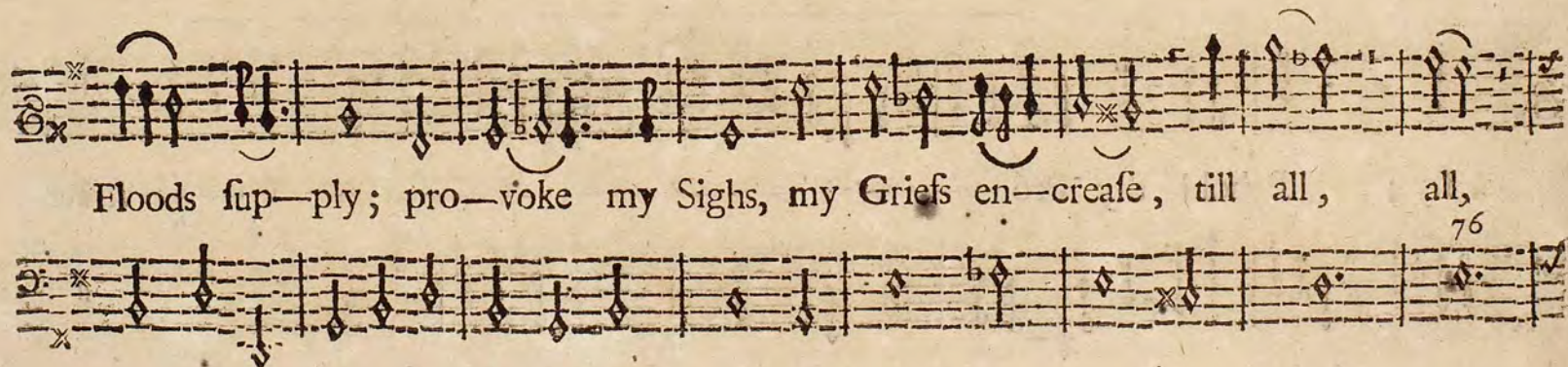
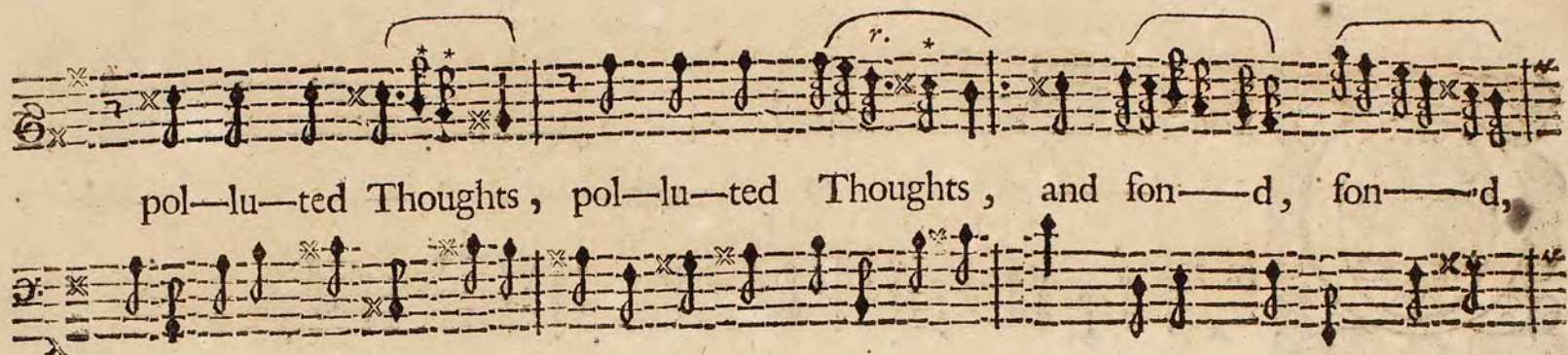
Sleep is a Death, O let me try, by Slee—ping, how it is to Die.

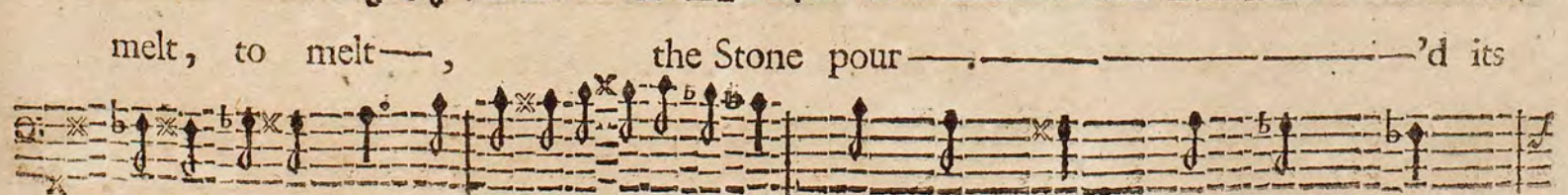
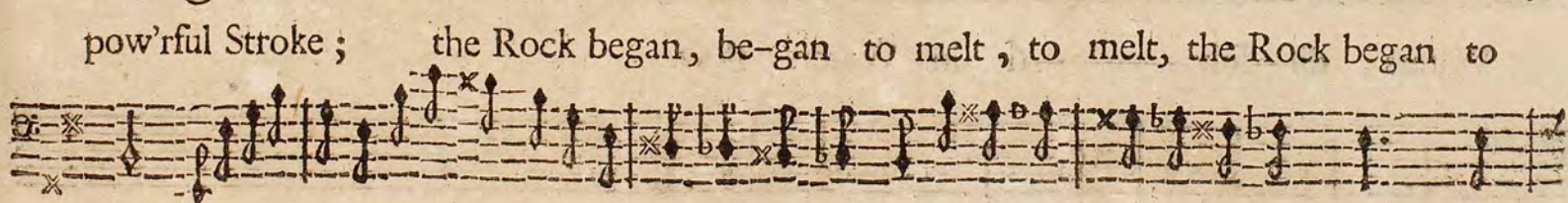
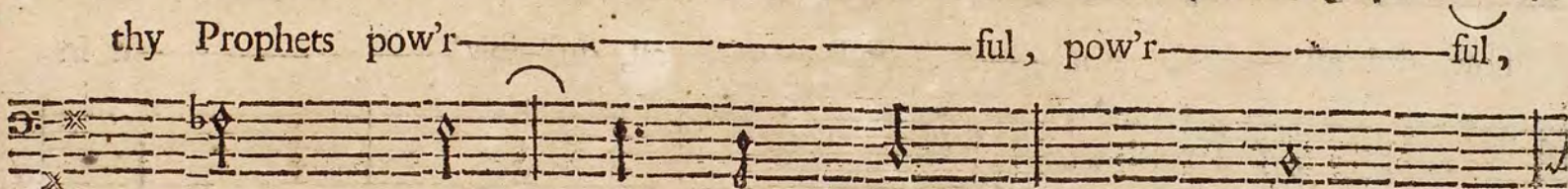
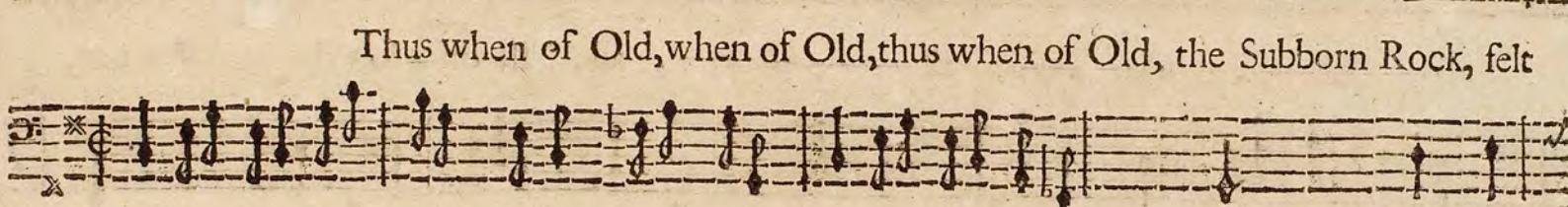
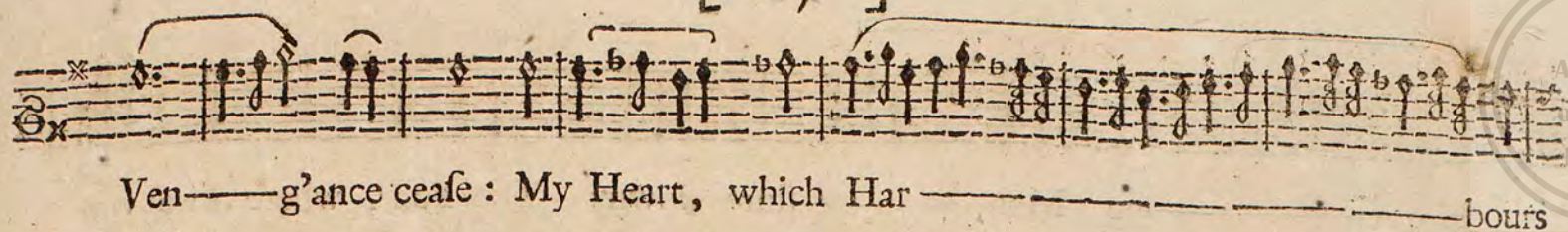


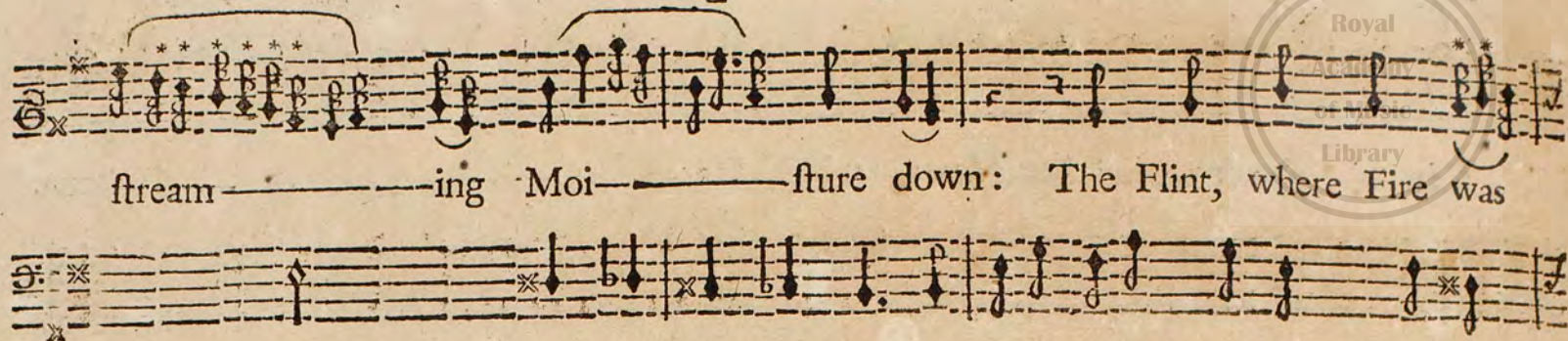
A PENITENTIAL HYMN:

Set by Dr. John Blow.







stream ——— ing Moi ——— sture down: The Flint, where Fire was



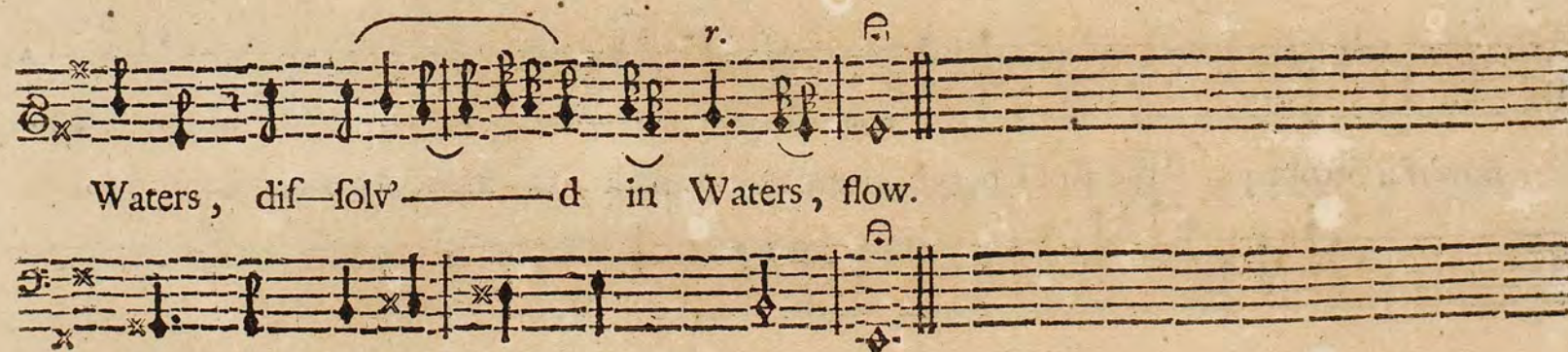
lodg'd —, till now, where Fire was lodg'd, lodg'd, till now, did



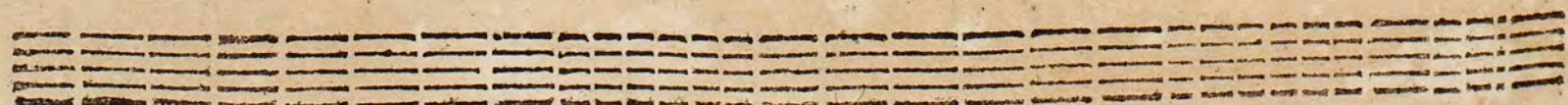
all ———, all ———, all ———, all, all, dis-solv'd in Wa-ters,



flow, did all ———, all ———, all ———, all, dis-solv' ——— d in



Waters, dis-solv' ——— d in Waters, flow.

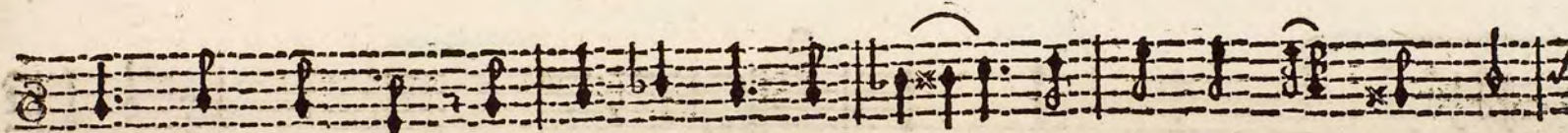
An EVENING HYMN.

*The Words by Bishop Ken.**Set by Mr. Jeremiah Clarke.*

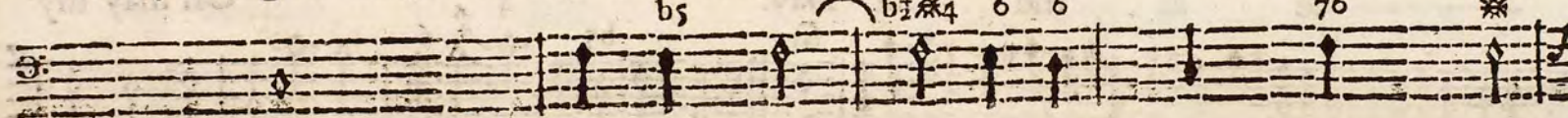
ALL Praise to thee my God this Night, for all the Blessings of the



Light; keep me, Oh keep me, King of Kings, un—der thy own Al-migh—ty Wings: Forgive me,



Lord, for-give me, for thy dear Son, the Ill that I this day have done,



that with the World, my self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at Peace may be: Teach me to live, that



I may dread the Grave as lit-tle as my Bed; teach me to die, teach me to



die, so that I may Triumphant Ri

fe at the Last Day; teach me to Die, teach me to

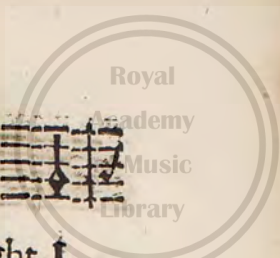
Die, so that I may Triumphant Ri

fe at the Last Day. Oh may my

[Ground.]

Soul on thee re-pose, re-pose, and with sweet Sleep, sweet Sleep, mine

Eye-lids close; Sleep that may me more vig'rous, more vig'rous make, to



[3 1]
I. :S: 2.
praise my God when I a-wake, -wake. When in the Night I

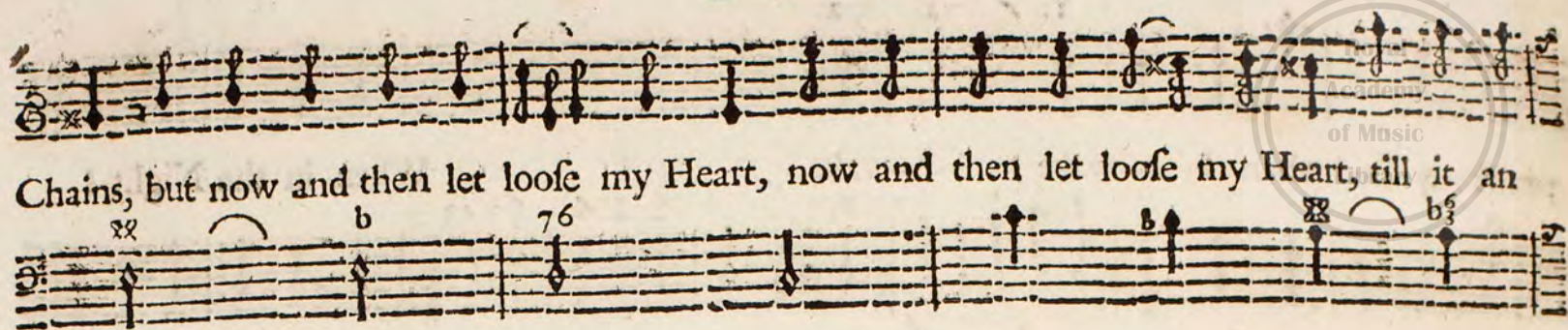
sleepless lie, my Soul with Heav'nly Thoughts sup- ply; let no ill Dreams di- sturb my

Rest, no Pow'rs of Dark-ness me mo- left, no Pow'rs of Darkness

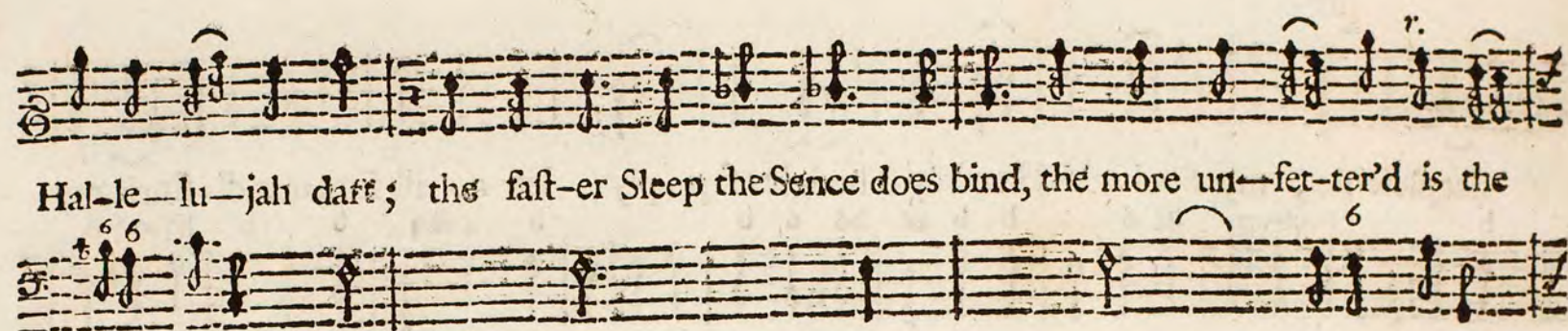
I. :S: 2.
me mo- left, -left. My dearest Lord, how, how am I

griev'd, to lye so long of thee bereav'd! Dull Sleep of Sence, me to deprive, I am but half, but

half my Days a-live! But tho' Sleep o'er my Weakness reigns, let it not hold me long in



Chains, but now and then let loose my Heart, now and then let loose my Heart, till it an

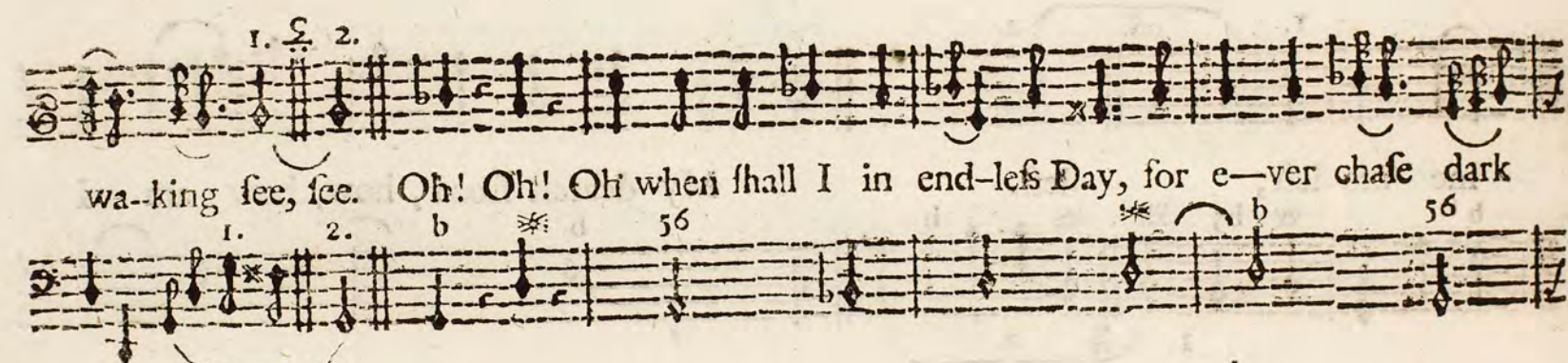


Hal-le-lu-jah daff; the fast-er Sleep the Sence does bind, the more un-fet-ter'd is the

[A little faster.]



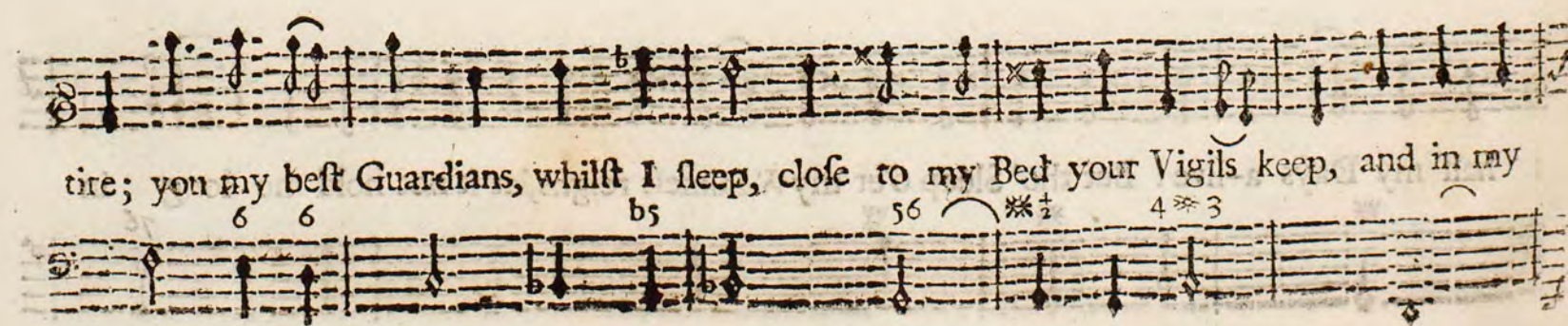
Mind. Oh may my Soul from Mat-ters free, the unveil'd Goodness



wa-king see, see. Oh! Oh! Oh when shall I in end-less Day, for e-ver chase dark



Sleep a-way, -way: And endless Praise with Heav'nly Choir, in-ces-sant sing, and never



tire; you my best Guardians, whilst I sleep, close to my Bed your Vigils keep, and in my



C H O R U S. A. 3. Voc.



Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow, praise him all Creatures here below; Praise him a-



Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow, praise him all Creatures here below; Praise him a-



Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow, praise him all Creatures here below; Praise him a-



bove the An-ge-lick Host, praise the Father; praise the Son, praise



bove the An-ge-lick Host, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise,



bove the An-ge-lick Host, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise,



Soft.

praise the Holy Ghost; praise the Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost; praise the

Soft.

praise the Holy Ghost; praise the Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost; praise the

Soft.

praise the Holy Ghost; praise the Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost; praise the

6 6 76 * * 6 * 6 * 5 5 43 *Soft.* *

Loud. ☉

Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: *Amen.*

Loud. ☉

Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: *Amen.*

Loud. ☉

Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: *Amen.*

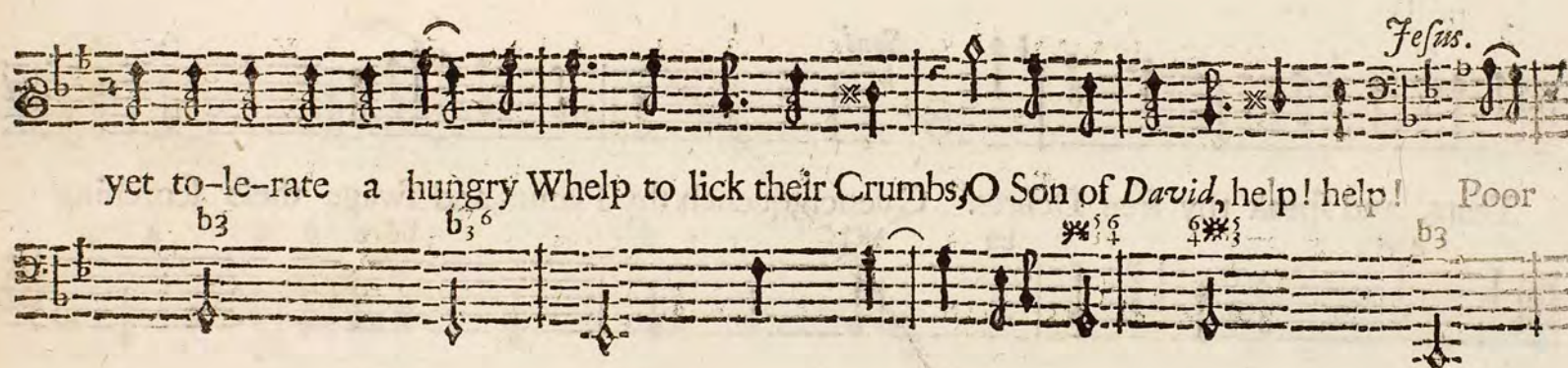
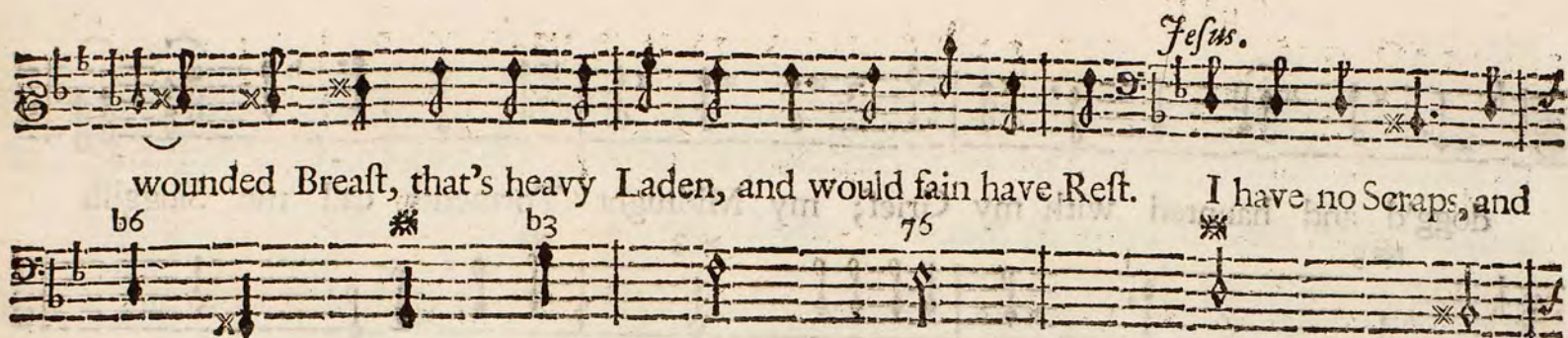
* * 5 5 4 * 3 * *Loud.* ☉

A DIALOGUE between the SOUL and JESUS.

Soul. *Jesus.*



H! Son of David, help! help! What sin-ful Cry im-



Man, I roll from place to place t'avoid my Tortures to obtain Relief, but still I'm

dogg'd and haunted with my Grief; my Midnight Torments call the Sluggish

Light, and when the Morning's come, they woo the Night. Surcease thy

Tears, and speak thy free Desires. Quench, quench thy Flames, and swage these scorching

Fires. Canst thou believe my Hand can cure thy Grief? Lord, I be-

lieve. Hold forth thine Arm, and let my Fingers try thy Pulse. Yea, Lord. Where

Soul.

chiefly doth thy Torment lye?

From Head to Foot, it reigns in ev'ry part, but

*Jesus.*

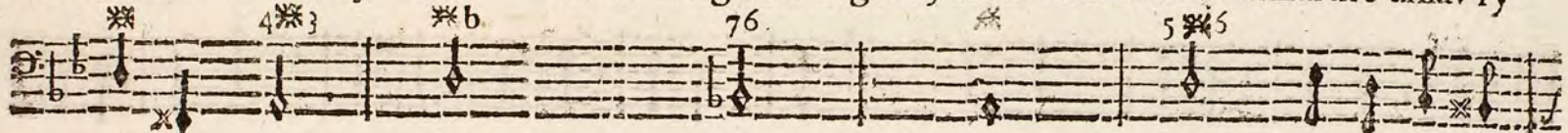
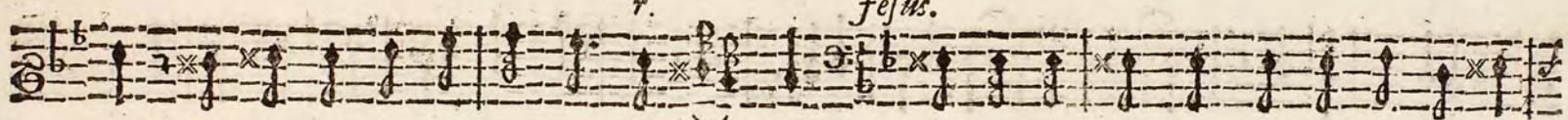
plays the self-law'd Ty—rant in my Heart.

Canst thou digest, canst relish wholsom

*Soul.*

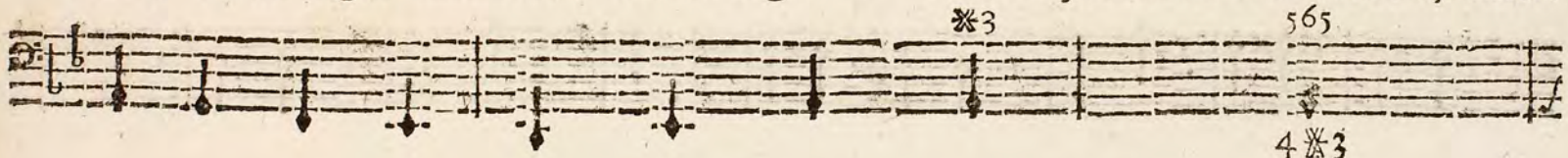
Food? How stands thy Taft?

To nothing that is good, all sin-ful Trash, and Earth's unfav'ry

*Jesus.*

Stuff, I can digest and relish well enough.

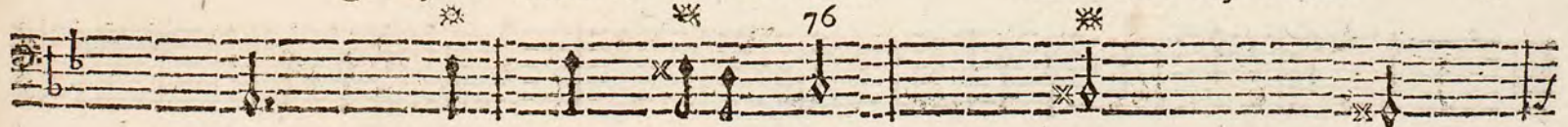
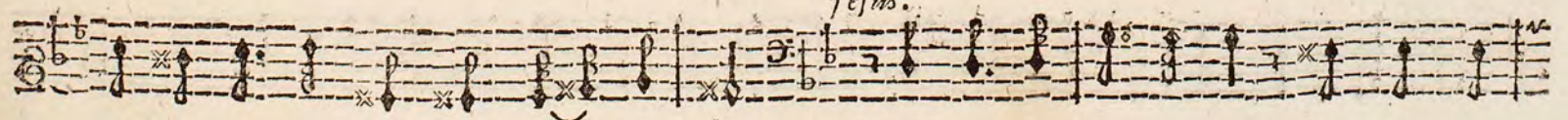
Is not thy Blood as cold as hot by turns?

*Soul.**Jesus.**Soul.*

Cold to what's good, to what is bad it burns.

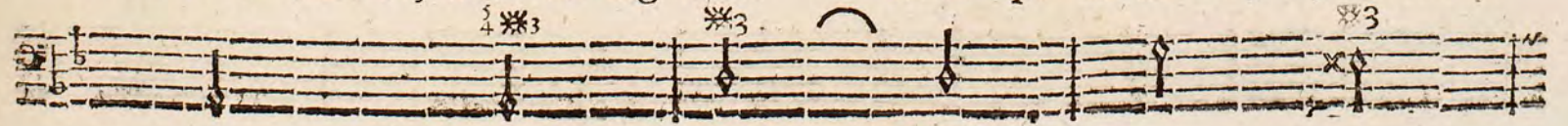
How old's thy Grief?

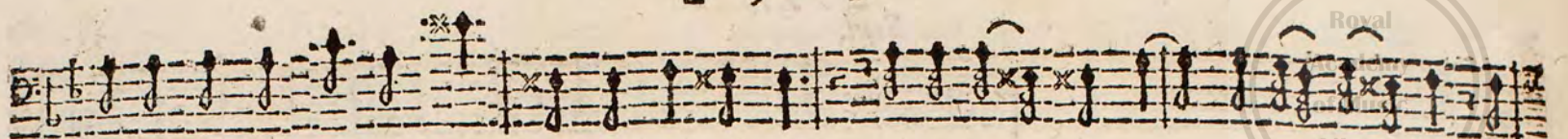
I

*Jesus.*

took it at the Fall, with eat-ing Fruit.

'Tis E—pi—de—mi—cal, thy Blood's in-

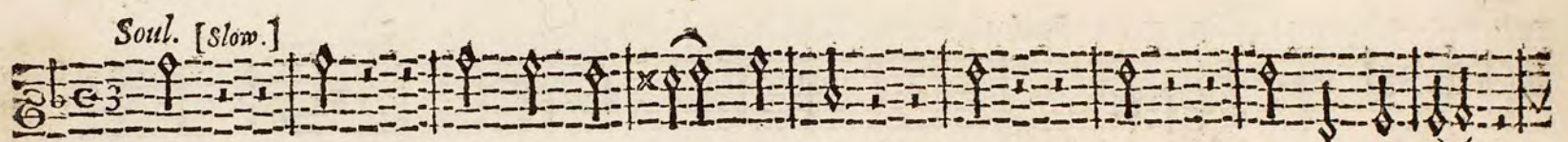
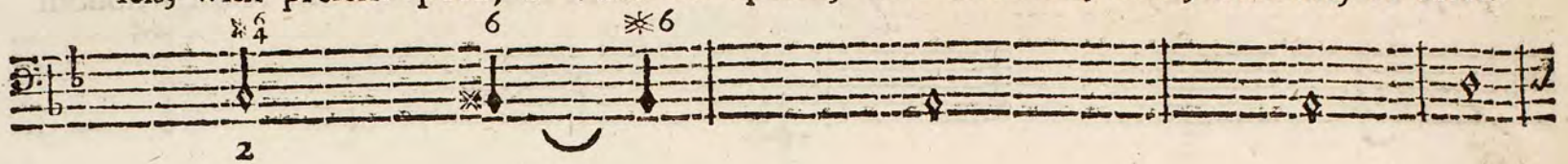




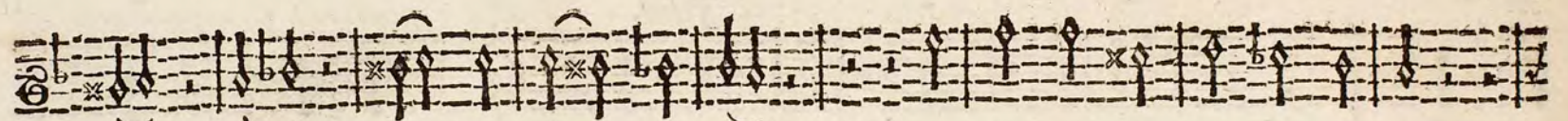
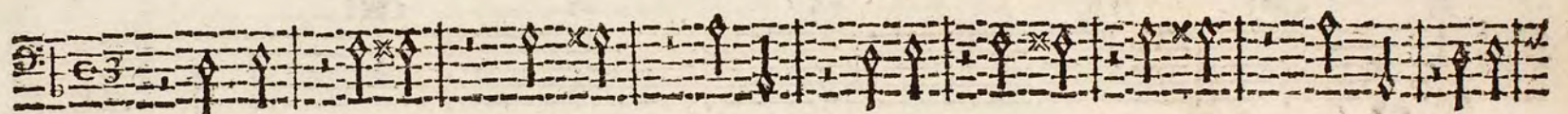
fect, and th' Infection sprung from a bad Liver, 'tis a Feavour strong, and full of Death, un-



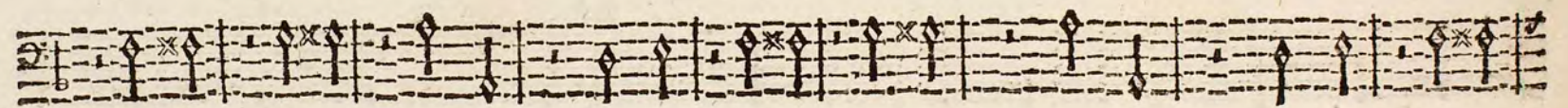
less, with present speed, a Vein be open'd, thou must die, must, must die, or bleed.



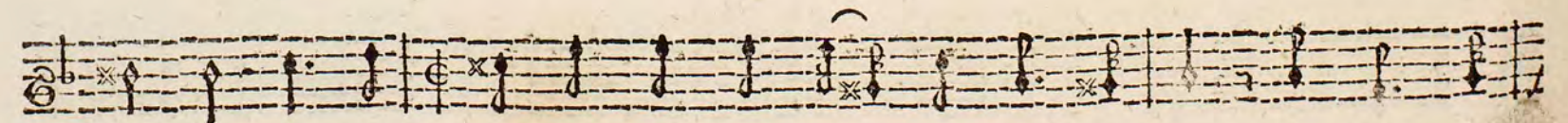
O! O! O! I am faint, and spent; O! O! O! I am faint;



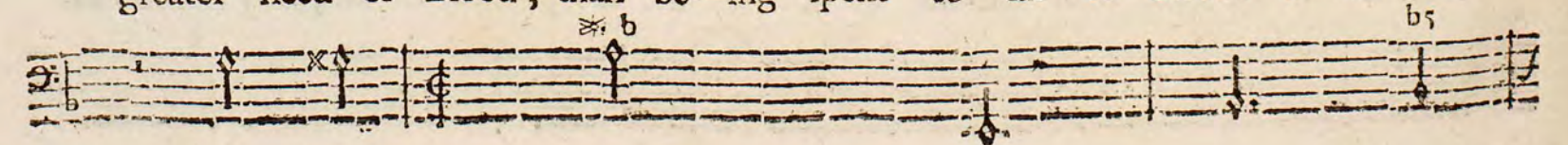
O! O! O! I'm faint and spent; that Lance that shall let forth my Blood,

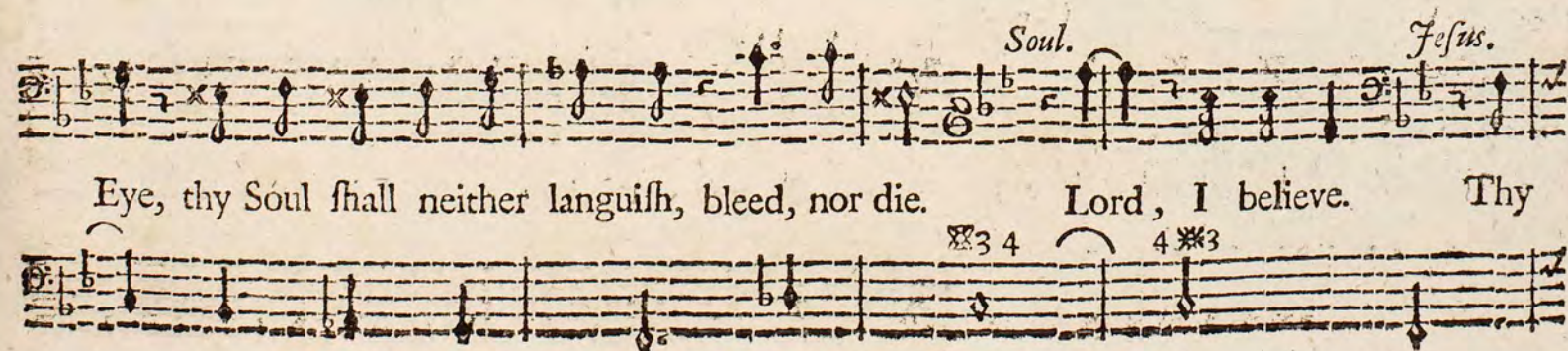
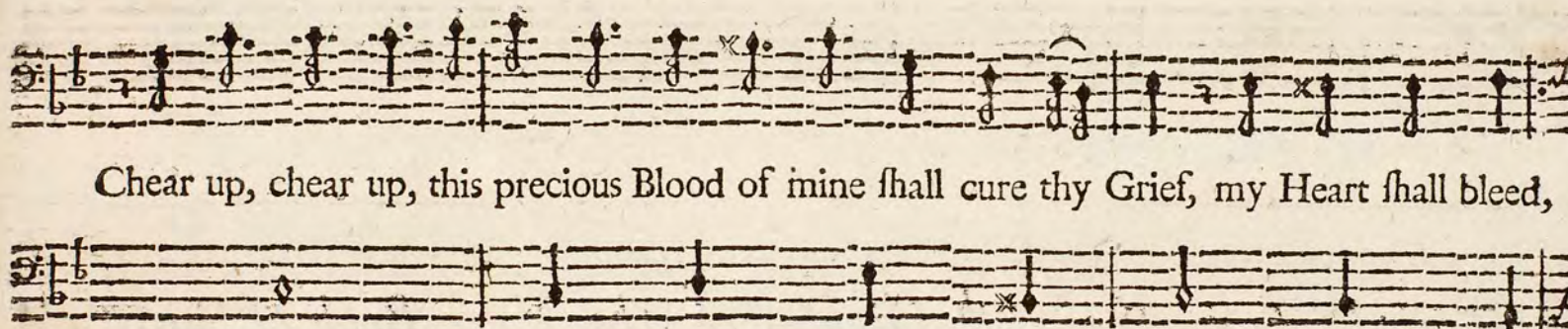


lets forth my Life withal; my Soul wants Cordials, and has greater, has



greater need of Blood, than be-ing spent so far to bleed: I faint al-





Soul. *Jesus.* *Soul.*

Soul shall neither languish. Neither languish? Neither languish. Nor

Jesus. *Soul.* *Jesus.*

bleed? Nor bleed. Nor die? Nor die; thy Soul shall nei-ther

Soul.

Neither languish, bleed, nor die.

languish, languish, bleed, nor die.

Mr. Jeremiah Clarke.

*A Paraphrase on the 28th Chapter of the First Book of Samuel,
from Verse 8, to Verse 20.*



—N

—N guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—

—N guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—



guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—se dif—guise, forsaken Saul,
 —se, and hid in fal—se dif—guise, for—sa—ken Saul, forsaken Saul,
 —se disguise, and hid in false dif—gui—se, forsaken



forfaken Saul, for—sa—ken Saul, forsaken Saul, to En—dor comes, and cries; forsaken
 forsaken Sau—l, forsaken Saul, to En—dor comes, and cri—
 Saul, for—sa—ken Sau—l, to Endor comes, and cries;



Saul, forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul to En—dor comes, and cries.
 —es, for—sa—ken Saul, forsaken Saul to En—dor comes, and cries:
 for—sa—ken Saul, forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul, to Endor comes, and cries.

Saul.

Womari, a-rise, a-rise, call, call pow'r ————— ful Arts to.



gether, and rai ————— se, and rai ————— se the Ghost, whom I shall name, up hither.

*Witch.*Why, why, why should'st thou wish me dye? Forbear, forbear, for — bea ————— r, my Son,
b6 6

dost thou not know, dost thou not know what cru — — — el Saul has done? Forbear, for.



bear, for — bea — — — r, my Son, dost thou not know what cru — — — el Saul has done?



How he has kill'd, has kill'd and murder'd all, all, all tha — — — t were



Saul.

Wife, and could, and could on Spirits call? Woman, be bo—ld, be bo—ld, do but the



thing I wish, no harm, no, no, no, no, no harm from *Saul* shall come to thee for this.

*Witch.**Saul.*

Whom shall I raise, or call? I'll make him hear. Old *Samuel*, let on-ly him ap-

*Witch.**Saul.*

pear. A—las! — A — — — — — las! What,

*Witch.**Saul.*

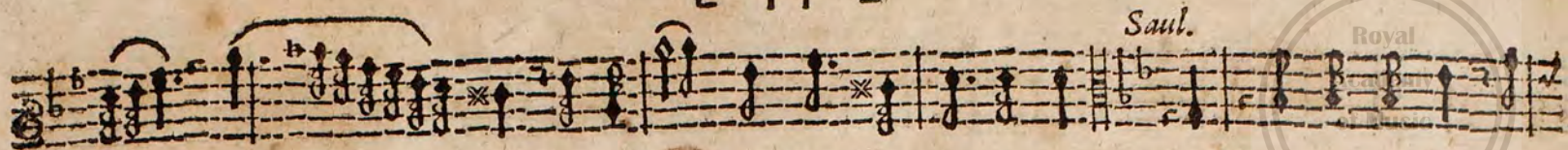
what dost thou fear? A—las! — A — — — — — las! What,

*Witch.*

what dost thou fear? Nought else but thee, for thou art *Saul*, for thou art



Saul.



Saul, a ——— las! thou art *Saul*, and hast beguiled me. Peace, peace, and go on, what



Witch.



seest thou, let me know? I see the Gods a — scen ——— ding



Saul. *Witch.* *Saul.*



from be-low. Who's he that comes? An old Man mantled o'er. Oh! that is



Samuel.



he, Oh! that is he, let me, let me, let me that Ghost a — dore. Why, why hast thou




robb'd me of my Rest, to see, to see that which I hate? Why, why hast thou robb'd me of my




Rest, to see that which I hate, to see that which I hate, this wicked World,



Saul.

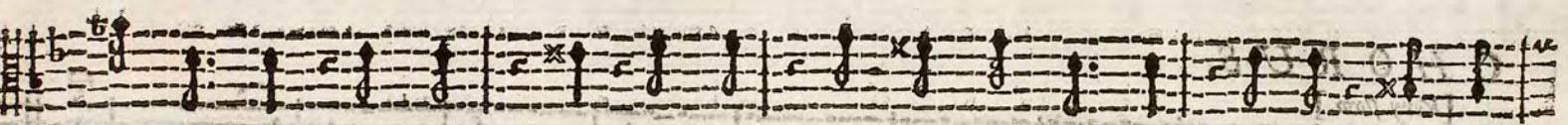
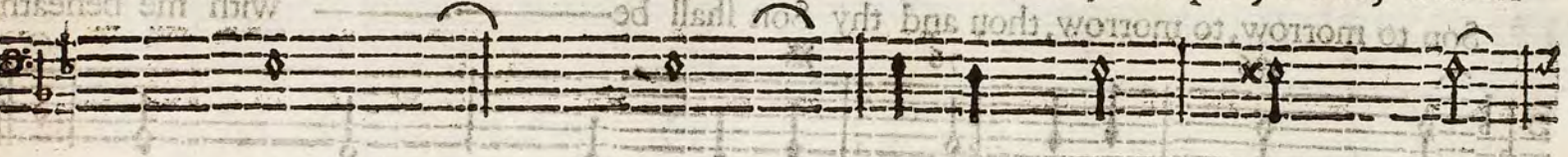
this wicked World, and thee? Oh! — Oh! — I'm fore distress'd, vex—ed



fore, God has left me, Oh! — God has left me, and answers me no more;



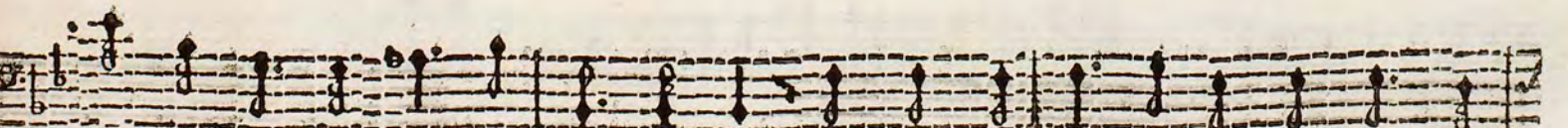
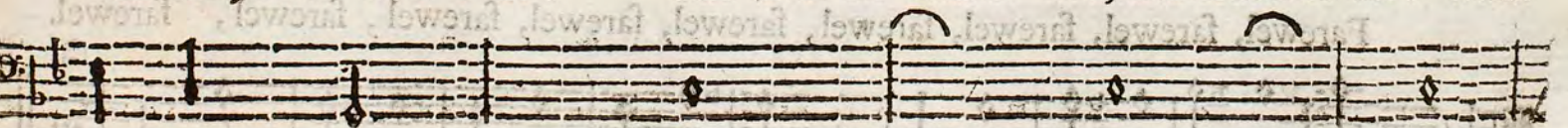
distress'd with War, with inward Ter— rors too, for pi-ty's sake, Oh! for



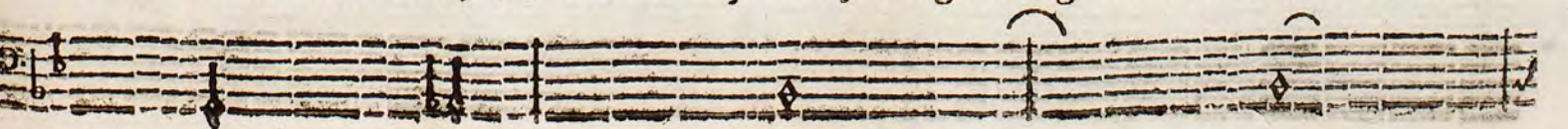
pi-ty's sake, tell me, Oh! tell me, Oh! for pi-ty's sake, tell me, tell me,

*Samuel.*

tell me, what shall I do? Art thou for-lorn of God, and com'st to me? What



can I tell thee then, but Mi-se-ry? Thy Kingdom's gone in-to thy Neighbours



pp. 46-47 were never present. Sig D2 appears to have been cancelled

[48]



Race, thine Host shall fall by Sword before thy Face: What can I tell thee then, but Mi-se-ry?



To morrow, to morrow then, till then farewel, fare-wel, and Breath, thou and thy

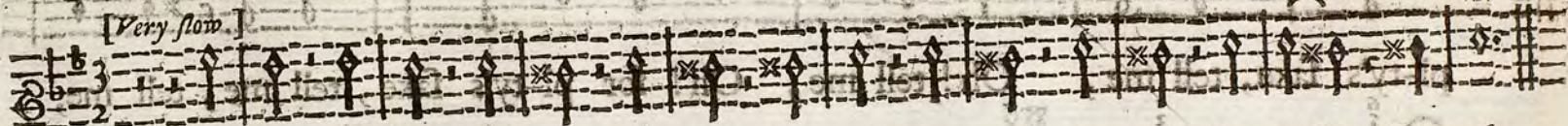


Son to morrow, to morrow, thou and thy Son shall be with me beneath.



CHORUS.

[Very slow.]



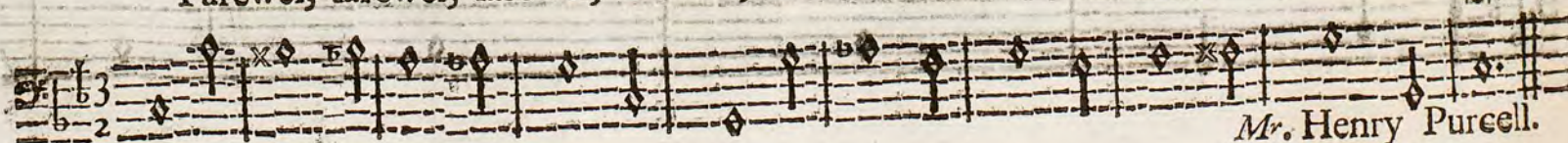
Farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel.



Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! farewel.



Farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel.



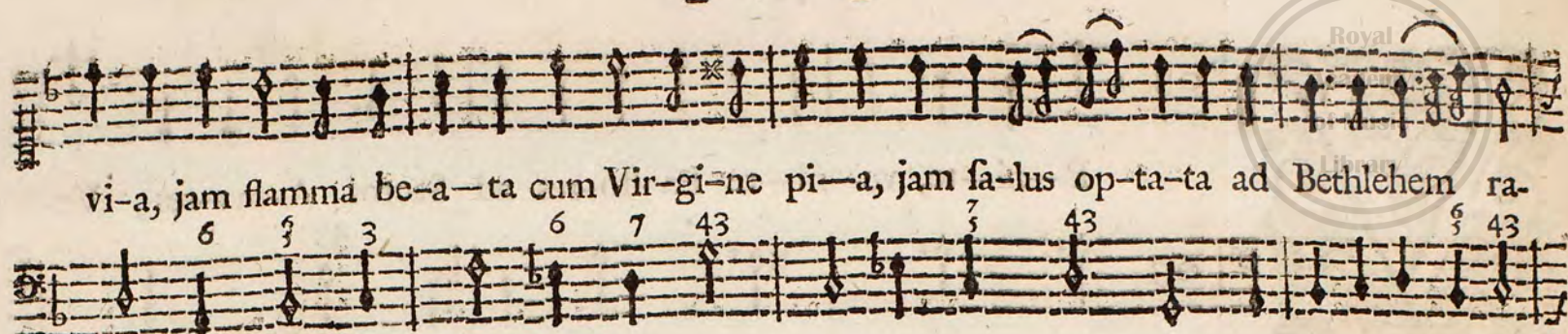
Mr. Henry Purcell.





E—ni—te, ve—ni—te Pa—sto—res ad Sacros A—mo—res, Ve





vi-a, jam flamma be-a-ta cum Vir-gi-ne pi-a, jam fa-lus op-ta-ta ad Bethlehem ra-



pit, Flos u-bi Flos campi & Li-li-um con-val-li-um in fa-no vi-ces-cit, in spinâ lan-



guescit; I-te greges ad Pas-cu-a, i-te, i-te, i-te ad Pas-cu-a:

Presto.



Ad Pu-e-ri cu-nas cæ-le-ſtes le-po-res, ad Vir-gi-nis ul-nas cæ-le-



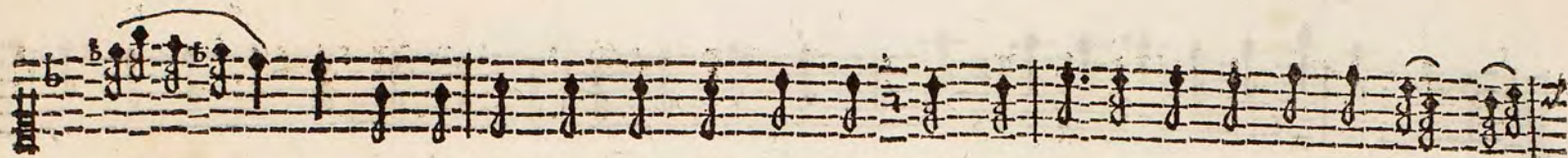
ſtes a-mo-res, pro-pe-ra-te, pro-pe-ra-te, convo-



la-te. Con-cin-ni-te Ar-do-res, con-cin-ni-te



rores, quibus ardet, quibus alget, de-le-ca-tu-lus te-nel-lus fo-le Pulchrior Pu-

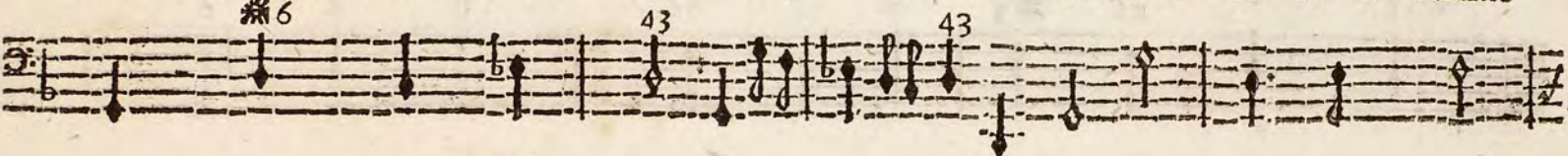


el-lus; quibus ardet, quibus al-get, de-le-ca-tu-lus Pu-el-lus, fo-le

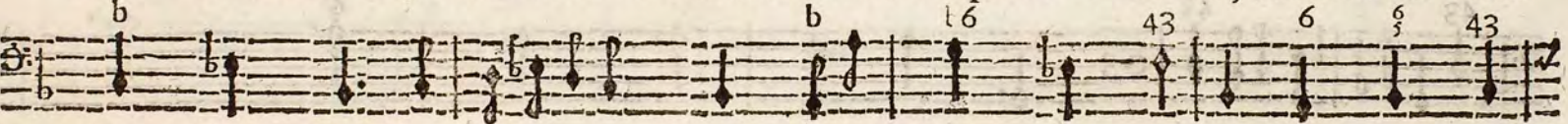


Pulchrior, fo-le Pulchrior Pu-el-lus.

Tu tamen in-te-re-a blande



Pu-er Cœ-li de-cus, humidulos te-nel-los claude Pu-pu-le o-cel-los; blande Puer Cœli



de-cus, hu-mi-du-los, te-nel-los clau-de, hu-mi-du-los te-



nel-los claude Pu-pu-le o-cel-los.

En fe-re-nat Sol va-



porem, ec-ce Flores terra dat, ponit E-o-lus fu-ro-rem, Ze-phy-rus que le-ne

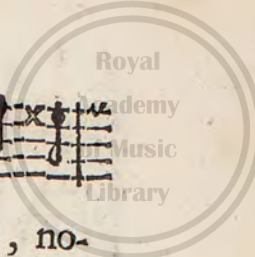
flat, Tu quoque Lachrymulas blande pu-er, ca-ti de-cus ter-ge genas, & fuf-

pi-ri-a linque, pu-er mitte, procul, fomnus adest, Luctus abest, claude pu-pu-le o-

cellos. Jam Vir-go fœ-li-ce gau-dens a-spe-ctu, jam

sonor a-mi-co mul-cet am-plex-u, Dor-mit a-mor

Coeli, dor-mit, dormit a-mor Coeli, dor-mit, dor-mit.



Noe, no-e, no-e, no-e, no-e, noe, noe, no-

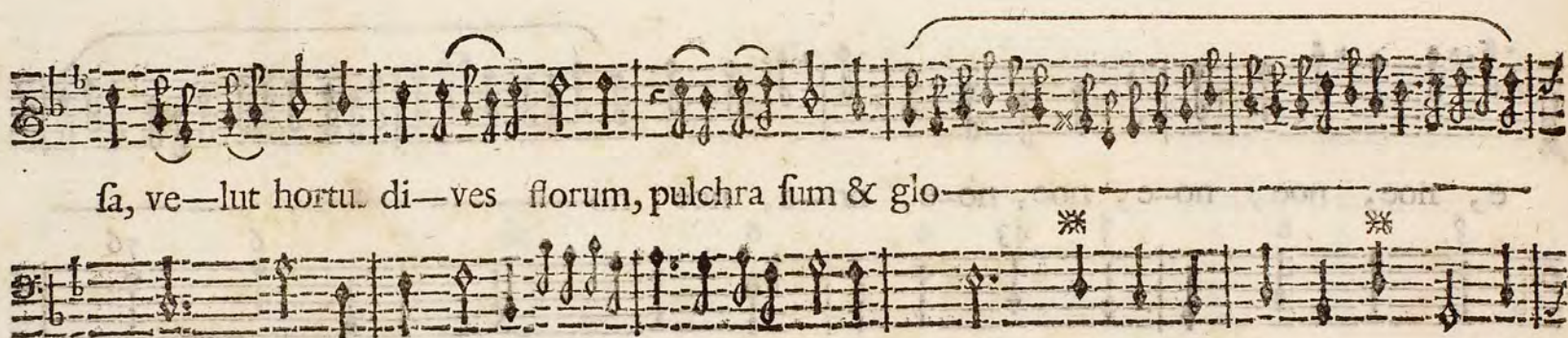
e, noe, noe, no-e, noe, noe, no-e, no-

e, noe, noe, no-e, noe, no-e, no-e, noe, no-

e, no-e, noe, no-e, noe, noe, no-e, no-

e, noe, noe, no-e, noe, noe.

Signior Gratiani.



ju—bi-lant, ju—bi-lant a—mo—res. Sur—ge, Sur—

ge, veni, veni di—le—cte mi; surge, surge, veni, veni, veni, veni di—le—cte

mi; veni, veni di—le—cte mi, af—fi—mu—la—re Ca—pre—æ, hi—nu—lo—

que Cervorum; veni, veni dilecte mi, veni, veni dilecte

mi, af—fi—mu—la—re Capreæ, af—fi—mu—la—re Capreæ, hi—nu—lo—

que Cervorum, & super

que, hi—nu—lo—que Cervorum, & super

que, hi—nu—lo—que Cervorum, & super

que, hi—nu—lo—que Cervorum, & super

que, hi—nu—lo—que Cervorum, & super

que, hi—nu—lo—que Cervorum, & super

que, hi—nu—lo—que Cervorum, & super

pennas Ventorum, am-bu-la, gra-de-re, pro-pe-ra, vo-

li-ta di-le-cte mi, Vo-

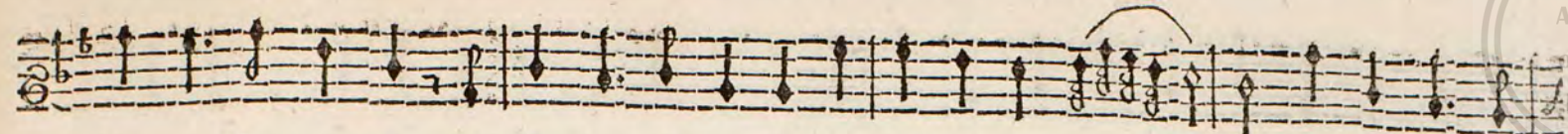
li-ta di-le-cte mi;

In palmam af-cen-de mi chare di-le-cte, ex multis e-le-cte, in hortum de-

fscen-de mi chare di-le-cte, ex multis e-le-cte, ex multis e-le-cte, in

hor-tum, in hortum de-scen-de; Hic tu ju-bi-la-bis, hic

The Notes with this Mark * over them are to be sung Demisemiquavers.



flo-re fru-e-ris, hic fructu ves-ce-ris, hic tu Tri-um-pha-bis, hic flo-re fru-



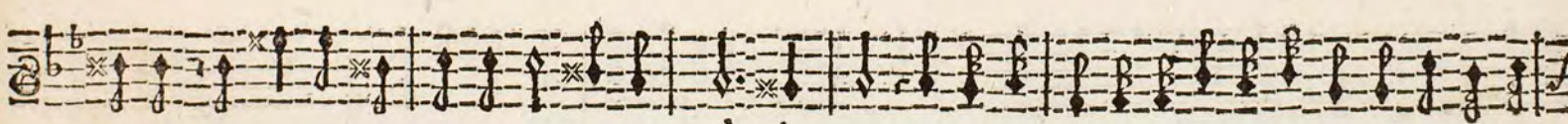
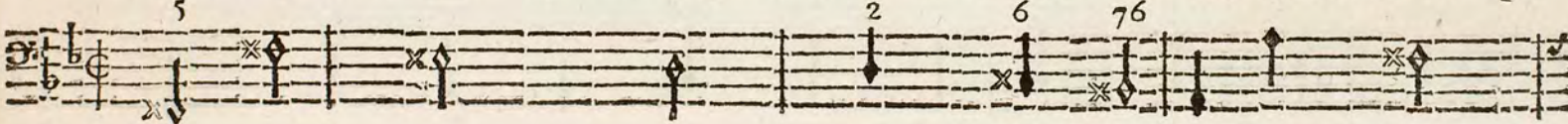
eris, hic fructu vesceris, hic fructu ves-ce-ris, hic tu Tri-um-pha



bis.



Oh! Oh quam-di-u te op-ta-vi, quam-di-u de-si-de-ra-vi, quamdiu te op-

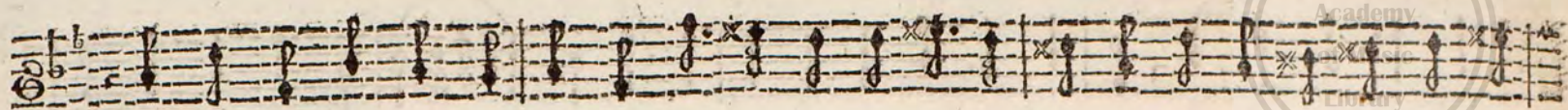


tavi, quamdiu, quamdiu te ex-pe-cta-vi; nova & vetera ti-bi servavi, nova &



ve-te-ra ti-bi ser-va-vi; quamdiu te op-ta-vi, quam-di-u de-si-de-ra-vi:

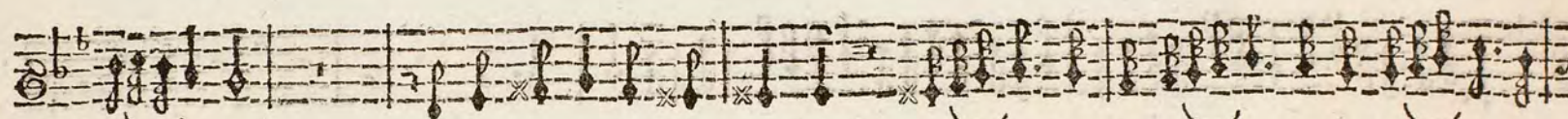




Nescit mo-ras a-mor meus, fur-ge Deus, furge, ve-ni, furge Deus, furge



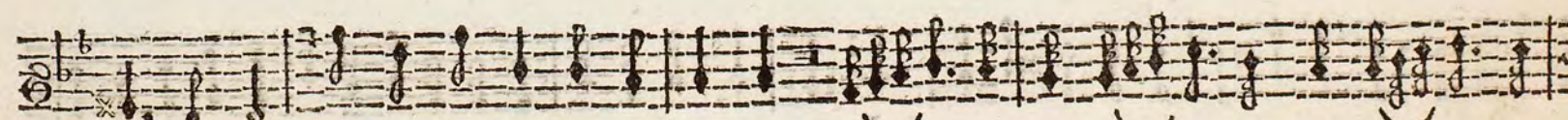
ve—ni, nescit moras amor meus, furge Deus, furge Deus, furge Deus, veni,



ve—ni. Et super pennas ventorum, am—bu-la, gra—de-re, pro—pe-



ra, vo ————— li-ta di-

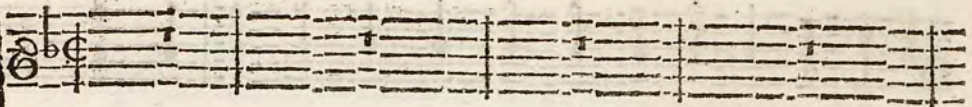


le-cte mi; & su-per pennas Ventorum, am—bu-la, gra—de-re, pro—pe-

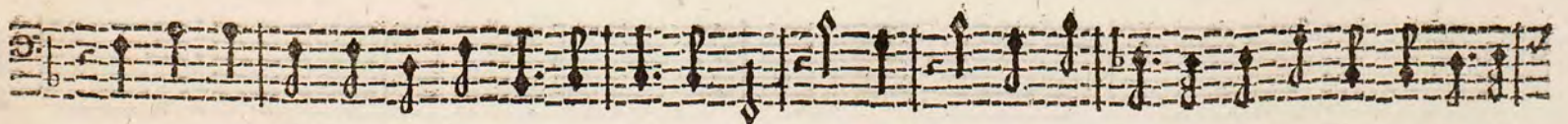


ra, vo ————— li-ta di-le-cte mi, vo—



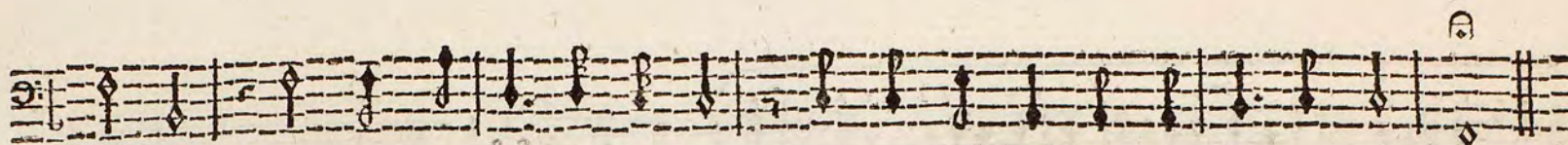


U-di-te, Au-di-te Sancti, Au-di-te Ju-ſti,

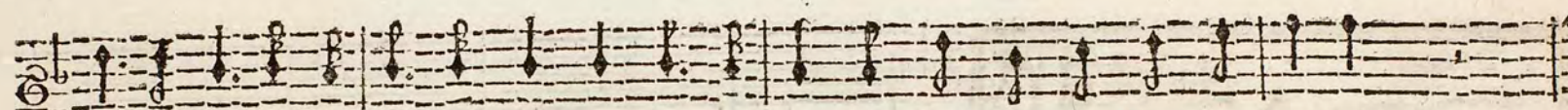
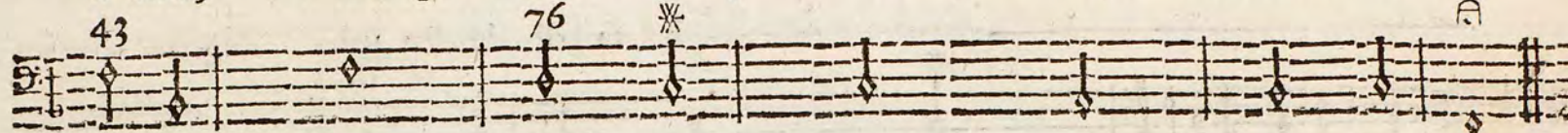


Au-di-te for-te fe-le-cto-rum A-ni-mæ, Ecce vos tradet Dominus in manus impi-

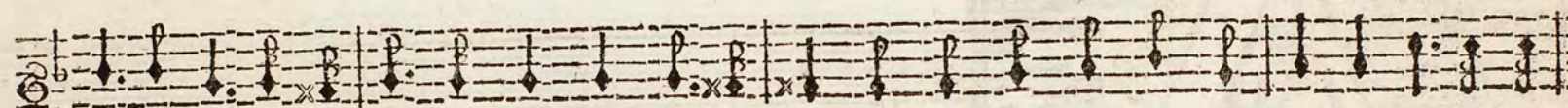




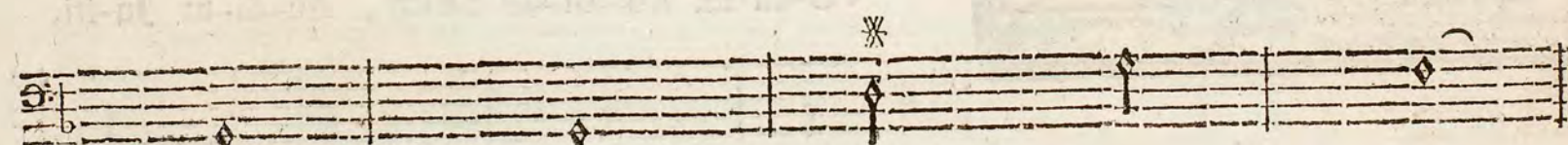
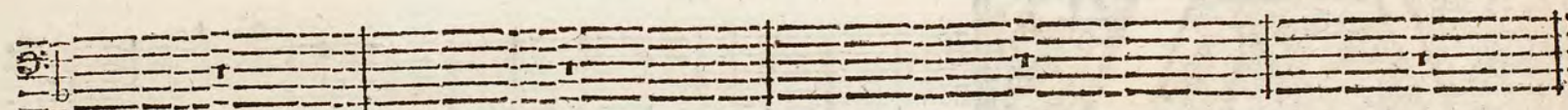
o-rum, ut cum pro-ta-ve-rit vos, ac-ci-pi-e-tis Co-ro-nam vi-tæ.



Si tra-di-de-rit Do-mi-nus nos fervos fu-os in ma-nus im-pi-o-rum,



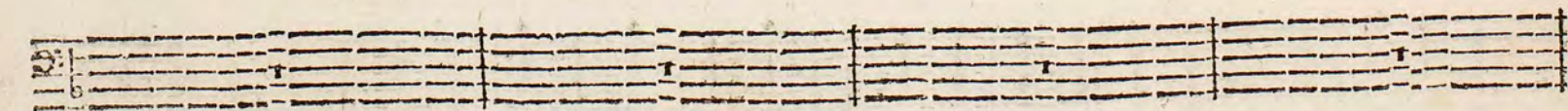
Si tra-di-de-rit Do-mi-nus nos fervos fu-os in ma-nus im-pi-o-rum, stabimus



sta-bi-mus omnes in magna Con-stanti-a, ad-ver-fus an-



omnes in magna Con-stanti-a, ad-ver-fus an-gu-sti-as per-fe-



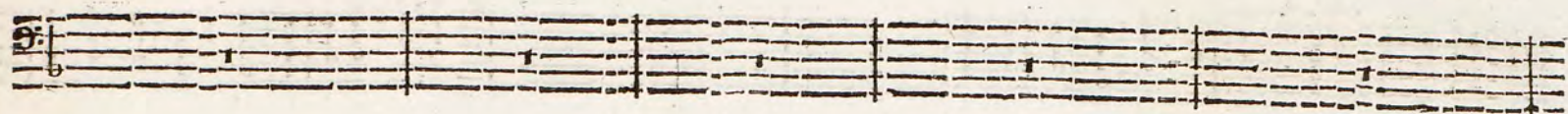


gu-fti-as per-fe-quen-ti-um,

Quis e-nim nos fe-pa-ra-bit,

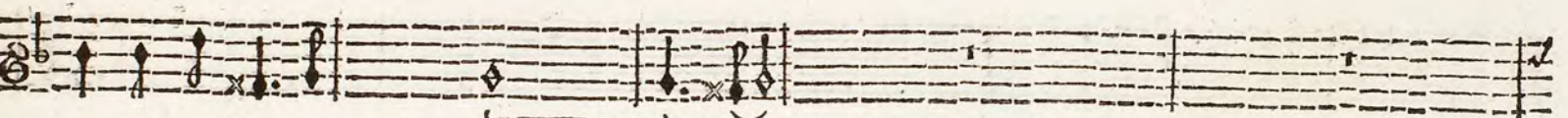


quen-ti-um, Quis e-nim nos fe-pa-ra-bit, nos fe-pa-ra-bit,

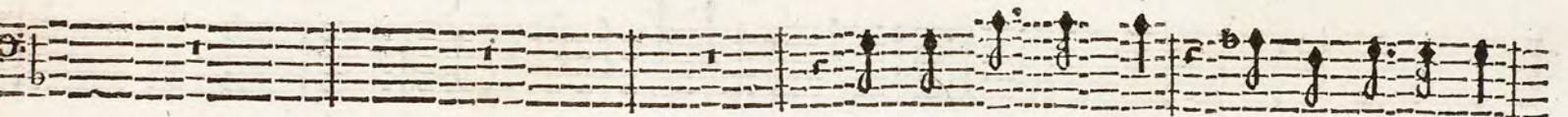


a Cha-ri-ta-te Chrifti?

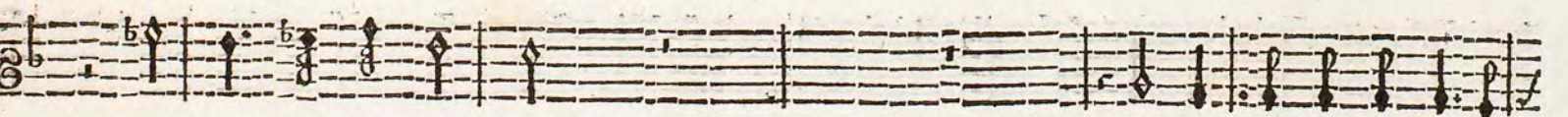
Non,



a Cha-ri-ta-te Chri-fti?

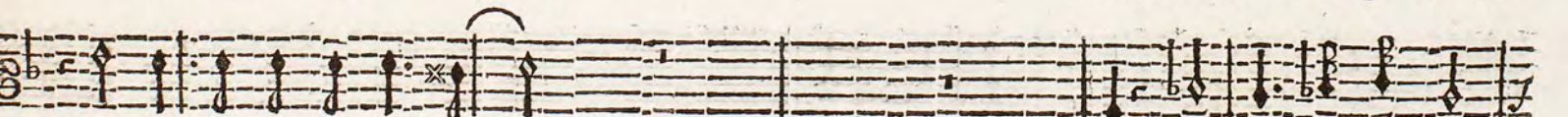


Tri-bu-la-ti-o, an pe-ri-cu-lum,



non, non fe-pa-ra-bit,

Non, non, non fe-pa-ra-bi-



Non, non, non, fe-pa-ra-bit,

Non, non, non fe-pa-ra-



Per-fe-cu-ti-o, an Fames,





-t, Non, non, non fe—pa—ra—bit,

bit, Non, non, non fe—pa—ra—bit,

Nuditas, nuditas, an periculum, Ig—nis, an Gladius,

Non, non, non fe—pa—ra—bit. Non ti-me-bit Cor

Non, non, non fe—pa—ra—bit. Non ti-

Si consistant Castra ad-ver—sum vos,

nostrum, non ti-me—bit Cor nostrum,

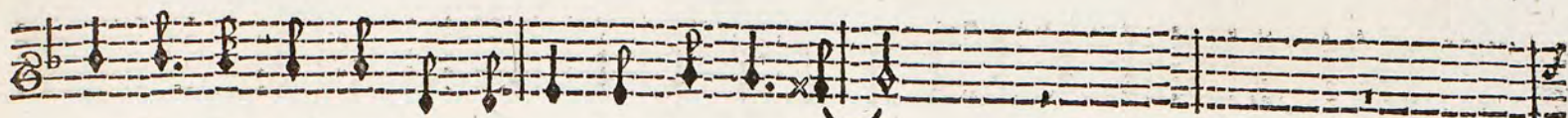
me-bit, non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum, Non ti-

Si ex-ur-gat præ-li-um ad-ver—sum vos,



Non ti-me-bit, non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum,

Non ti-



mebit Cor nostrum, non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum,



Si ma-le dix-e-rint vo-bis ho-mi-nes,



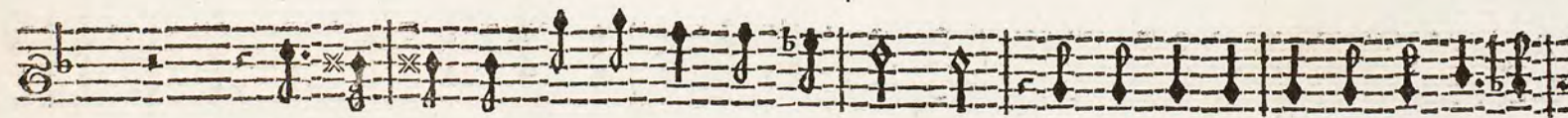
mebit Cor nostrum, non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum,



Non ti-me-bit, non ti-me-bit Cor no-strum,



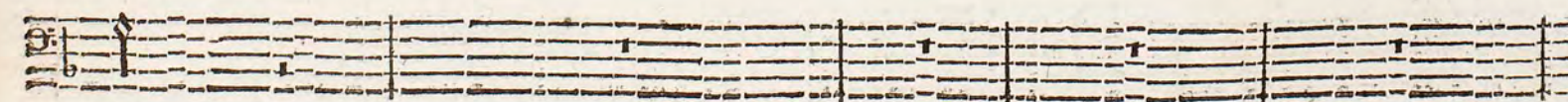
Si Principes per-fe-cu-ti vos fu-e-



Non ti-me-bit, non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum: Scimus enim quod Pas-si-o-nes

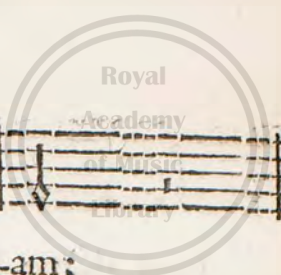


Non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum, non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum: Scimus enim quod Pas-si-o-nes



rint,





nostræ, non sunt Condignæ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am;

nostræ, non sunt Condignæ ad fu-tu-ram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am;

Savientes tor-

6 6 43

Non sunt Con-dig-næ, non sunt Con-dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am;

Non sunt Condignæ ad fu-tu-ram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am;

to-rum manus, Formi-

6 6 * 6 43

Non sunt Con-dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram, ad fu-

Non sunt Con-dig-næ, non sunt Con-dig-næ ad fu-

da-bi-les Le-o-num mo-læ,

6 76 * * 6 *

turam Glo-ri-am; Non, non sunt Condignæ,
 turam Glo-ri-am; Non, non sunt Condignæ, Non,
 La-ni-en-tes un-gu-læ, Ig-ne ca-den-tes la-mi-næ,

6 * * b 6 * b 76 *

Non, non sunt Con-dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-
 non sunt Con-dig-næ, non sunt Con-dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-
 6 b * 43

am; Sci-mus e-nim quod Pas-si-o-nes no-stræ, non sunt Con-dig-næ,
 am; Sci-mus e-nim quod Pas-si-o-nes no-stræ, non sunt Con-
 * * 7 b b b

non sunt Con-dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am ;

dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am ;

Non sunt Condignæ ad fu-

43 6

Non sunt Condignæ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am ; non sunt Con-

Non sunt Condignæ ad futuram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am ;

tu-ram Glo-ri-am ; non sunt Condignæ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am ; non sunt Con-

7 6 43 6

Signior Giacomo Carissime.
dignæ ad fu-tu-ram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am

non sunt Condignæ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am

dignæ ad fu-tu-ram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am.

6 6 43



U-ci-fer, Ca-le-stis o-lim Hierarchia Princeps præ-cla-

ri-fi-mus, su-per-be ni-mi-um, fa-tu-e e-la-tus, æqualem De-o his se jac-

ta-bat vo-ci-bus. O me fe-

li-cem, O me be-a-tum, Ca-le-sti Glo-ri-a de-co-

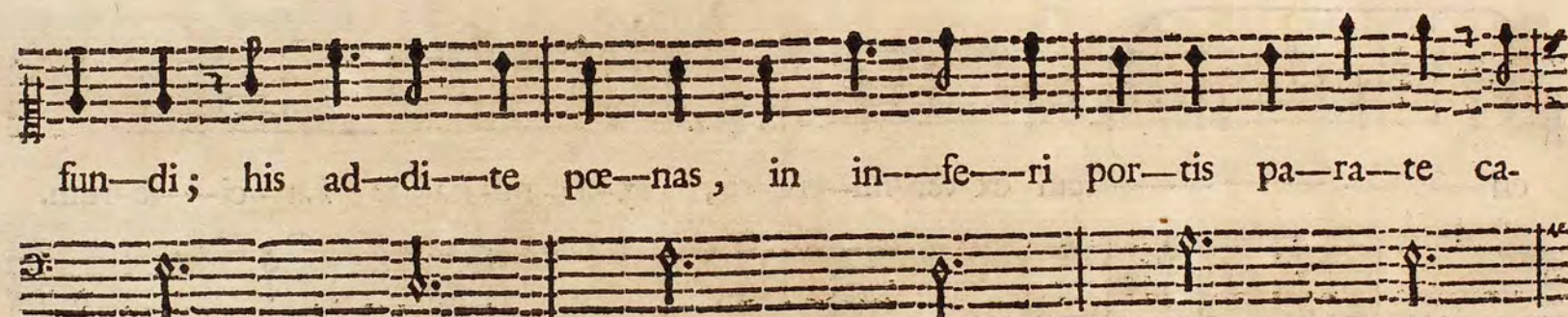
ra-tum. In Cælum con-

scendam, & su-per Aftra De-i ex-al-ta-

Allegro.





*Adagio.**Signior Giacomo Carissime.*

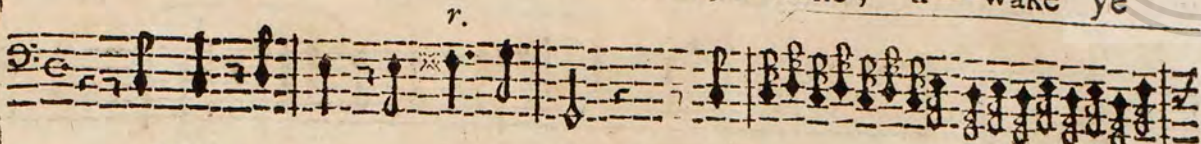
An Hymn upon the Last Day. [71]

Words by Nat. Tate Esq;

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Wake, a-wake, a--wake ye

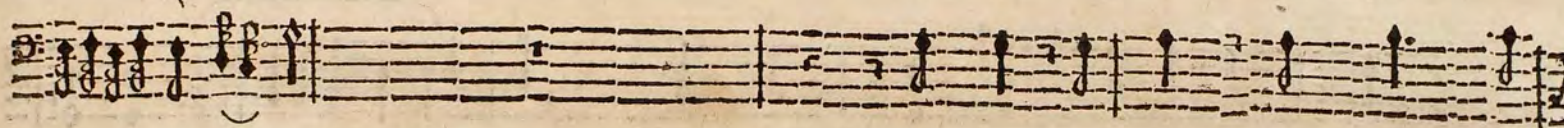


Wake, awake, awake ye Dead, the Trum



Dead, the Trum

pet calls, the Trum



pet calls;

Awake, a-wake, a--wake ye



pet calls;

A-wake, a-wake, a--wake ye Dead, the Trum



Dead, the Trum

pet calls, the Trum

pet calls,



pet calls; Awake, a-wake, a-



the Trum

pet calls;

Awake, a-





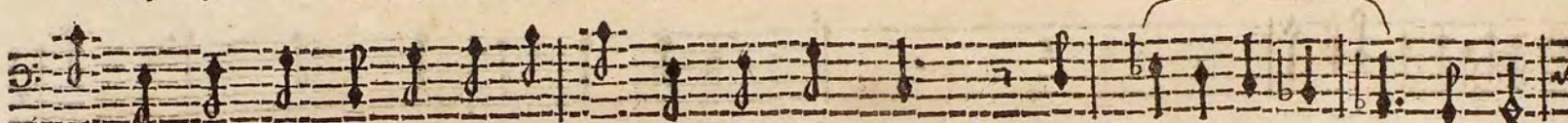
wake, awake, awake, awake, awake, to Sleep, to Slee — p, to Sleep no more,



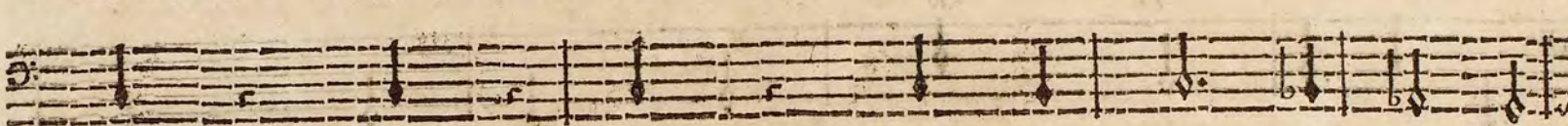
wake, awake, awake, awake, awake, to Slee — p, to Slee — — p, to Sleep no more, no, no, no



no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, to Sleep no more;



more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, to Slee — — p no more;



Hark! hark! from a-loft, from a-loft, a-loft, the fro—zen Re—gion



Hark! hark! from aloft, from a-loft, the fro—zen Re—gion

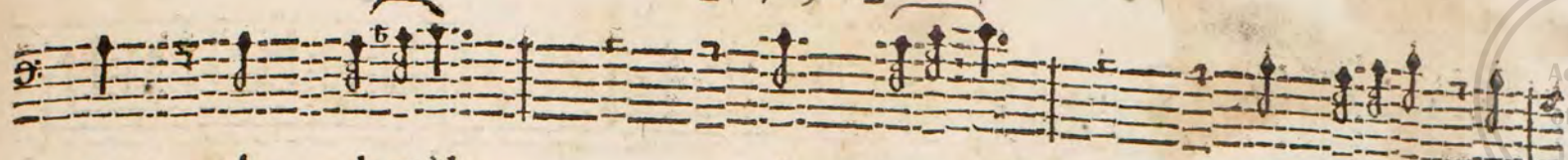


falls, with Noife so lou — — — — — d, it deafs the Ocean's

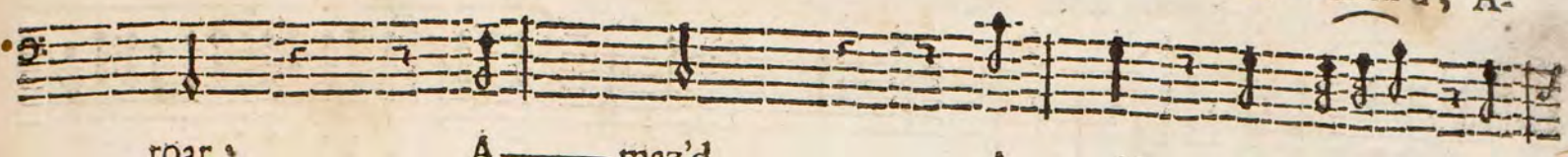


falls, with noise so lou — — — — — d, it deafs the Ocean's





roar : A—larm'd , A—larm'd , A—larm'd , A—



roar : A—maz'd , A—maz'd , A—larm'd , A—



maz'd, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'



maz'd, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'



—ring Orbs come down.

The Virtuous Soul a-lone ap-pears un-



—ring Orbs come down.

The Virtuous Soul a-



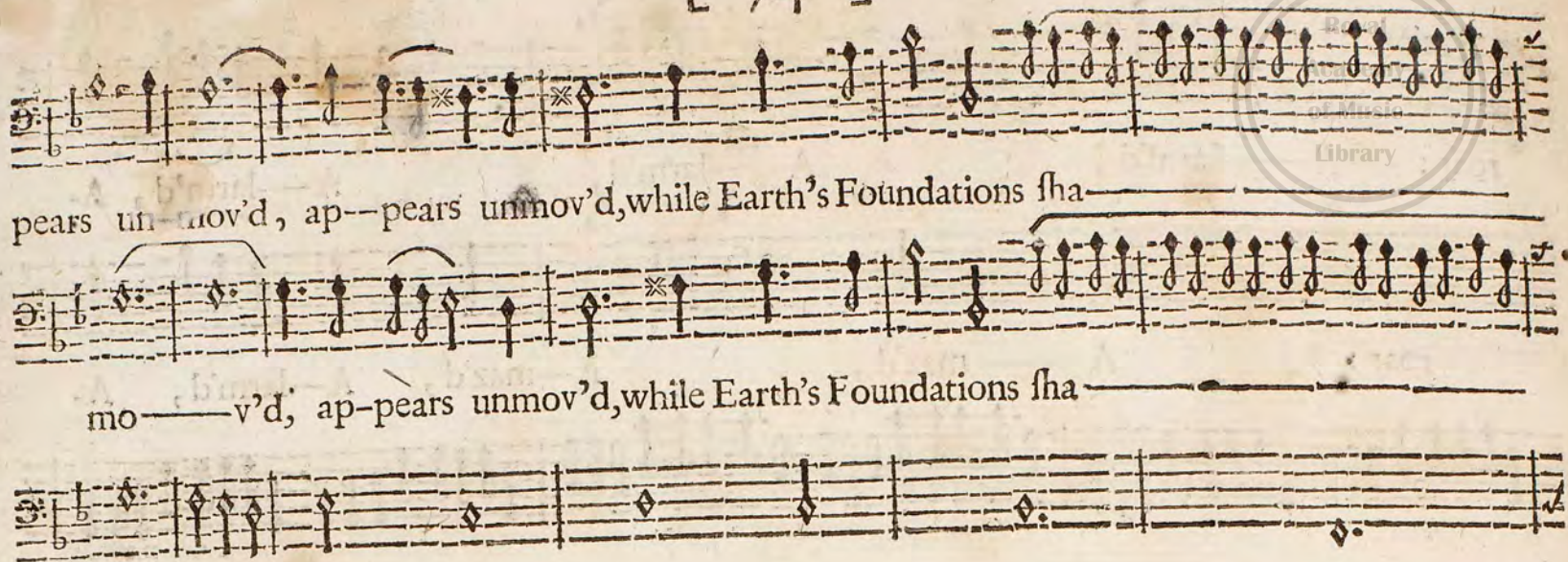
mo—v'd, ap-pears un-mov'd;

the Virtuous Soul a-lone ap-



lone appears, ap-pears unmov'd; the Virtuous Soul a-lone, a-lone , appears un-





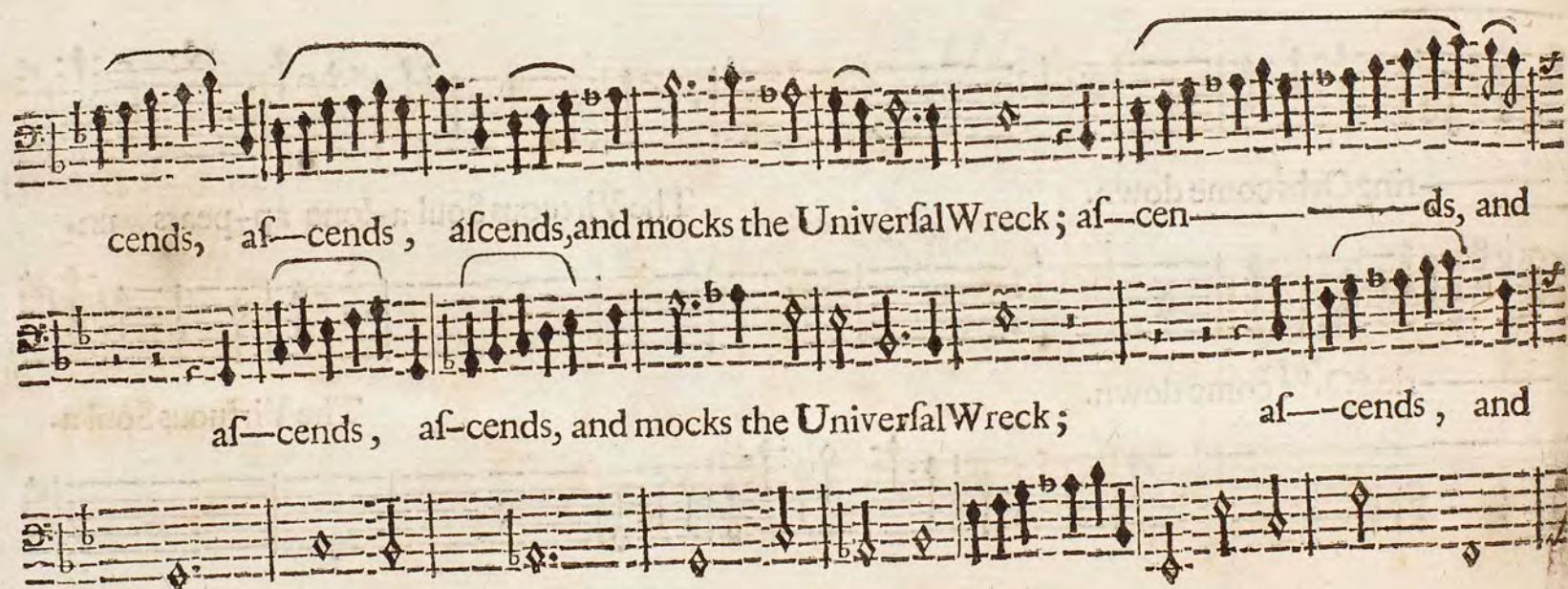
pears un-mov'd, ap-pears unmov'd, while Earth's Foundations sha-

mo-v'd, ap-pears unmov'd, while Earth's Foundations sha-



-ke, while Earth's Foundations sha-ke, while Earth's Foundations shake; af-

-ke, while Earth's Foundations sha-ke, while Earth's Foundations shake;



cends, af-cends, ascends, and mocks the Universal Wreck; af-cen-ds, and

af-cends, af-cends, and mocks the Universal Wreck; af-cends, and



mocks the U-ni-ver-fal Wreck.

mocks the U-ni-ver-fal Wreck.

F I N I S.

Two DIVINE

HYMNS:

BEING A

SUPPLEMENT

To the Second BOOK of

Harmoniæ Sacra.



L O N D O N:

Printed by *W. Pearson*, in *Red-Cross-Alley* in *Jewin-street*,
for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change*
Fleet-street. Price 6*d*. Or Stitch'd up with the Second
Book of *Harmoniæ Sacra*, 4*s*. 1700.



A Divine HYMN, Set by Mr. Jer. Clark.

Very Slow.



Left be those sweet

Regions where E—ter—nal Peace, E—ter—nal

Peace and Mu—sick, Mu—sick, Mu—sick

are ; Bleft be those, Bleft, Bleft be those sweet

Regions where E—ter—nal Peace and Mu—

—sick are ;

That so—lid, so—lid calm, and that bright day, where brighter An—gels Sing and

Pray; that so—lid Calm; and that bright Day, where brigh— —ter An—gels

Sing and Pray, where brigh— —ter An—gels Sing and Pray.

Slow. We a Ruf— fled World en—

—dure, ne—ver Ea—sy, ne—ver

ca—fy nor fe—cure; we a

Ruf—fled World en—dure, never Ea—sy; never, never, never

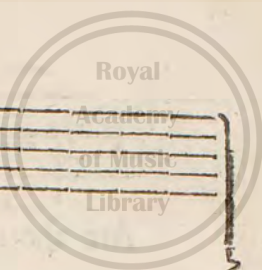
Ea—sy; never, never, never Ea—sy, nor Se—cure, never Ea—sy

never, never, never Ea—sy; never, never, never Ea—sy, nor Se—cure.

Blest be those Souls,; blest, blest, blest be those Souls which dwell a—

—bove, in Ex—ta—sies of Mu—tual Love; Blest be those

Souls which dwell above, in Ex—ta—sies of mu—tual mutual Love, in



Ex-ta-sies of mu-tual, mu-tual Love.

A HYMN *on* Divine MUSICK, Set by Mr. William Crofts.



What art thou? From what Cau-ses dost thou spring? Oh!

Mu-sick thou Divine Mi-sterious thing; Oh! Mu-sick thou Divine Mi-sterious thing? Let me,

let me but Know, let me, let me but Know, and knowing give me

Voice to Sin - - - - - g; let me, let me but

Know, and knowing give me Voice to Sin - - - - - g?

Art thou the warmth in Spring? Art thou the

warmth in Spring that Ze-phire breaths? Art thou the warmth in

Spring, that Ze-phire breaths, paint-ing the Meads, and whist-ling

through the Leaves. The happy, happy, Season, the happy, happy Sea-son that all

grief - - - ex-iles, when God is Pleas'd and the Cre-

-a-tion Smi-les, smi-



...les the Cre-a-tion smiles? Or art thou Love, that mind to mind im-

—parts, the end—less con-cord, the end—less concord of a-greeing Hearts?

Or art thou Friendship, yet a no—

—bler Flame? Or art thou Friendship yet a no—

—bler Flame, that can a dearer, a dearer way, can a dearer way make

Souls the same? Or art thou ra-ther which do all transcend, the Centre which at

last the Blest af--cend, the Blest af--cend, the Blest af-cend,

the Seat where Ha-le---lu---jab's, Ha-le---lu---jab's,

Ha-le---lu---jab's ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, never,

ne-ver end, Hal-le---lu---jab's ne-ver, ne-ver end; Cor---

po-real Eyes won't let us clearly see, won't let us clear-ly see, but

either thou art Heav'n, or Heav'n is thee.

F I N I S.







